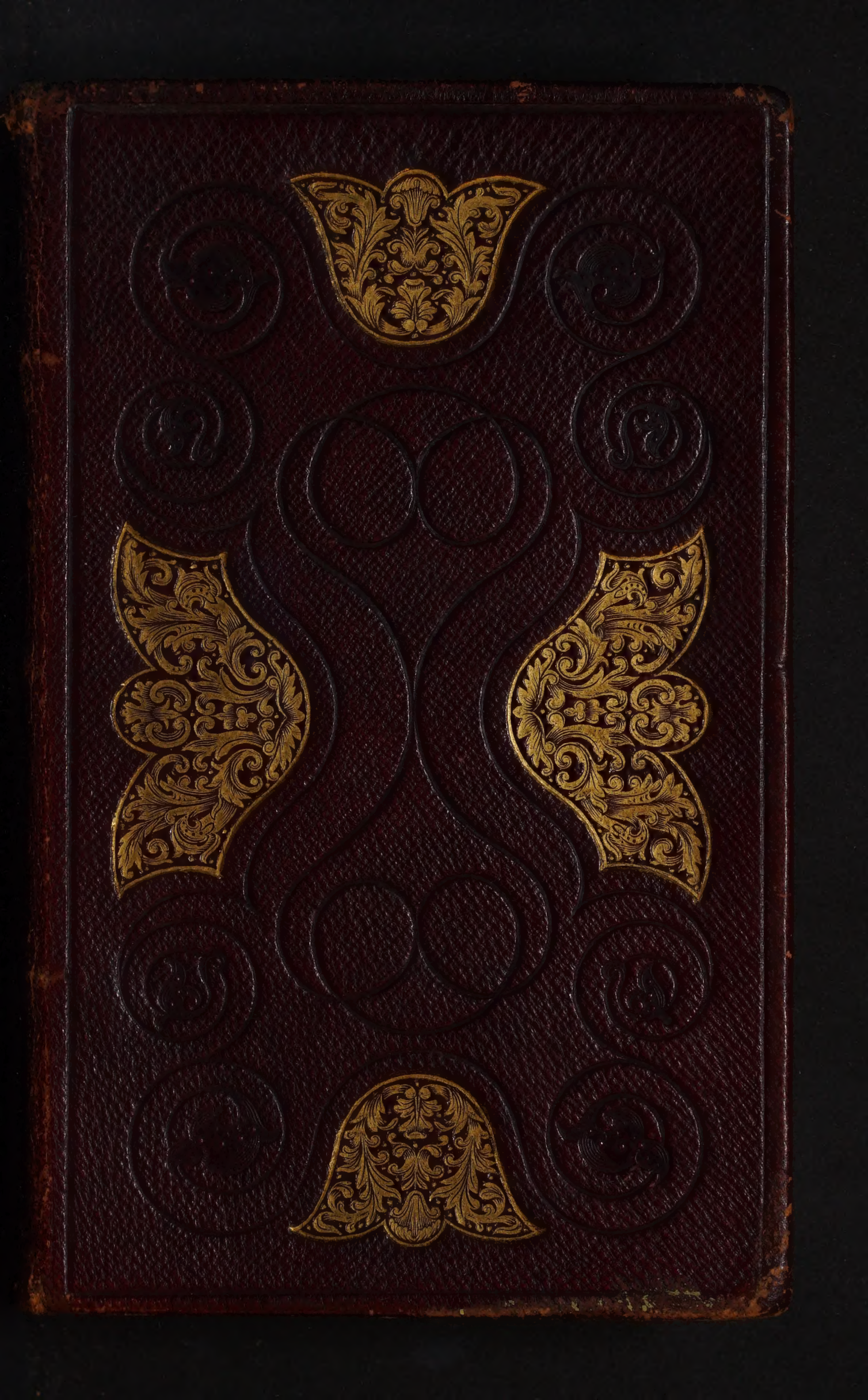

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LA SEVILLANA.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXVIII.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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PREFACE.

The produce of our sixteenth harvest is now before the public, and we are confident that, on an examination of the quality of its fruits, it will not be thought to disparage either the talents and skill of the individual contributors, or the taste and industry of the collectors.

On glancing at the contents of our volume, it will be perceived that, in addition to the literary assistance afforded this year by most of our old and valued friends, we have to acknowledge that of some whose names are new to our pages. Among the latter we would direct particular attention to those of Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Gould, who hold a distinguished rank in the literature of the United States, and whose compositions in this volume any of our native poets

might be proud to own. We must confess that to ourselves the kindness of those ladies is the more gratifying, because we regard it as a token of the warm interest which we know to be felt by the kindred population of America for the annual publications of the mother-country in general; and we would fain consider it also as an earnest of future support from the same quarter, in our strenuous efforts for upholding the reputation which the oldest of its class has long enjoyed both at home and abroad.

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LA SEVILLANA.

"I tell you, Signor Pantagruel, that the world is just six thousand years old. Its knees knock together already. Its teeth are dropping out of its head. What can you expect from a corpse?"—"Bless my soul!" says Pantagruel."

RABELAIS.

Who tells us now of high emprize,
Won by the light of ladies' eyes?
Of magic of our lady's cheek,
Of looks, that words could never speak,
  Subduing more than arms?
Alas! we live in darker times.
Dead, dead and gone, the minstrel's rhymes,
  His song has lost its charms;
The spider weaves its sullen line,
O'er, Poesy, thy lyre divine.
The Spirit slumbers in her cell;
Life, youth, and love have lost their spell;
The world is made of ice and gold;
All, all is dim, and drear, and cold.

Yet heaven and earth are still the same,
The clouds are glorious still,
As when the pilgrim's anthem came
From Tabor's sainted hill.
And daylight makes its purple set,
Lovely, as when the Minstrels met
By Cedron's silver rill.
And sweetly breathes the symphony
Of nestling bird, and waving tree;
As when, round Sion's marble throne,
Young England's red-cross banner shone,
Beneath the gusts of battle bowed,
Like foldings of a thunder-cloud;
And England's knights with lightning's speed
Crushed turban'd head and lance of reed;
Till Sion was again divine,
And peace was throned in Palestine.

Nay, say not that the hour is past,
For Love will last while life will last;
All beauty is one glorious change;
Time's pinions through all seasons range;
Stars rise on stars; the morning's plume
Comes fresher from the midnight's gloom.
Love, Friendship, splendid Poesy,
Are Spirits, and they cannot die.
If sleeping, even in sleep they smile,
They fold their snowy wings awhile;
We idly think their life is o'er—
'T is but with double speed to soar;

Beaming new radiance as they rise,
The native children of the skies.

Go; pass yon proud cathedral wall,
Its crowds are gone, 't is tomb-like all.
Shall never holy harmonies
Again among its banners rise?
Shall eyes of beauty, lips of prayer,
And shapes with jewel-circled hair,
People and prince, no more be there?
Nor in the broidered canopy
Be hooded priest, and prelate high?
Nor, thronging down the pillared aisle,
Touched by the day's departing smile,
The crowd, half hidden in the haze,
The halo of empurpled rays,
Poured through the broad and burning pane,
Where lies some ancient martyr slain;
Or virgin from her early bier
Wings upward to her native sphere;
Or opening gate of Paradise
Gives seraph splendour to our eyes?—
And shall it ever be a tomb?
  And shall thy foot be there alone?
No; manhood's strength and beauty's bloom
  (Wake but that belfry's silver tone)
Shall pour within the solemn gate;
The mitred prelate keep his state;
The priest shall at the altar kneel,
The anthem raise its glorious peal;

From crimson stall and marble floor,
The heart again to heaven shall soar.

But now farewell to bower and fane,
For slight and short must be the strain.
Stranger, if e'er thy spirit thrill
For grandeur, visit proud Seville:
But if thy spirit thrill like mine,
Come, follow to a softer shrine!
There grandeur sheds no golden gleam,
'T is but a cottage by a stream;
Half hid in myrtle buds and rose,
Sweet, silent, beauty in repose.
Far in the vale the daylight showers
Its pomps on Seville's Moorish towers,
So far, that scarce the breeze's swell
Brings on the ear its evening bell;
So far, its towers and temples seem
But visions of some Arab dream.
But round the cottage sweeps a grove,
The blue-topped mountain shoots above;
A crystal rill, its clefts between,
Carpets the little plain with green;
A garden, one delicious bower,
Sheds incense on the evening hour.

Now pass with me the wall of vine,
And see the dwellers in the shrine.
There, laughter half, half gravity,
Fixes a babe his large, black eye

On one, half girl, half matron, still.
Now if thy heart for beauty thrill,
Ne'er seek it in a prouder sphere,
Bow down, and own the idol there.
What trace of time, what trace of storm,
Has touched that slight and sylph-like form?
As, all unconscious of her charms,
She wreathes her statue-moulded arms,
Each moment in some witching wile,
To win her wondering infant's smile;
Then draws the tress upon her brow,
A raven's pinion upon snow;
Then flings it back again; then dips
A flower between his coral lips;
Then closes all her lovely art
By one wild pressure to her heart.

Yet many a sea and many a shore
Have seen thy sorrows, Leonore!
Of noble birth, she dared to own
A love, to pomp and pride unknown.
Yet not the convent's sullen cell,
Nor woman's fears, undid the spell.
She crossed the broad Atlantic wave
To find her lover—or her grave.
In Western wilds, on Afric's shore,
The Indian's lance, the lion's roar,
The poisonous swamp, the stormy tide,
In strength of heart were all defied.

By turns, Greek, Turk, and Algerine,
In naked brow, in turban green,
With pilgrim staff, with scimitar,
To her the heaven had but one star,
Earth's darkest hour had but one gloom,
'T was o'er her lover's tent, or tomb.
She trod the shore, she trod the deck,
Alike to her the war or wreck;
She pierced the golden-halled Serai,
Though death in every footstep lay,
Her heart one pang alone could feel,
She scorned the cup, she scorned the steel.
Beside his dungeon door, at last,
She sank, but all her woes were past.
What if she found him in the chain!
She found him, he was her's again—
What if their pillow was a stone!
She loved him! Julian was her own.

Oh wealth all other wealth above,
The treasure of a woman's love!
Twine of earth's links the strongest twine,
All are but gossamer to thine—
To thee all passion 's but a name,
All melt before thy glorious flame.
Thou, the true lightning of the mind,
What strength thy burning wings can bind?
Resistless, grand, consuming, bright,
One dazzling shaft of power and light,

Instant through brain and bosom driven,
Sublimest minister of Heaven!

But Love and Faith shall conquer all,
And Courage scales the loftiest wall.
And thou hadst joy, sweet Leonore,
To hear the wintry billows roar;
And thou hadst joy, in fear and flight,
To hear the jackall's cry at night;
And thou hadst joy to hear the wind,
That, howling, left the shore behind;
And thou hadst joy to see the vane
That fluttered on the hills of Spain—
And, joy of joys, to hide thy head,
To all the world forgotten, dead,
Beneath thy fig-tree and thy vine—
Thy Julian thine, and ever thine!

HESPER.

A DREAM OF MUSIC.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I dreamed a bright angel so near me was singing,
My spirit seemed resting at last at the goal;
The deep-going strains through my bosom were bringing
The pure oil of joy to pour over my soul.

So sweet, so entrancing, the spell that had bound me,
The rudeness of earth melted off by its power;
The air of an Eden seemed wafting around me
The scent of the fruit and the spice of the flower.

The voice, to my breast new emotions revealing,
Had lulled every dissonant heart-string to peace;
Its wounds were all touched with the unction of healing,
And darkness was fading, in glory to cease.

So holy the rapture, so blissful the dreaming,
I felt that mine eye never after could weep!
Yet fain had I wept, when the morn with her beaming
Too soon round my pillow had broken my sleep.

My angel departed. With slumber in flying
The music was lost, and will bless me no more!
For earth seemed defied by the last note in dying,
To breathe it again, or its charm to restore.

My spirit must listen and sigh for it ever,
While through life's dark desert a pilgrim I roam;
But once heard below to invite me, it never
Repeats the sweet call — 't was a song of my home.

Newburyport, Massachusets. (U. S.)

THE FAIRY AND THE FLIRT.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

Of all the pretty girls that bloomed, fresh and fair as wild flowers, among the woods and hills of Kerry, there was not one to compare with Minney Lane. Others might boast of features more regular, of figures more dignified, yet Minney, with her laughing blue eyes, and showers of golden hair, her dimpled cheeks, and her round light form, her gay voice, and her glad ringing laugh, was felt and acknowledged by all to be the beauty of the parish. It was in vain that Mistress Biddy Coolan (a lady of a certain age, the terror of her neighbourhood) averred that Minney was the idlest, giddiest girl in Kerry, and would "never be a credit to her people, they might depend upon it." It was in vain that Miss Abbey M'Deary, a personage similarly endowed with the gift of prophecy, declared that, though "Minney Lane might be well enough liked by the boys, she never would bring one of them to the *pint*;" meaning thereby that she would never have that desirable thing, a real offer of marriage. Minney laughed, flirted, and flourished, in spite of such prognostics, and at length seemed "seriously to

incline" to favour the addresses of young Philip Macarthy, a considerable farmer in the neighbourhood. The gentleman had the advantage of his pretty sweetheart by some eight or nine years, a handsome (Irish) fortune, and a clear and vigorous understanding; yet, as he was the beau of the parish, wherein she reigned the belle, the match certainly was a suitable one.

Now, Minney Lane, amidst her many winning qualities, had one fault — alas! where shall we look for perfection?—she was a *flirt*, in the fullest sense of that comprehensive word. Her's were not mere flirtations of an hour or a day; I believe in the beginning of each she really fancied she had a great regard for her unlucky victim, which made her after-coldness ten times harder to bear. She always appeared for a time to be utterly devoted to the favourite of the day; sang the songs he liked best; arranged her hair in the way he deemed most becoming; watched impatiently for his approach; and then, some fine day, on his arrival, he would find all these symptoms of regard gone. Her eye still bright, but not for him, new songs on her lips, new taste in her dress, betrayed an utter and cruel change. Yet Minney Lane was not wilfully malicious, she was only fickle.

Philip Macarthy had caused Minney to feel for the first time those shadowy fears that ever attend real attachment. He maintained over her a greater ascendency, and for a longer time, than any one had ever

done before. The little giddy girl, jesting with the true and deep feelings of those around her, as utterly unconscious of their worth as a child of the value of the watch it pulls to pieces in sport, was changed into the seeming of a true and affectionate woman, under the influence of his honest and manly love. She durst not treat Philip Macarthy as she had done others; she actually stood in awe of him. Why Philip, with his good sense and penetration, should have been attracted by the mere prettiness and liveliness of my heroine, is a problem which wiser heads than mine must solve. The fact is, that he *did* love her—deeply and fondly—perhaps upon the principle that extremes meet; perhaps because he was self-flattered with the idea of triumphing over her nature by his own, and fixing the changeable one, who had eluded the grasp of so many. Thus matters went on for some months, when Philip formally avowed his attachment, and, after a few coquettish evasions on the part of Minney, which the grave earnestness of her lover immediately put aside, a full consent was joyfully given by her relatives, and their engagement became publicly known.

For some two or three weeks after this important matter was settled, Minney seemed a different being. Her step was slower and more dignified, her eye was meeker in its bright gladness, and she had few words or smiles for any but her betrothed. Indeed, she did not put herself much in the way of others, for she kept from dances and revels, and, of course, her dis-

appointed admirers were not very anxious to visit her under her present circumstances. Any body who had seen her seated just within her father's door, with the deep but glad thought of a young bride flitting over her brow, and her fingers industriously employed on a knitted stocking, intended for Philip, would unhesitatingly have pronounced her one who was bidding fair to falsify such predictions as those of the worthy dames alluded to at the commencement of this story.

So time went on, and Philip passed his days between joy and sorrow, between the home of his betrothed and that of his widowed mother, where, indeed, there was cause for sadness, for one very dear to Philip, dear even as a sister, was pining and fading before his eyes. Mary O'Neile was a relation of Philip's mother, as they make out relationships in Ireland. She was the child of a sister of Mrs. Macarthy's first husband, so that, though no actual tie of blood subsisted between them, Philip had always called her his cousin, and treated her with the affection of a near kinsman. Mary's mother died when her child was but a few months old; her father soon followed his wife to the grave, and the orphan, a sickly fragile creature, was taken home by Mrs. Macarthy, then married to her second husband, with very little hope of doing more than smoothing her passage to the tomb. Kindness and care, however, had their due effect. The babe improved from the day on which she was adopted by the Macarthies; and, though the delicacy of her con-

stitution gave a paleness to her cheek, and an air of premature thoughtfulness to her mild eyes, Mary O'Neile at seventeen seemed as likely to live long as any girl in the parish. Soon after this period, however, she exhibited symptoms of declining health; and, just when Philip was rejoicing in the consciousness of being beloved by Minney Lane, his dream was sadly interrupted by the illness of that dear friend who certainly occupied the second place in his heart.

But Macarthy never imagined that he had any share in producing Mary's illness. He never suspected that the dreamy and lonely girl, exempted by her delicate health from the household employments which usually occupy the time of maidens of her class, sate or wandered through her many leisure hours absorbed in dreams of which he was the pervading spirit, until he had become a part of her very existence. He never thought that the wild flowers he had gathered for her in his morning ramble, and the few lines he had written home during some temporary absence, were treasured by that pale orphan as though they were the title-deeds by which she claimed a right to continue an inhabitant of earth.

The present danger went by, and Mary rose from her couch of sickness, but the faint rose-tinge, which the care of so many years had nursed into something like the hue of health, seemed faded from her cheek for ever. She grew more silent and reserved than her wont, more addicted to solitary rambles and lonely

vigils; and often, when the veil of slumber was on every eye around her, Mary O'Neile sate at her window, too restless to sleep, too wrapt in the reveries of her own sad heart to seek the delusive solace of a dream.

About a mile from Philip Macarthy's farm was a very curious and beautiful spot, known as the Glen of the Waters, and so named from its peculiarities. No one passing within a few hundred yards would have supposed that such a place existed near him; for all around seemed a plain divided into fields, and he would have imagined that the rush of the narrow but swift torrent through its bed was a delusion of his fancy, or at most the rustling of the dry fern upon the ditches. But those who dwelt near knew that, in the very midst of a field, hidden only by the upswelling of the green turf, they might stand and look down into a deep rift or chasm above a quarter of a mile in length, which actually had the appearance of the earth opening at their feet. The stream, which hurried through its depths, flowed out into the Glen, and, rushing rapidly over the rough rocks in its bed, buried itself again under ground, after the manner of the English "Mole," nor reappeared until it joined a tributary of that finest of Irish rivers, the noble Shannon.

This wild and extraordinary spot was a favourite haunt of Mary O'Neile's. The dreamy rush of its waters harmonized well with the confused and mingled hopes and fears that passed through her mind. And

in latter days she had sought it constantly in her rambles, for its voice seemed to her sad heart as the voice of an unchanged friend.

It was on a beautiful evening in the midst of June, that Mary O'Neile, with a grieved and desolate heart, walked towards the Glen of the Waters. That morning she had heard that the wedding-day of Philip and Minney was fixed; and, resigned and calm as she had tried to be, the certainty of her desolation had never before come over her mind with such reality. She sate down in her accustomed place, from which she could see the rivulet rushing and foaming along its uneven channel, and then losing itself in the dark earth. The sun was dropping behind the far-off hills, and all was still, save the eternal sound of the waters, and the occasional cry of the corncrake from the fields around. And when the cloudless sunset was past, the moon arose clear and beautiful; her broad yellow disk gradually lessening and brightening as she sailed higher and higher into that delicious and dewy sky, and flooded all the scene with her silver glory. Still Mary O'Neile continued gazing on the waters, unheeding the flight of time, and soothed into calmness of spirit by the softness of the light and the cool breath of the evening wind, as it flowed over her burning forehead.

It was getting late: the last red light had died in the west, and the little bird had twittered the last confused and broken notes of its vesper hymn from its

quiet nest, before Mary O'Neile thought of returning home. And, as she prepared to depart, her step was arrested and her ear entranced by the strange sound that arose suddenly around her. It was a peal of laughter, long, clear, continuous, yet too soft, too musical, to be the offspring of mortal mirth. It came from the air, from the earth, from the bushes. The very rush of the waters seemed blended and changed into it. The sky seemed overflowed with its melodious chime. It gushed out in clear musical peals, like the trilling song of the lark, and longer and louder, yet sweeter and sweeter, were its bursts; whilst a voice, at once husky and high, was heard alternately grumbling and squeaking in the momentary lulls of that gale of merriment. The evening wind had arisen, and chased some tiny clouds up the sky, making swiftly flitting shadows on the green fields. The face of the night was changed. From calm, almost amounting to the hush of sleep, it seemed to have awakened to join in the revelry. The river had assumed a different appearance. Its trembling waters had no longer their uniform whiteness, but their foam swept along, tinged with all imaginable colours; as if the fountain from which the rainbow is drawn had broken loose, or all the rich gems in the heart of the earth had melted at once, and were flowing out through the Glen. Presently those bright colours gradually took shape and substance, and up from the depths of the Glen floated a multitude of tiny beings, so beautifully robed in the

richest hues, that at a little distance they might have passed for a flight of humming-birds. And, as they came nearer to the bank, and alighted about the thorn bush where Mary had just been sitting, she perceived that their's was the laughter which had rung so sweetly around her.

Ever since Mary O'Neile was a child, the belief in such beings had been impressed upon her mind; therefore, she was not so much surprised and alarmed at their appearance as you or I should probably have been. So, though she might be a little startled at first, she soon overcame her fear, especially as the fairies did not seem to notice her presence; and she resolved to remain where she was, and see what they could possibly want at the old thorn tree.

She was not long left in doubt. The troop of elves were dancing in circles in high glee around some object which Mary could not at first distinguish. But still a little voice, now high in wrath, now grumbling in hopeless displeasure, came piercing through the silvery laughter; and Mary soon saw that the cause of all this mirth was a little miserable-looking old fairy, in a very ancient snuff-coloured coat, white silk pantaloons, a bag wig, and a cocked hat, who appeared in a great passion. He quivered, and stamped, and foamed with rage, which expressions of annoyance only elicited redoubled peals of laughter from his fair tormentors, for I should have premised that all the elves were feminine, with the exception of one mischievous-

looking urchin in a page's dress of pea-green silk, trimmed with silver, who seemed as full of spite and merriment as any woman of them all. Meanwhile, some elves of an inferior grade placed a little ivory chair, draperied with crimson, beneath the thorn tree, and a fairy of graceful and dignified aspect, attended by ushers and pages, advanced towards it, and seated herself. At her presence the troop of merry-makers smothered their laughter as well as they were able, and looked exceedingly pretty and demure. The object of their mirth, smoothing his brow while he was evidently swelling with passion, advanced from the throng, and stood before the Princess Gossamer, who scrutinized him with a very unpromising sort of countenance.

"Sir Aspenleaf," she said, "you are brought here on a grave charge, and I am sorry that my damsels should have behaved in so unseemly a manner as to make that a matter for jesting which deserves severe reprehension. As ambassador from the court of our royal cousin and tutor to his hopeful son, (here the page made a laughable grimace, which it was lucky for him the Princess did not see) we received you with a kindness and attention seldom bestowed on strangers, unless they be of the highest rank. We received you with honour and in perfect good faith; what has been our reward? That you have presumed to speak of love, nay, of marriage—marriage! Sir Aspenleaf—to the young Princess Althea, of whose youth we are guardian. Do not speak yet, sir, I have not done. I

pass over your presumption in the matter of the glove which dropped from your bosom — Althea's glove, Sir Aspenleaf — (here the poor old man gave a sort of brick-dust coloured blush, accompanied with a deep sigh) "I pass over the impertinence of uniformly engaging her hand for every dance at our festivals; but, Sir Aspenleaf, you spoke to her of love, you pressed her to forget her duty, her rank, her kingdom; you proposed a private marriage, an elopement—unheard-of wickedness! What have you to say in answer to these charges?"

"I—I—your Highness! — if I may be believed — if I only may speak!"

"Say on," said the lady, waving her hand with dignity.

"Why, then, madam, if I had not thought—that is, if the Princess Althea had not said—if I had not supposed—Confound her!" he continued, bursting into a passion, "I do not think there is such another flirt in fairy-land, no, nor out of it either."

The laughter of the damsels could no longer be restrained; the Princess herself felt a certain agitation about the muscles of her mouth; and forth, into the space where the clear moonlight fell betwixt the parted boughs of the old thorn tree, glided a fairy figure whose exceeding beauty outdid all the rest, as a lily surpasses a bed of tulips. Her dress was somewhat fantastic, but nevertheless very becoming. She wore a rich bodice of gold, shaped from the beetle's

wing, and a full petticoat of crimson swelled from beneath it in luxuriant folds. Her golden hair was gathered up in clustering wreaths, and bound with a string of rubies; and her little feet, small even for a fairy, were clothed in tiny crimson slippers. There was half suppressed mirth lurking about her mouth and in her clear blue eyes; and when she turned those eyes on Aspenleaf, he seemed ready to sink into the earth, whilst a most ridiculous expression of mingled anger and tenderness took possession of his countenance.

"I am here," said a sweet, clear, voice, "here to confront my accuser — if I have an accuser; though wherein I have sinned I am yet ignorant;" and an arch smile played over her face in spite of herself, as she glanced towards the maidens, and again on the disconsolate Sir Aspenleaf.

"Ah! she's a flirt, a thorough, shameless, flirt!" groaned the poor knight. "There's no depending on one of them. I've a great mind to wash my hands of the whole sex for ever and ever; the sixteenth time I've been jilted, too! Such a defence as I had prepared! and just when I was going to begin, in she comes and drives it all out of my head with a glance of her eyes. Well, I must submit to the decrees of fate!" And, so saying, Aspenleaf wrung his hands with a despairing air, and sat down on a stone, a true personification of the "knight of the rueful countenance."

"You have failed in your defence, Sir Aspenleaf,"

said the Princess Gossamer sternly; "at the mere presence of the lady you would slander you are silenced. Your sentence is that you be excluded from fairy-land for a year and a day, and that on your return you be married to a wife of our own choosing, unless you can bring with you a bride from amongst mortals, transformed to our likeness by the spells you wot of. Farewell; may your next wooing be more prosperous!" The Princess arose, she waved her hand, and the whole court vanished, leaving poor Aspenleaf sitting on the stone, the very image of despair.

Perhaps Mary O'Neile in her happier days might have laughed heartily at the predicament of poor Aspenleaf, but now she very nearly cried. She had a cord of sympathy, though a slender one, uniting her heart to his, and her feelings went at once through the crust of circumstances, and did not stop till they came to the simple fact, that he loved and was not loved again. She had heard it was not lucky to converse with such beings, but the little creature seemed so full of sorrow that Mary resolved to speak to him, in spite of his strange appearance. She approached him for this purpose, and he spared her the awkwardness of addressing him by speaking first.

"Ay, Mary O'Neile," he said in a sorrowful tone, "we are both of us greatly to be pitied this night, I think; in love, and neither of us loved again. I've almost sworn in my heart to make war with all women, be they fairies or be they mortals, for ever. But you

are an exception; a true-hearted girl you are, who has never had but the one love, and loved him through all. There's some comfort in discoverin' the like of you, and though I'd be long sorry to trouble you, indeed, Mary *machree*, you could show me kindness if you would."

"What do you require of me?" asked Mary, a little flurried, for—to confess the honest truth, she was but a woman after all! —she did not know but he might be for marrying *her* and taking *her* back to fairy-land. "Tell me what you would have before I promise."

"'T is nothing that you might either be afeard to do, or ashamed to own, *acuishla*," answered the little man; "'t is only to come here sometimes in the soft moonlight, and let me see your pale face, for you *are* pale to-night, Mary, and let me feel that there is one kind, true woman in the world, that will do a kind action for its own sake." And Mary promised, for love and pity are ever companions in a woman's heart.

"An' so, Philip, you really would hinder me going to the fair of Clonacarty, and having my own bit of pleasure, just because you're going to Cork about the characters of them Rooneys and can't go with me yourself. Its very quare of you, and, if you're so anxious I should not go without you, why do you go to Cork at all? What are the Rooneys to you, I wonder?"

"Oh, Minney, didn't Kitty Rooney nurse my poor ould mother through the faver, and catch it herself

after? and did not Jemmy walk ten miles to fetch home Father Maguire when we thought she was dying that same time? You wouldn't have me be ungrateful, surely?"

"Well, I'm not saying agen them—only I know it 's very hard to be hindered of the fair, and all my new things come home, and very hard to be looked cross at, and—ho, och ho!"—and Minney's vexed spirit found relief in a copious flood of tears.

Philip's brow darkened. He was exceedingly annoyed, and a little angry. He had promised some time before to take Minney to this very fair, and he now found he must be absent in Cork to bear witness for the good character of some neighbours who, in the common phrase of the country, were "in throuble," and who, guilty or innocent, had shown much kindness to him and his. And, though he would not own to himself the true spring of the feeling, he had a strong and jealous aversion to Minney's appearing in public unattended by him. He did not distrust her love, but he was not quite so confident of her discretion. Philip Macarthy was in general tolerably clear-sighted, but at present he was too much in love to see and appreciate the exceeding inconvenience of a wife whom he did not like to trust out of his sight. He knew Minney's high spirit, however, and he did not insist on her compliance with his wish.

He merely said, "Well, Minney, don't sob, don't cry so, there's a good girl. I'll lave it entirely to yourself

—I'll not ask you to promise. But I do believe that when I'm far away you won't do what's not pleasing to me, but you shan't promise;" and at that minute Minney felt as if she could give up the fair with pleasure, only she didn't like to be "hectored over." She dried her tears, and looked up into Philip's face so brightly, that he forgot and forgave her little waywardness in a moment. It was their first disagreement, and it ended as such quarrels usually do.

Nothing more was said about the fair, which was to take place the next day but one; and, on the following morning, Philip set out for Cork, hoping, nay, believing, that Minney loved him too dearly to act in opposition to his expressed wish.

The morning of the fair day rose, as bright and beautiful as the dawn of a rural revel should be. Minney awaked early from a very pleasant dream about Philip; and when she remembered the fair, she felt quite persuaded that she did not care about it, and that she would rather please Philip than go to fifty fairs.

Parties of neighbours soon began to pass, and not a few who called in expressed unbounded surprise at Minney's intention of remaining at home. She, meanwhile, to strengthen her resolution, kept her fingers and eyes most diligently engaged on sundry pieces of needlework, which Philip had asked her to do for him some days before, but which hitherto had been neglected.

At length she felt tired; her eyes ached over her work as they had never done before. She went into her own room, (Minney had the rare privilege of an *own room*, a little three-cornered nook partitioned from the kitchen) and took out the gay-coloured dress which had been prepared for the occasion. And then she thought she would just slip it on, to see if any thing could be done to alter the *sit* of the sleeve, of which Philip did not quite approve. Then she heard somebody enter the kitchen, looked out, and saw only her old friend, Alice Sweeny, and immediately came forth to greet her. Alice admired the new gown amazingly.

"It's made so very genteel, Minney, and it's such a pretty thing," she exclaimed, taking hold of the sleeve, "there won't be the pair of it in Clonacarty this day; and when you've the blue silk handkerchy, and the new cap wid the blue ribbon on you, you'll be the perfect moral of a lady."

"But I'm going to take off the gown directly, Alice," said Minney—"and neither cap nor handkerchy shall I wear this day," she continued, sighing, as she cast a glance at the bright sunshine and blue sky without doors.

"Why, you'd never go in your ould cloak, Minney, and such an illigant new gown to the fore! You'd never be such a *nagur*, surely!"

"Why, then, Alice, if I went you might be sure I'd go dacint any way, but you see, a *nagur* I'm not going at all."

"Not going, Minney! Was ever heard the like o' that? Well, that passes all! and so many of your ould bachelors there consoling themselves that they'll have one more dance with the purtiest maid in Kerry, at all events. And myself heard Stephen Kempe say that Mickle Loney had come all the way from Knockabarraty, just for one more look at you before you're married! But, oh sure! I forgot; Misther Philip Macarthy's away to Cork, and Miss Minney Lane must not stir unless she's pinned to his coat sleeve! hand an' glove, like."

"*Must* not stir, Alice!" said Minney, reddening. "I hope you don't mane to suppose that Philip has any command over me that way. He only asked as a favour."

"Oh, as to *that*," replied Alice, "you know, if he had not forbid it, you wouldn't be sitting moping your soul out all by yerself, when every body else is away on enjoying themselves. Indeed, Minney," pursued the girl, "I think it is downright cruel and selfish in him, just because he can't go himself, to be hindering another this way."

"Philip did not wish to hinder me, Alice," said Minney, in a vexed tone; "he only said he'd as soon I did not go without him, but he left it with me entirely, and tould me to plase myself."

"Ah, then, he 's jealous, Minney, that 's the truth of it. If it was *me* now, I 'd cure him of that same in time. Och! is it *I* would marry a man who was afeard

to let me look at a merry-making without him! Fine times to you, Minney Lane, and a fine prospect you have for yer life. Well, I must be wishin' you good day. It 's not Miles Fagan would want to chate me out of the fair, though he *is* gone with the masther to Dublin, and I thank my stars for it!" With these words Alice Sweeny rose to depart: "Well, I 'll not fail to tell our friends *beyant*, when they are asking one another for purty Minney Lane, how I found her with a willow bough in her hand, and the tears in her eyes, frettin' after Phil 'Carty, like a good, dutiful wife, that is to be."

"Stop, Alice," cried Minney; "don't go and make a song and a may-game of me through the town. As the day 's so fine, I 'll just walk down with you, and back again directly, so then nobody can say I haven't been; and I shall tell Philip I only went down for half an hour, and he can't be so unrasonable as to be displased at that." So Minney gathered up her rich hair beneath the new cap, and covered her fair bosom with the blue silk handkerchief before mentioned, and (alas, for woman's resolutions!) set forth to the fair with Alice Sweeny.

Very gay was the town of Clonacarty that day. Groups of country people were seen pouring in from all quarters. Here a *spartheen*, or country beau, arrayed in light green coat with gilt buttons, leather inexpressibles, and top boots, and mounted on a tall, raw-boned horse, would dash suddenly through the

crowded street, to the infinite terror and admiration of the females there assembled. There a bevy of pretty country lasses, attired in long blue cloth cloaks, and gay printed gowns, their shining hair braided smoothly beneath the high white cap which generally forms the gala head-dress of the south of Ireland peasantess, might be heard exchanging greetings, or passing sly sarcasms on *the boys*, as they came within hearing.

In another part, a knot of elderly and middle-aged men, in loose great coats, red check handkerchiefs, grey stockings, and stout brogues, each holding his *alpeen* loosely in his hand, discussing the price of corn, the merits of horses, and the state of political affairs, while the white-headed *boccogh*, or beggar, evidently a dozen years older than the oldest of the group, was appealed to on every questionable point, and heard with that deference which, in Ireland, perhaps more than in any other country, is paid to "length of days." The booths were full of dancers, and diverse were the tunes that came echoing from them, and mingling with the laughter and shouts of the revellers. Yet was that mingling not discordant, for the clear sunshine seemed on this day to blend all things into harmony.

Minney Lane enjoyed the scene at first with something of the tremulous delight of a schoolboy who has been persuaded to play truant in order to join some birds'-nesting expedition. By and by, she was coaxed into one of the tents where Alice Sweeny was going to dance, just to look on for five minutes—"and what

harm?" Then Mr. Simon Lane, the exciseman, a married man and her distant relation, prevailed on her just to take one dance with him. And, when Minney looked up at the conclusion of her dance, she beheld a pair of bright black eyes riveted on her with an expression of admiration, which made her look down again and blush. Presently afterwards, the owner of the eyes stood by her side, and in a very rich and musical voice entreated her to be his partner. Minney was confused. She stammered a half refusal. She felt she was doing very wrong in not returning home. Before she could frame a distinct reply, the stranger had drawn her hand into his own, and she stood with him in the middle of the floor. That dance was long remembered by those who saw it. So beautiful an exhibition had never before been witnessed in Clonacarty. The stranger was very handsome, so was Minney. The stranger danced exquisitely, so did Minney; and on this occasion it seemed as if her feet flew and twinkled less by the guidance of her own will than by that of some magical power.

When the dance was over, the unknown led his pretty partner to her seat, and from that moment Minney seemed to forget her fears, her pangs of conscience, and the flight of time. Evening came, and twilight deepened into night, yet still the sounds of revelry were heard louder than ever in Clonacarty, and still did Minney dance, and smile, and talk with the handsome stranger.

It happened that the trial of the Rooneys had come on late in the day on which Philip Macarthy arrived in Cork, so that he was enabled to return in the afternoon of the next, pleasing himself with the idea that he should be home in time to take Minney down to the fair for an hour or two, so that she would not entirely lose her pleasure after all. He passed rapidly through Clonacarty, never pausing even to speak to his friends, and went by the door of the very booth where Minney was dancing, little dreaming, poor fellow, how little regard she had paid to his wishes. But he found her not at home, and was told by a lame old woman, the sole remaining occupant of the cottage, that Minney had set out some hours before for the town, in company with Alice Sweeny. I cannot describe the flood of disappointment and mortification that rushed at once over the lover's heart. The delusion was gone. He had flattered himself that the little capricious belle had been subdued by love into a faithful and yielding woman, and he now found that he had no real ascendency over her natural disposition. He was far too proud to return to the town, or seek Minney's cottage again that evening. He went straight to his own home, and it was late on the following morning before he presented himself before Minney.

Their meeting was, as might have been expected, any thing but a pleasant one. Neither spoke of the previous day, for Minney felt perfectly sure that Philip knew and disapproved of her proceedings, and Philip

did not choose to let her see the extent of his annoyance. He left her very soon, and did not even speak of taking their usual evening walk; and, when he was gone, Minney sat down and wept bitterly. She was startled in the midst of her grief by a step on the threshold, and the handsome stranger of the preceding day stood before her.

I need not detail their conversation. It was interesting to none but the parties concerned. In fact, it was the frivolous talk of a born flirt with a handsome admirer — the said flirt imagining herself, all the time, to be extremely ill-used by her own accepted lover, and feeling a certain gratification in receiving the homage of somebody else.

Meanwhile, Philip Macarthy's tenderness had, in a great measure, vanquished his anger; and, as the sloping beams of the setting sun touched the moss on Minney's cottage, till it seemed roofed with living emerald, he bent his steps towards it, fully determined on effecting a full reconciliation, if it could be done without very much compromising his own dignity.

He paused, for he heard voices within the cottage; the flute-like voice of his own Minney and her sweet ringing laugh gushing out in reply to the low, thrilling tones of the stranger. He stole towards the window, and there he beheld Minney in earnest conversation with a tall, handsome youth; and she was blushing, and smiling, and laughing, just as she had done for him in the earlier days of his courtship.

Philip gave one deep, bitter groan, and turned away. It was certain that Minney heard him, for the laugh died on her lips, and she grew deadly pale, but before she could reach the door of the cottage there was no one to be seen.

And where was Philip? He cared not where he went so that it was not home. He could not now bear that home which he had pictured as her's, which he had decorated for her, where he had dreamed of her by night and thought of her by day, and imaged her light form flitting through the rooms, and her sweet voice making melody to his heart. He could not bear to look upon the garden, where they had walked and sate together, and gathered fruits and flowers. His soul seemed smitten with a sudden blight, and he wandered recklessly on, until he found himself near the Glen of the Waters.

Twilight was rapidly descending on the scene. It was a starry, but moonless, night, and the foaming waters of the stream rushed through their dusky bed like an unearthly thing. Philip stood on the brink of the chasm, and there was a wild whirl in his brain, and fierce madness at his heart. He seemed to have an irresistible attraction towards those rushing waters — he looked on high—he spread forth his arms—he almost plunged into the glen. He was arrested. A light flashed before his eyes—a shrill whistle sounded in his ears; and, on a slender branch that overhung the chasm, he perceived a little, quaint-looking old man, who be-

strode the swaying bough, with as much ease as a practised rider sits a skittish horse.

"So, so, Philip Macarthy!" cried he, in a small, husky, yet shrill, voice, something like the screech of a child's tin trumpet. "Tired of your life, eh? Well, well, a jilt of a sweetheart 's a terrible thing in a first disappointment, but when you come to the sixteenth, like your humble servant, you 'll be used to the thing, and not so ready to fling yourself away, I warrant you! Time and patience, time and patience, man, are great soft'ners of one's troubles; so just walk back with yourself to a safe distance, and I'll come and talk to you."

The bewildered Philip obeyed mechanically, and seated himself by the thorn bush. The little man perched himself beside him on a tall thistle, (from which his little legs dangled after the manner of a small boy's from a counting-house stool) and thus harangued him.

"You are an ill-used young man, Philip Macarthy, and there 's no use in denyin' it. Your sweetheart is a fickle, giddy baggage, worse than ever a woman in fairy-land, and they are bad enough, in all conscience. I 've been tossed, like a shuttlecock, from one to the other for the last seven hundred years, therefore I 've good reason to know them. Yet, after all, Minney's a purty creature, and if a man could nail her once she 'd be worth the holding ever after; but this you 're not the man to do, and this I tell you as a friend. Her head 's full of the chap you saw *discoorsin'* her just

now, and it's my opinion *he's* the boy for her. Ah! if she had but half the dacency of little Mary O'Neile!"

"Mary O'Neile!" exclaimed Philip, "my own dear cousin Mary! Tell me what do you know of her?"

"That she's the kindest, truest-hearted girl in the four quarters of the world, Philip. Many a time has she come here in the late evening to comfort me, a disconsolate crathur, who had nobody else to speak a word to; and many is the bit of honeycomb and drop of crame she has brought with her, ever after she found I had nothing to eat but sour blackberries and dry grass seed."

And then he told Philip his history, and how he was turned out of fairy-land, and how he met with Mary, and that he would surely marry her himself if she would have him, only that she was too good for him, to say nothing of her loving another better.

Well, time went on, and it began to be rumoured that the match between Philip and Minney was broken off, and that shortly she was to become Mrs. Frederick Flowerdew; that being the name of the handsome stranger. He had never ceased to visit her daily since the fair, and rested not till he obtained her consent to be his wife. He lived in grand lodgings in Clonacarty —had always plenty of money, and gave Minney a variety of expensive things, amongst others a fine gold watch and seals, and a beautiful shawl, and a silk gown, and a smart beaver hat, with a feather and a veil. So, of course, most people thought she would be wise to take him whilst she could get him; though

there *were* some, envious of her luck, no doubt, who said they would not have him if he were ten times as rich and handsome as he was. There was a queer look about him, especially about the eyes; and as to Frederick Flowerdew—was *that* a Christian-like name? Did ever any body hear of an Irishman with such a name in his life? Notwithstanding all this, the preparations for the wedding went on. Minney seemed even more devoted to the stranger than she had been to Philip. She had no eyes or ears for anybody, save him to whom she was so soon to be united.

As to poor Philip, he was in a most pitiable condition. He had no consolation one way or the other. He had not been deceived in Minney—he had not the comfort of imagining that she had appeared to him either wiser or truer than she really was. She was a flirt, and he knew it, and had loved her notwithstanding. He had gone into the snare with his eyes open — he was the dupe of his own imagination. Had his attachment been founded on any peculiar quality, or any semblance of excellence, which had now departed, he might proudly have consoled himself with the thought that Minney had artfully assumed "a virtue, though she had it not," to entrap him. But no—she was still unchanged, save in her regard for him. She was as pretty, as good-humoured, as bewitching as ever, and that was all she had ever been.

Time passed away, and brought, in its course, a bright sunny morning, which was fixed for the mar-

riage of Minney Lane. Surely never bride looked more beautiful than Minney, in her white dress, and the large lace veil, the gift of her bridegroom, which was the only covering she wore on her bright hair. The bridal party approached the chapel, where the rite was to be performed, and Minney, leaning on the arm of her lover, advanced towards the threshold. At that moment she turned very pale, and, clinging to the arm of Frederick, uttered a faint cry, and hid her eyes.

A well known form had passed, and now stood by the chapel door. It was Philip Macarthy. "Minney," said he, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Minney, you are rushing on your ruin—I come to save you."

But Minney answered not; and Mr. Frederick Flowerdew, putting a very valiant look on a very pale countenance, requested to know the reason of that person's interference, at the same time expressing his readiness to give any sort of *satisfaction* that might be required of him, as soon as the ceremony should be over.

"As soon as that wretched girl's misery is sealed," exclaimed Philip. "No, no, I fight not with such as thee, deceiver as thou art! I use not earthly weapons against an unearthly enemy. Here is my test of thy truth, my proof of thy falsehood," he continued; and, dipping his hand into the holy water by the chapel door, he sprinkled a few drops on the bridegroom.

The effect was instantaneous. A change came over the false youth's appearance. The rich hair withered and turned to a few scanty locks of grey; the lips

quivered and paled; the whole form contracted and sank; and the gay and gallant Frederick Flowerdew was transformed into a dwarfish and wrinkled being, in whose countenance shame struggled powerfully with the rage that flashed from his fiery eye.

Dreadful was the confusion that ensued. The crowd of spectators, for the most part, took to their heels and fled. The priest retreated to the altar, and began to repeat the exorcism for a fiend at the full stretch of his lungs, and Minney fainted away. Immediately there arose a strain of wild, sweet music; and, preceded by the fairest of her maidens, and drawn by milk-white butterflies, in her car of pearl, the beautiful queen of the fairies came gliding from the shadow of a willow, and paused at the spot where the abashed Sir Aspenleaf stood trembling and almost crying.

"So, Sir suitor," said the queen, in her most scornful tone; "are you *now* cured of your arrogance? Are you at last convinced of the utter absurdity of making love on your own account to either mortal or fay? But come," she continued, "you shall not want for a bride. Here, Lady Squintilla, I would not willingly give him a flirt; he has had enough of them, one would think; and your mature years and staid deportment will doubtless be a check upon his follies."

"Well," said poor Sir Aspenleaf, shrugging his shoulders, "I was always a fatalist; and, after all, *any* wife is better than *none* to a gentleman in his seventeenth disappointment!"

The queen joined the hands of her exiled knight and her mature duenna, scowled on the half recovered Minney, looked pityingly on Philip, and bestowed one of her sweetest smiles on Mary O'Neile; and then the fairy pageant melted away into the summer sunshine.

Our chronicle here is at an end. It does not speak farther of the fates either of the mortals or fairies involved in the legend. But from another source we have learnt some facts, which appear to be connected therewith. Some twenty years from the date of these events, a substantial farmer, named Philip Macarthy, was living in great prosperity in the very district where the scene of our story is laid. His domestic affairs were superintended by a still lovely wife, a placid and happy being, who bore the gentle name of Mary. And in the town of Clonacarty, some two miles distant, resided a maiden lady, of whom report said she had been lovely, but whose evanescent beauty had now vanished beyond recall. She resided in a tall, narrow house, with green door and brass knocker, having come to live there on unexpectedly succeeding to a small independent property, left her by a distant relative. To these circumstances she probably owed the change in her designation from *Minney* to Miss Maria Lane.

Furthermore, report saith that a strange little figure, in a cocked hat, might sometimes be seen, when the moon was bright on the borders of the Glen of the Waters, wandering about in a disconsolate manner, or

sitting weeping in hopeless dejection. Sometimes his sorrow found words, and those who had seen and heard him declared that he had very much the air and voice of a henpecked husband. If these cannot be identified with the persons of our legend, we have no further record of the fate of either the Fairy or the Flirt.

THE ASPEN TREE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Why tremblest thou, Aspen? no storm threatens nigh;
Not a cloud mars the peace of the love-beaming sky;
'T is the spring of thy being—no autumn is near
Thy green boughs to wither, thy sweet leaves to sear!
The sun, like a crown, o'er thy young head shines free—
Then wherefore thus troubled? what fear'st thou, fair tree?

I have watched through the mildest, the stillest, of hours,
When Nature slept soft on her pillow of flowers;
When, tho' all things appear'd 'neath her influence blest,
Thou alone wert disturbed, thou alone could'st not rest!
But still, as lamenting some dreadful decree,
Thou groand'st in the calm, like an outcast, lone tree!

A voice from its leaves seem'd to wail on mine ear —
"List, mortal; attend the dark source of my fear;
Ah, learn the dread hour when we sank 'neath rebuke,
And our boughs, as if grasp'd by a hurricane, shook!

When the morn rose in blood, when the dead wept around,
And a curse 'gainst our seed burst in woe from the ground!—

"The Cross, amidst lightning on Calvary stained,
Was made from our roots! there *His* blood hath remain'd!
Creation, accusing, in misery spoke,
And a shudder eternal then first o'er us broke!
From the *serpent* we're named, the last doom'd to betray:
Oh! no rest for the Aspen till earth fades away!"

SCENE NEAR LOCH NESS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

A skiff upon the waters! lo! it glides
O'er that calm surface like some happy bird
That bathes its plumage in the lucid tides,
While nought save its own peaceful song is heard.
Mountains are far beyond—and, near the lake,
A sunny slope, with soothing verdure crowned,
Shows sweetly in the slanting rays that break
The dim repose yon turf-built cot around.
Near yonder ruined arch one hermit-tree
Hath visitants, for there three anglers meet
To ply their guileful trade; tranquillity
Rests on the landscape. Why, 'mid scenes so sweet,
Should human hearts, like weeds in gardens found,
Breathe aught save health and peacefulness around?

EARL WALTER'S DAUGHTER.

MISS BAXTER AND THE ROSE.

A TALE FROM TWO JOURNALS.

Ophelia. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts * * * *. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you: and here's some for me: we call it herb of grace o' Sundays: you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died * * * *.

HAMLET.

Sage and onions, pinks, and posies,
Cauliflower and mignonette.

KITCHENER'S FLOWER GARDEN.

How I became possessed of the following minikin romance it avails not to tell. Perhaps I kept confidence for both the parties concerned—in consequence whereof, as biographers say, "a mass of documents fell into my hands, from which the subsequent selections have been made." Perhaps I am a thievish *valet-de-chambre,* perhaps a half-starved author, obliged to

—light his fire, and market for his food,

by retailing and putting in print the delicate embarrassments of his neighbours up and down the street: perhaps ... But enough of this preamble, gentle ladies: sit yourselves quietly down to listen to a love-tale,

told in the good old duett fashion of "He" and "She," the former being somewhat ungallantly allowed the precedence.

FROM THE DUCKWORTH PAPERS.

I hate flowers; all flowers, that is, but the Forget-me-not. It requires, I know, some hardihood to make the avowal in the present day: when the cardinal virtues are thought to be little more than garden or hot-house virtues; when people who spy at grass and weeds through a microscope may be as spiteful as they please, and it's all "a fine spirit of observation;" and, if a man who has gained a prize for dusty auriculas, or big blown-up double dahlias, chooses to cut off his wife's head, or to poison a couple of children or so, it *must* be a mistake — for, how could a person of such innocent tastes do any thing of the kind on purpose? Talk to me of the moral of flowers! Why, they have been cheats and go-betweens ever since the days of the Queen of Sheba! Where would all the silly love-makings be, if there were no roses, nor daffy-down-dillies? They have made our literature, too, as difficult for a plain man to enjoy, as they make (strong-smelling things!) a room impossible to be lived in by an asthmatic man! Book upon book! chapter upon chapter! one lady choosing to preach religion according to her own pattern by emblems — piety in cress and larkspurs! one gentleman, (gallant Captain ——, *you* ought to be above such a piece of sickliness!)

making a telegraph of a golden-rod, and teaching how you may send news across the country, that your house is burnt, or your wife run away from you, in a sprig of old honesty, or a pot of sweet peas! There 's my dear, kind-hearted friend Miss Mitford, obliged to please the public by tying up geraniums with all her good things, to write about tiger-lilies, instead of writing tragedies; and that cleverest of the clever youths of the day, Mr. D'Israeli the younger, compelled to make his heroine, or somebody else, pick something or other seven times in every chapter of his last new novel. I hate flowers: they spoil books, as well as life. I shall prove the latter, by telling my own story.

I shall call myself Duckworth — though that is not my real name. There is a splendid establishment of silk-mercery about half way down Holborn — above whose door you might have learned, some twenty years since, who it is that has the honour of contributing to your amusement. There I entered life, a poor half-starved shop-boy— there I left it with . . . Ah, well, it 's always silly to let out the figure of one's fortune! There, too, (or, to be precise, in the upper story) I made acquaintance with my poor departed Mrs. D——, who brought me a pretty fortune and the business — a thoroughly comfortable woman — plain, sensible, well-educated — none of your ramblers, who must be *Brighton-ing* it this winter, and *Paris-ing* it t'other summer. She had cousins at Brentwood; and

that was her jaunt. Indeed, like me, she loved London best. "What should *we* do in the country, Duckworth?" she would say; "you, that hate wet feet so, and those dripping trees, and where there are no lamps of a night, nor watchmen! how dangerous and dismal! and I—what would become of me, among one of those wildernesses of cows?—I have heard say that they run after people who do n't understand them! Let us take and fit up a handsome snug house in Red Lion Square, if you want change; but do n't be so wild as to think of the country. It gives me the rheumatism—the bare fancy of such a thing!"

Well, I did what Mrs. Duckworth requested: knowing her to be a woman that weighed her words. And much comfort I found in following her advice—our house was a pleasant one: our friends *very* genteel. Those people who have sneered at the citizens for bad manners are, I fancy, themselves no great things. East or west it is all the same: gentlemen are gentlemen, and ladies, ladies. We had no family, which was a pity; seeing that our business was so profitable a one—I suppose every one *must* have something to wish for—but we grew pleasanter with each other year by year: and when Mrs. Duckworth, five summers ago, was taken from me by a sharp asthma, I felt a lonely being indeed. I let my house in Red Lion Square: what was the good of living there, when, if one only so much as got out a card-table for a rubber, it made me quite sad to think she could not

sit down to play with me? — when, every door that opened and shut, I fancied I heard the rustling of gowns — she was very particular in her silks — or her voice, calling to Tollitt (her maid), who is hard of hearing, and requires you to speak up if you want to make her listen to you ?

FROM MISS BAXTER'S JOURNAL.

Pity me, dearest Clara! You *will* pity me, when your eye falls upon this diary of the heart: when in that arbour — what, am I torturing myself with vain retrospect already?—you peruse with eagerness these records of an erring being, whose least fault is faithfulness and attachment to you! Pity me: my aunt Myddelton has arrived. Adieu, rural dreams! Adieu, tender contemplations! vows beneath the moon! Did you ever till now hear of a guardianess to a young orphaned girl, (*you* have told me I am pretty, Clara) who not merely set herself against her charge entertaining *a certain* dear secret sentiment, but waged unceasing war against *all* mankind for her niece as well as herself? Rich or poor, "red, grey, or green," (as the charade says of the wafer) young or old, noble or commoner, 't is all one to Aunt Myddelton. "Rather than that you should be married, my love," says she —(the sight of an inch of white satin ribbon is enough to set her a-going) "rather than that *you* should be married, I would . . . ."

"Anticipate me, dear aunt—coquet with my prize—woo, win, and wear him?"

"How dare you, Miss? No, walk behind you to your grave!. . . . But you don't deserve my care."

And thus run our daily dialogues. Nor does she talk merely: she *acts*. Scarcely had she brought me from T—— hither, than she ordered her garden walls to be bristled with a *chevaux de frise* of broken glass and iron spikes—bought a bloodhound whom the maids dare hardly feed: and filled up her rails and gates with nine-inch boards. She insists, too, upon receiving—herself receiving—every morsel of written paper from the hands of the postman: searches the servants all round every night, with her own claws, (she is grown thin and shrill-voiced, and wakeful) and, worst of all, compels me to sleep in a little closet through her own room, which has never a window, nor even a chimney. Not that I should like my poor Mortimer to present himself before her by such a sooty path!

And at what a crisis have my destinies delivered me into the hands of this Argus? You know T——, and the sweet cedar-walk, and the statue of the Dryad, and that dear casement window, screened with ivy. Ah! that ivy grew, be sure, on purpose to hide the fond and the timid! 'T was a full, gorgeous moonlight: a *blue* moonlight, poets call it, and I was at my post, and he was singing — oh! I knew every word of our signal ballad by heart. He made it, my love, himself, for he is a poet of God's own making. Alas!

that it should be only left me now to write it down for you — a miserable consolation:

EARL WALTER'S DAUGHTER.

Earl Walter hath a gay garden
With roses on the tree;
Earl Walter hath a proud daughter,
With a bright eye, and a free;
Earl Walter hath a saucy page,
A cunning boy is he.

Now wot ye that the rose-tree bears
A pale and charmed flower?
And wot ye that the Ladye's Knight
Rides out from yonder tower?
And heard ye not that whispering knave?
"He comes within the hour."

She has sprung up from her broiderie,
She's down the terrace stair;
"I must be decked, and bonnilie,
To show I little care;
And yonder rose shall shine a star
Among my nut-brown hair."

Pluck not that charmed flower, Ladye,
If for old saws thou carest—
She has knelt, and with her little hand
Laid hold upon the rarest,
And the Page bent o'er her laughingly,
As he wondered which was fairest.

She has plucked the flower. A cloud there crossed
The heaven so blue and wide:
And the Page's lute, its strings all jarred,
Fell by the fountain side—
And the raven, deaf and lame with age,
He croaked thrice—and died!

I cannot prevail upon myself to copy the last verse. Why trusted I myself with a strain so full of dark

omen? Well: on the night I am describing, I was stealing quietly along the walk—shily—for I wished to hear him to an end. I had my pale-green silk on, Clara: the dress in which Mortimer had likened me to a sea-nymph, and made that lovely coral-song which Balfe has set to music, and your namesake Miss Novello sings like an angel. Well, I was stealing along: when, on a sudden, I was wakened from my reverie, by a coarse—"Keep out of the way, ma'am!" from a dusty postillion; and in another moment, a long spare neck, mounted with two fiery grey eyes, and a morsel of a bonnet above them, was thrust out of the carriage-window, with "Gertrude Baxter! whatever are you about here at this time of night? Please the Lord, we'll have no such doings at Primrose Vale—get in! get in!"

O patience! it was Aunt Myddelton in her old coach, lap-dogs and all!

Thursday evening.

He has found me here: traced me, followed me. I have seen his shadow—he has thrown a paper over my prison walls! wonderful devotion! But, what can this mean? these sudden changes? We are to go to Cheltenham to-morrow! Can my aunt Myddelton have discovered—can she have any counter scheme? No; she is as inexorable in her praise of single blessedness as any Shaker. We shall see. I have torn the fly-leaf out of my prayer-book, I have written upon

it with a feather out of my Indian fan: a pinch of rouge, (thank Heaven! for providing me with such a resource!) served for ink. Suffering gave me strength. I tied a stone in my billet. I marked it disappear over the wall. Mortimer will follow — my life upon his constancy!

FROM THE DUCKWORTH PAPERS.

They told me I ought to try change of air — the country. I thought of Mrs. Duckworth, and put a stop to the suggestion by a very cross *No.* Why must people come meddling about a single man's house —above all, that sharp-nosed Miss Macintyre? Her Scotch voice struck quite a chill through me: and she used to plant herself on my sofa in a way that made me tremble. Men are easily-beguiled creatures, and I never knew what nonsense I might not be led into talking—and she was not a lady to forget a word—be sure of it. Well, seeing that I would not endure the country, some pressed me to try a watering place — Margate, for instance, I did. O dear! the thoughts of what I endured there make me sea-sick; what with those high, bleak, dismal rocks, all as white as so many ghosts, and the eternal crowds of noisy fat people in their yellow shoes—not a patch of shade to be had for love or money as large as an umbrella—and, to crown all, Miss Macintyre, who arrived in the Expedition before I had been there a week! After what I have written down about gentility and the opposite, I hardly

like to own it . . . but Margate *is* promiscuous. Seven days there were a surfeit. I was truly glad to leave it:

Still I felt solaced to be out of London, and I began to wonder to myself what any pleasing young lady would say if I were to approach her with my little attentions: not to look about, exactly, for a second partner, but to consider the preliminaries to such a step. A lonely man, too, has a pleasure in travelling. "I've been roaming," I am sure, was written by a bachelor. What would you have? I found myself one bright day at Cheltenham. O that *is* a pretty place, so rural and so genteel! and yet neither in the least lonesome, nor over fine. I protest I was quite another man from the hour I entered it: up with the lark, and walking about among all the ladies and gentlemen, and drinking the waters, and listening to the music. I have not many wrinkles in my face for fifty-four, but those few seemed quite to melt out of it. The weather was fine, and the whole place, morning, noon, and night, was like a large tea-garden—something new every day. I grew quite brisk and venturesome before I had been there a week, and began to dream . . . God knows of what—but it always ended in something pretty about love and matrimony, such as they put on the Valentines. Shall I tell of the young ladies who looked after me so charmingly, and used to walk about sighing with their veils down?—it was so odd! —wherever I walked. The dears! I am sorry I could not reciprocate—but our affections are not our own. Love's as difficult to match as a fancy-silk three seasons old.

One day I was alone in the Montpelier nursery grounds, sitting with my feet up on a bench, when I beheld a fair creature, attended by an elder lady, (very particular-looking) enter the garden: it was a hot day when few would be likely to come abroad. I looked from under my hat, quite slily—all the bolder because I wore green spectacles, owing to tender eyes — and I pursed up my mouth as if I was asleep, and made believe I snored. "Should the heavenly being," said I, "choose to occupy that bench, (one close to me) I shall hear her voice." Judge of my delight— down she sat, and the old lady, she sat down too; but presently, being of a restless nature, took her parasol, jerked up again, and walked slowly down the walk, still keeping an eye upon her companion as she strolled. The young lady fetched a deep sigh —seemingly not displeased to be left alone. "Will she speak, I wonder?" said I to myself; but something yet stranger happened. She sighed again, and that heavily, and, I think I may say, wept a little; drew a letter from her pocket and pressed it to her lips — I *heard* the kiss. Still I lay quiet. I would have given a five pound note to have seen whether the hand-writing was a gentleman's or a lady's. I hoped the latter — such tender things, I have heard Mrs. D. say, come and go from the boarding-schools.

"George!" sighed out the young lady.

It was *my* name; I declare I was enchanted. I bethought me that I had often seen those sweet, rosy cheeks at the well — those smiling, cherry lips — and

that those eyes had looked at me more than once, when my spectacles were off. I protest I heard my heart beating like a watchman's rattle. But I restrained myself, and sitting up quietly said, "Yes, it *is* me — can I do nothing for you?"

A little start, a little shriek, and oh, *such* blushes! But she did not run away, she only thought of it, and made as if she was going to rise from her seat. "Be not afraid, my dear young lady," said I, as composedly as I could speak; "it can be no new thing for *you* to be admired, and I am the last and humblest of your servants."

Just then the old lady sailed in to view — a proper shrew she looked, Miss Macintyre as meek as a Moses compared to her. "What is this? what is this? Um! old enough..." muttered she between her teeth, and stopped short; I *hope* she meant to have added—"*to take care of herself.*"

"Will you never have done with your folly? but, surely, sure-*ly*, I have seen that face before. Mr. Duckworth, as I protest! Well, sir, I am not sorry to meet you at Cheltenham. Ah, you have forgotten our rubber at Mr. Younghusband's — I see you have, and how we beat that sharp old Miss Macintyre. Are your eyes better, sir?"

I *did* remember having met the lady at the house of a mutual friend, and how my poor wife had remarked upon her large nose, and the quickness with which she uttered what she had to say; and how she had con-

tradicted Alderman Triggs about the Reform Bill—and how . . . but I was cut short in my rememberings by her saying suddenly, "Well, and how came you and my niece acquainted?" fixing her eyes on me as sharp as needles.

I saw the dear young lady fix an imploring look upon me, and felt sadly perplexed what to answer. No gentleman, be sure, whether he lives in Red Lion Square or Arlington Street, if a female happens to be struck with him, will ever think of making it public, especially before her near relations. So I blushed and hemmed, and was mightily relieved by the young lady replying for me, "I had dropped my parasol, aunt," (a pretty invention) "and this gentleman was kind enough to pick it up for me. One of your *admirers?*" she whispered, in a tone of reproach and inquiry. I longed to disabuse her — but somehow, felt no freedom to speak.

"Will you give me your arm, sir?" said Miss Myddelton, "and never mind this silly girl. Well, sir, and is Mrs. Duckworth here with you?"

"Not yet," I replied falteringly, a little moved by the question; she must have felt me tremble.

"Come along, Gertrude, or go before us—that will do. Mr. Duckworth, you will take a dish of tea with us." And she led me away a willing slave; for I fixed my eyes on the charming figure before me — *such* a bend of the neck! such a pair of little feet—as Mrs. Oldfield said of her daughter's, "they could have danced

Hetty on an oystershell." Alas! and alas! I can write no more just now.

"The moon takes up the wondrous tale," and the next fragments shall be from

MISS BAXTER'S JOURNAL.

What a wonderful thing is destiny, my Clara! It would be folly, it would be insanity, in me now to believe otherwise than that Mortimer and myself were born to unite our fortunes. That my letter should reach him—that he should follow me without question or misgiving — discover me at Cheltenham — disguise himself so as even to deceive the watchful eyes of my tormenting aunt — that good angels should send us a sure means of communication, and as senseless as sure— Wonderful, most wonderful! I am hardly calm enough to trace the thrilling particulars, but the following elucidation is necessary to vindicate my Mortimer, and excuse your Gertrude in her rash promise — for ah! dearest! she has promised, and to-night . . . . . .

I told you in my last (did you ever receive it, *ma mie?*) of the horrible, tedious, old creature, who has attached himself to our party—my aunt flatters herself on her account. I *know* otherwise. Now, on her discovering that she, a spinster, had been leaning on the arm of a single man, a widower, it required all my best management, and his most undemonstrative simplicity, to reconcile her for another moment to admitting him to the privacy of our society. In my despair, however,

I looked upon him—I regarded *any man*—as a succour sent me by good fairies, so I would not hear of his banishment. And, for a wonder, I carried my point. The creature was as harmless, civil, and insinuating, as an old shopkeeper (he is nothing better) could be. And, as a proof of it, I may tell you that he had hardly known us a month, before a cup and a knife and fork were always to be found on our table for his especial use. My aunt thought—only imagine it—*she*, with her threescore of years and her grey hair, and her strange, cunning, stingy ways, that cry out "spinster" every one of them—*she* thought that she was at last in danger! "Our hearts, Gertrude," she would say, softly, "are strange, silly things;" and she would lace herself every day tighter and tighter, (Heaven knows there was no need of the torture!) and at last got the unusual length of pointing to a few wintry apple-blossoms, which she mounted in her cap with, "Your favourite colour, you see, Mr. Duckworth." Heaven forgive her! if he had any thoughts of a change in his condition, they belonged to your humble servant.

You have often told me, dear, flattering Clara, that I could manage the men when I chose—but you will ask me, what made me choose to manage here—to expend soft looks and sugared words upon Mr. Duckworth? Destiny, dearest, destiny! It guided my note to the hands of my Mortimer—it dragged my Mortimer after me to Cheltenham. Once here, it was easy for him to disguise himself: all the young painters who

have been in Italy understand the art of *travestimento;* and, had but his shadow appeared a mile off, he wearing his own dress, Cheltenham would have been too small for us, within the hour. You never saw such a fright. I had crossed a tottering, yellow, and shrunken old East Indian in the walks again and again, ere I could recognize what those dyed cheeks, that huge, flapping straw hat, that enormous shrouding neckcloth, concealed. But one day — one blessed day — when my aunt Myddelton, having seized the arm of my old deliverer, was stooping down to his ear, talking I am sure of her own rather than my perfections — a voice reached me, I started, the blood sprung into my cheeks, my parasol dropped from my hands — *Santa Maria!* it came from that horrid East Indian. *Now* I knew why and wherefore he had dogged me like a shadow — now I understood the meaning of a queer, hollow cough, always close at my back, which had as often drawn from Mr. Duckworth a sympathetic "Ah, poor Mr. Macraw, 't is a liver cough . . . but I am afraid he will *die* of it." Mrs. Myddelton was as ready to laugh at this stale joke the twentieth time as the first. But I suspect he did not care much for her laughter.

We had but time for a few delicious words: "All will be ready on Thursday, and in the mean time the old flower-language, dearest," said he; "you can make yon Doctor Bartolo the messenger. Give him a nosegay every day for his button-hole. Did you think I

would yield you without a further struggle?" Oh moments too brief! We parted. I came home treading on air. "Till Thursday" — I thought the day would never come — lo, it is here!

Oh the misery of the intervening days! the haunting fears lest anything should miscarry — lest Mortimer should be discovered — lest *his* friend, who was to assist us in our flight, should prove faithless! My tongue burned to talk to Mr. Duckworth about Mr. Macraw — but I refrained. How *can* people trembling on the threshold of bliss run the risk of shutting the door against them for ever by unguarded use of their tongues! In this, at least, I am *not* a weak woman. And so I let the old fox come and go, and squeeze my hand, and positively press upon me the acceptance of an *étui* — *such* a love, my Clara! All was right — every day he wore a pink, plucked, he said, out of poor Mr. Macraw's pot (they lodge in the same house); and every day I begged the flower, and gave him in exchange a rose, from Aunt Myddelton's own bush in the balcony — do admire my contrivance. How she tended it, and watered it! "That chit is so fond of giving you *my* flowers, Mr. Duckworth," she would say, and blush like a girl of fifteen. I verily believe she would die ere she could bring herself to the perpetration of such a tender freedom herself!

This morning, however, the last flower has been gathered. What could mean her strange, nervous, fluttered look when she saw me pluck it? Can she? ....

No, my fears are ridiculous. She inquired as usual about Mr. Duckworth's poor, sick friend, who of late has shown good taste enough to absent himself from the public walks .... and when I proposed to her, this evening, to go with her beau and see the fireworks — pleading headache as my excuse for staying at home —how she simpered, and patted my chin, with a "Poor little Gertrude!" Ah, Aunt Myddelton, I suspect you will begin with the first rocket and end with the grand Chinese pagoda; and end as you began, a single gentlewoman of a certain age, and no proposal!

My heart dances with impatience! Hark! the signal —"*Isle of Beauty!*" — I hear, I hear. I throw it down — throw down for the last time and for ever the pen which signs myself

Your affectionate

GERTRUDE BAXTER.

The above packet I, (P. Duckworth,) took myself from the hands of Sally the maid, who was issuing from the house to convey it to the post, just as we were returning from the longest evening I ever spent, during which the old lady was really a *leetle* too sweet, I must say. Had I ever given her any encouragement, I would not—indeed, I could not—have printed so heavy a charge; not being one of those, as I have already stated, who kiss and tell. And her language, when she discovered the contents of Miss Baxter's packet, was truly intemperate. Whereas, I put it to every one

whether I had not the best right to complain. To think of my being made a go-between, and spoken of so *very* disrespectfully! I think little of losing Miss Baxter —there are other young ladies at Cheltenham, and I hear of some very pleasant, well-educated girls at Malvern, a family of seven, from among which an old friend of mine suited himself some six weeks since—but when I reflect how she wheedled me, and made a tool of me, with that rose of her's, I cannot pity her for her fate. She deserves nothing better than to have a young scapegrace, half painter, half play-actor, for her husband, and to be treated with a tramp all over Spain, at his heels, which they tell me is likely. I would not for the world that Miss Macintyre should read all this; I should never hear the last of it among my old friends and favourites in Red Lion Square.

THE MADRAS MONSOON.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

Gilding the waters with his golden hair,
"Dan Phœbus" takes his farewell of the earth;
Creatures of night start up to sudden birth,
And eve's cool zephyrs fill with health the air,
Sick with the heat of day. Huge clouds, that bear

Within their darksome wombs the welcome flood
Of seasonable rains, lour o'er the wood,
In which th' incessant parrot screams; and, there
The predatory rice-bird snaps its bill
In chase of ev'ning moths, from spray to spray,
That down-like flutter by. Discoursing shrill
And fife-like music, in the grove, embrowned
By the dark shades Night swiftly scatters round,
The boolbool sings the lullaby of day.

II.

An hour hath pass'd — and now the air is rife
With sounds of coming rain. Hark! how the wind
Howls, heralding its sister element!
And ever and anon the clouds are rent
By momentary lightnings. Grand the strife
Of Nature, but most grand that strife when, blind
In the night's darkness, moon nor star reveals
To man the raging conflict! Now and then
A flash electric shows in ghastlier guise
The passionate fit abroad! Now pours the flood —
Now dashes the dense deluge — now the peals
Of dying thunder grumble in the glen,
And water conquers all! Gladly shall rise
Another day o'er summer's heats subdued!

Madras, 1836.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I HEARD the forests as they cried
Unto the valleys green,
"Where is that red-browed hunter race
Who loved our leafy screen?
They humbled 'mid these dewy glades
The red-deer's antlered crown,
Or soaring at his highest noon
Struck the strong eagle down."

Then in the zephyr's voice replied
Those vales so meekly blest:
"They reared their dwellings on our side,
Their corn upon our breast;
A blight came down, a blast swept by,
The cone-roofed cabins fell,
And where that exiled people fled
It is not our's to tell."

Niagara, of the mountains grey,
Demanded from his throne,
And old Ontario's billowy lake
Prolonged the thunder-tone,
"Those chieftains at our side who stood
Upon our christening day,
Who gave the glorious names we bear,
Our sponsors — where are they?"

And then the fair Ohio charged
Her many sisters dear,
"Show me, once more, those stately forms,
Within my mirror clear:"
But they replied, "Tall barks of pride
Do cleave our waters blue,
And strange keels ride our farthest tide,
But where's *their* light canoe?"

The farmer drove his ploughshare deep—
"Whose bones are these?" said he;
"I find them where my browsing sheep
Roam o'er the upland lea:"
But starting sudden to his path
A phantom seemed to glide,
A plume of feathers on his head,
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave,
Then raised his hand on high,
And with a hollow groan invoked
The vengeance of the sky;
O'er the broad realm, so long his own,
Gazed with despairing ray,
Then on the mist that slowly curled
Fled mournfully away.

Hartford, Connecticut, (U. S.)

THE DANCING GIRL'S WELL.

A TRADITION OF THE DECCAN.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

ALREADY had the city of Beder been besieged by the forces of Ram Raja, the Hindu sovereign of Bijanugger, for a space of time that subjected the exhausted and enfeebled inhabitants to all the horrors of famine. The expected reinforcements from the friendly Ismael Adil Shah, reigning prince of the neighbouring province of Beejapoor, came not; and the heart of Ameer Bereed sank within him as he witnessed the increasing misery, which he could so sparingly alleviate in the now reduced state of the public stores.

In this awful emergency, however, disaffection still kept aloof from the brave and faithful bands that defended the walls of Beder; and every man felt his courage grow with the growth of the very calamities which threatened him, while his fortitude increased as each reiterated attack of the infidel invaders upon the fortress that held his household failed to make any impression on its strong and well-defended ramparts. Even the wives and daughters of the besieged threw off, as if by mutual agreement, the timidity of their nature, adding their exhilarating voices to the war-

cry that kept alive within each bosom the fire of determined resistance. The bolder spirits within the precincts of the harems assumed a tone of cheerful encouragement and hope, whilst the more gentle and delicate silenced the fears that appalled them, and, with that submissive self-control and silent fortitude which are so often observed in times of peril to inhabit the breast of woman, repressed every emotion that might tend to agitate or enervate their defenders. But already Famine approached with hasty strides, and frequent victims to death in its ghastliest guise filled every heart with dismay. The poorer classes, it is true, received a daily dole from the nobility, and the resources of all were thrown together to aid in alleviating the prevailing calamity; but scanty were the portions which, in the almost total exhaustion of provisions, could now be distributed, and in this direful extremity the starving populace had recourse to the most loathsome and disgusting substitutes for food; for nauseous vermin, hideous reptiles, and weeds of the most deleterious quality, were unhesitatingly appropriated to allay the deadly cravings of their hunger.

But to the want of food a want still more horrible, if possible, was now about to be added—that of water. The tank within the fort which, with a few niggardly wells, had hitherto supplied them daily with a stipulated measure of water, distributed under the superintendence of a guard stationed over it, began to fail them. A scarcity of this necessary of life had

ever been the curse of Beder, and in seasons of drought water was carried from distant streams and tanks, to furnish the requisite supply. The monsoon had long been over, and, as the heat of the weather increased, each hour might be calculated on as reducing the capabilities of the solitary tank and the almost exhausted wells.

In the heart of the city resided the favourite court *Almàh* or dancing girl; a female of surpassing grace and beauty. To a disposition of the most feminine sweetness Amina joined an energy of character and enterprize of spirit that would have done honour to a throne: and, during the siege, she had taken an active part in administering to the comforts of the distressed. Her generous and ceaseless charity was confined to no rank or caste, but, like the dew that falls equally on the palace and the prison-house, was extended to all; whilst her resources, which were immense, were never spared to purchase food for the hungry, when it was to be had for either gold or gems; and now, when neither pearl nor pesa could procure a handful of rice or a lota of water, she moved among the troops like a ministering angel, encouraging them by her smiles, reviving their drooping energies by her songs of hope and triumph, and not seldom hurling, with her own delicate hand, the javelin from the wall, which carried defiance if not death into the ranks of the infidel. But the distress which now prevailed was such as shook even the sanguine mind of the Almàh. Her mansion was filled with women and

children, all of whom in their sore extremity had sought her for that sympathy, which was now her sole substitute for assistance; and now that her own resources were completely consumed — now, when she had fasted for two days, that she might furnish a handful of bad grain to an old and faithful servant — her heart began to fail her.

It was a still and sultry night. The shouts of the insulting foe had, for the time, ceased to vex the ears of the miserable besieged; and, to escape from the groans and lamentations that converted her dwelling into a lazar-house of dismay, Amina, wrapping herself in an ample *chaddar*, stole out into the silent streets. Almost unconsciously she found herself at the entrance of a ruined pagoda, whence the sounds of a wailing voice seemed to proceed. Common as such sounds had become in a city where death held high carnival, they fell on her ear, in the general stillness of that moment, with such intensity of piteousness that she stopped to listen. Neither did she forget, that she had reached an obscure and remote part of the town, where this last relic of what had once been a Hindu temple of great magnitude was permitted to moulder away, an object of execration and scorn to the Moslems, who, as they passed, contemptuously spat at the crumbling walls, which seldom now admitted a secret worshipper.

The sounds still continuing, the adventurous Almàh determined to enter, and on the very threshold stumbled over a body. It was stiff and rigid, and Amina's

blood ran cold as she stepped over the ghastly barrier into the interior. At the farthest extremity of the edifice she perceived, by the glimmering light of a little cresset, the gaunt and disgusting image of the goddess Kali. The Mussulman woman shuddered at the sight, but a still more terrible spectacle awaited her. At the base of the idol knelt a wild and squalid female, in whose withered arms struggled a wasted and wailing infant. The mother's eyes glared fiercely around her, as the sounds of approaching footsteps fell upon her ear.

"Nay," she cried, in a husky whisper, which, as she proceeded, turned to a demoniac scream, "it is but the wind; there is not even a bat alive in this city of the accursed! My husband lies dead in the temple of our angry gods — our dog has died, and I have eaten of his flesh. It has maddened me — fit punishment for such deadly sin! For *thee*, squalling imp," and she shook the wretched child fiercely, "for thee, what is there in this dried-up fountain to quench thy thirst? The goddess Kali bids *thee* minister from thy puny veins to appease that of thy parent. Then, be it so!" And the frenzied wretch, in the fury of her fearful craving, would have satiated its unhallowed demand with the blood of her offspring, had not Amina darted forward, and, in a commanding voice exclaimed, "Forbear, execrable being! wouldst thou slay the fruit of thine own womb?" She would have released the babe from the grasp of its savage parent, but the un-

conscious child, startled at perceiving a stranger, clung the more closely to its mother, twining its little arms about her neck, in hushed and trembling terror. That simple act seemed as a spell to exorcise the evil spirit that had taken temporary possession of the maniac's mind; and, clasping her baby to her breast, the unfortunate creature burst into a violent but salutary passion of tears. Oh, it was a touching sight to see that poor emaciated child sucking, in its agonizing thirst, the very drops that trickled from its famished mother's eyes!

The dancing girl knelt down beside them, spoke to the mother, and cheered her with words of kindness and encouragement, even though all hope had expired in her own bosom. Suddenly, a thought darted across her soul, like a flash of lightning through the darkness of a dungeon. "Follow me," she cried, "follow me to the house of Amina, the court Almàh."

Four years had just passed since the only living relative of the dancing girl, an aged aunt, had expired. In her last moments, dismissing her attendants from her couch, she beckoned her niece to approach, and in a tone and manner so like the wanderings of insanity, that, until now, the words never reverted to the memory of Amina, she spoke as follows:

"A day is coming when thou shalt hunger, yet have not wherewithal to eat; but the stomach can do without flesh when the liver becomes a cinder through thirst. The diamonds of thy nose-rings cannot be

melted into water, nor of the silver bells of thine anklets canst thou make one grain of dāl. In that season of sore distress—but not till then—raise the third stone of the steps that descend into the secret cell beneath this chamber, and drink—drink!"

It is strange that these words, which were the very last that issued from her kinswoman's lips, had never since struck upon the recollection of Amina, and the very suddenness with which they now presented themselves to her memory, as if by a prophetic spell, filled her mind with a delirium of hope. She reached her habitation, agitated by a thousand feelings, that, for the time, made her existence a fever, and, summoning a few of her most faithful retainers, she sought, with lighted torches, the spot indicated by her deceased relative. To what a pitch, then, were her expectations raised, when she discovered that the third stone of the steps was moveable! In fact it formed a slab, covering a flight of steps, which terminated in a low passage cut in the rock. Fearlessly did the undaunted dancing girl leap down into this subterranean and dreary place, while even her trusty vassals hesitated to follow. Amina, however, creeping on hands and knees, with a torch in her left hand, was the first to advance on this singular journey; and, undismayed by the accumulated filth and rubbish that soiled and tore her garments, or the peril she incurred from scorpions, or reptiles still more venomous, she cheered her followers with words of encouragement.

"Alla! Alla!" cried one, "it is the seventh entrance to *Jehannam!*"

"It is the palace of *Eblis*," whispered the second.

"*Ai, Beebee! mut ja'o*," (Oh, lady do not go!) muttered the third, "it is the cavern of the *Gouls!*"

"*Kamoosh, namurd!*" (Silence, coward!) said Amina, as, in stretching forward the hand which held the torch, it struck with force against a loose, projecting stone, on which she had placed her other wrist. Yielding beneath her weight, the fragment of rock fell, and she would have been precipitated with it to an unknown depth, had she not suddenly flung herself back upon her terrified servants; but, in the exertion, she dropped the torch, which, with the stone, fell down —down—until she heard——

"Oh, Alla! is it indeed *water?*" "*Bismillah!*" exclaimed her vassals; "it is Shytan's voice; he has swallowed the torch, and there is only another left."

"God is great!" ejaculated the joyful Almàh, "it *is* water!" She tore off the magnificent *bangle* which bound her wrist, every gem of which would have been a prince's ransom — and, throwing it down into the dark chasm before her, listened breathlessly for the repetition of the welcome sounds. It was indeed water!

There is little more to be said, and that little is of prosperity. The Almàh instantly acquainted the Vizier and principal Ameers with her discovery, and immediate measures were taken to render it, what it

became, a Fountain of Deliverance. It was an ample and constant spring of delicious water, which, placed under proper restrictions, served to supply the whole city of Beder for four days; at the end of which period the long expected forces of their ally from Beejapoor, who had meanwhile contrived to put the famishing besieged in possession of some provisions, arrived in sight of the walls; and, ere another sun had set, Beder was no longer besieged; the troops of Ram Rajah having been routed with fearful slaughter by the victorious army of Ismael Adil Shah. Honours and rewards were showered on the courageous Amina; and when, after many happy days, she died, a noble mausoleum was erected over her remains. The spring she discovered so opportunely is still in existence, and continues to be called "THE DANCING GIRL'S WELL."

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"WHAT shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said the young mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice,

That night, in dreams: —

"Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast — fed with the dews of love:
Lend me that flower. Such flowers there are in heaven."
But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance.

"Thou hast a little harp,
How sweetly would it swell the angels' hymn:
Yield me that harp."

There rose a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came — a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain, and broke —
And that young mother lay upon the earth,
In childless agony.

Again, the Voice
That stirred her vision —

"He who asked of thee
Loveth a cheerful giver." So she raised
Her gushing eyes, and, ere the teardrop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled — and that meek smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

Hartford, Connecticut, (U. S.)

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ROSANNA.

Viola. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Olivia. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture.

Viola. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lend these graces to the grave,
And give the world no copy.

CONRAD, Count of Wolfenstein, lord of the Castle of Tyrol, was one of the richest proprietors of the Tyrolese. He was also one of the most favoured courtiers of Joseph II.; yet no characters could be more contrasted. Joseph was hard, dry, and obstinate; the Count was gay, jocund, and flexible. Joseph affected philosophy, Count Conrad laughed at it; Joseph attempted to reform every thing, and succeeded in nothing but souring his subjects. Count Conrad affected to reform nothing, and succeeded in being the most popular of all the landlords in the province. Joseph was tall, meagre, and with the visage of a Calmuck; Count Conrad was short, plump, and with the visage of a jovial German. Joseph scorned the sex, and dreaded matrimony; Conrad laughed and loved, loved and married, had three wives, and would have had a dozen more if the law of Christendom had been the law of Mahomet, or

his last choice had not been the stern, stout-framed partner, who promised to see his portly figure laid with all due honours in the vault of his ancestors. If the Emperor and the courtier had been born in the fifteenth century, they would have supplied some Cervantes with a pair of heroes, but the Emperor would have been the Don Quixote, and Count Conrad, Sancho Panza.

The Count loved the castle of his ancestors, and would have willingly spent his days, hunting, shooting, and galloping, at the head of his mountaineers; and his nights, in laughing, drinking, and sleeping away the toils of his hunting matches. But, of all men, great men are least their own masters. The Count, without a necessity on earth that he could call his own, had laid himself under the necessity of carrying a white wand before the Emperor during the court residence at Vienna. He often declared that he felt this white stick heavier than all the pine-trees in his forest, but, a courtier must "do his duty," and his was to carry the wand. The court uniform, laced from top to toe, and more resembling a harlequin's jacket, or the livery of a court footman, than the dress of either elegance or comfort, he often declared melted the very soul within his ribs; but, it was his duty, and his soul must be melted. To stand six hours in the circle of a levee, bowing, smiling, and talking to every body, though he did not care a feather if they formed a levee *en masse* at the bottom of the Danube, the

Count protested to be the heaviest burthen ever laid on the shoulders of man; but, "it was his duty," and the burthen must be borne. In some of his hours among the mountains, when he sat in the cool of the morning gazing on the delicious landscape at his feet, or watched the sun rolling off the vapours in blue and gold from the valley, like the rising curtain of a theatre; he now and then thought that he might as well remain where he was, as exchange it for the dimmed orb, struggling through the smoky air, and enlightening the tiled roofs and chimney-tops of Vienna. At other times, when after a day of hunting he sat surrounded by his vassals, monarch of all he surveyed, with every hill to the horizon lighted up with the descending glory of the evening, marble peaks tipped with vermilion, valleys steeped in violet, forests waving in emerald, the sky like a sheet of azure above, the song of gaiety returning from its task, rising from a chorus of peasants homeward bound; and round him a circle of bold, honest, good-humoured faces, whose fathers and uncles, and mothers and brothers, he had known from his infancy, and fought with, feasted with, danced with, and flirted with; and every one of whom would have laid down their lives at a nod from him in field or flood; the lord of Wolfenstein often thought on the little ante-room of the palace, where he had so often stood, elbowed by the well-dressed multitude, and squeezed almost to suffocation by dowagers eminent for deformity and diamonds. He would accordingly

make a solemn determination, before he went to rest, to demand his *congé* by the first opportunity.

But in the morning some courier galloped into the courtyard, with an order signed by the Imperial hand for a new supply of Imperial tooth-picks, the announcement of an Imperial *fête*, or the drill of a company of the Imperial Guards. The sense of his duty instantly came over Count Conrad's mind, the mountains vanished, Vienna was Paradise, the little chamberlain's crowded room was the centre of the earth, and in two days the lord of a hundred hills was melting under the harlequin's jacket, carrying the white stick, panting for his life amongst the piles of dowagers, and become the most miserable of all great lords in existence.

But the Count had another treasure that he valued more than even the smiles of an Emperor, a daughter, fair, intelligent, handsome, and the best dancer that ever astonished Vienna in an Imperial quadrille. The Lady Adela of Wolfenstein had been just twelve months in Vienna, was an object of universal admiration, and besieged by the whole staff, the three regiments of guards, and a brigade of Imperial cavalry stationed in the capital, for the severe duties of playing ombre with the old ladies, dancing with the young, filling the pit of the opera every night, and making the Prater brilliant with prancing chargers, Hungarian plumes, and moustaches worthy of a Khan of Tartary. Yet she was still unmarried; more miraculous yet, she

was still without a declared lover. The showiest epaulettes of the court passed by her as if they were so much tinsel, and the most dazzling exquisites of Vienna seemed to be looked on as so many mountebanks. In fact, with all the gaiety of her father, she seemed to have imbibed a portion of the Emperor's philosophy. Her smile all Vienna said was enchanting, but her silence all the court said was terrific. The poets compared her to Circe, captivating every one at first sight, and thenceforth frightening them out of their lives. The exquisites said that she was fit for nothing but to be put in a museum — a Venus, but in marble. The ladies of the court wished that she was put any where, provided the court exquisites and the guards would but cease to talk about her.

At Vienna every thing is military; the gentlemen curl their whiskers to the sound of the drum, the ladies make their toilet to the trumpet; epaulettes seem to grow to the shoulders by nature, and sabres are a part of the man. When the Emperor means to honour a guest, he orders a regiment out to drill. When he means to give double honour, he orders out two. When he means to exhibit the glory of his kingdom to a king or an emperor, he takes the field with the garrison, and fires away a thousand florins' worth of gunpowder. But all those glories were lost upon the Lady Adela; her barouche, with its six Spanish coursers, was never seen on the review ground. She was even guilty of the extravagance of saying that she

hated reviews, and once hazarded her reputation for loyalty, by saying that she preferred a line of Tyrolese cottages to the finest encampment under the sun.

Yet all this changed in a moment; her barouche with its Spanish steeds was seen suddenly glittering at the Imperial parades. At every review in a circle of ten miles round the capital, she was more regular than the Emperor himself. Matters were now in a worse condition than before; the court beauties voted that this caprice of the most beautiful of them all was intolerable. The truth was, that Lady Adela in her chamber, with no other companions than her parrot or her guitar, acted a much less obnoxious part than Lady Adela on the review ground, gazed at by all eyes as she swept past, worshipped by all when she stood still; and, whether she passed or stood, surrounded by a circle of the most brilliant of the Imperial Hussars, barons, counts, and princes, all twinkling with orders, and in their own opinions by far the most brilliant personages on the face of the globe.

However, there are but few secrets in the world, and no secrets in court. It was discovered that the only Hussar among the *cortège* to whom the Lady Adela never uttered a word, and who never uttered a word to her, was Theodore Sternheim, a cornet in the Hungarian Guards. This would be, perhaps, no great matter any where else; but, in courts silence is more expressive than words, and looks are volumes. Several volumes of this unwritten correspondence, this com-

munication unsullied by ink, and unconveyed in rose-coloured billets, fringed with cupids, was suddenly detected, and instantly divulged. Lady Adela, with the loveliest bloom in the world, was observed regularly to lose it as the cornet rode up to the side of the carriage, and, though now and then a *soupçon* of the rose returned, yet the effect was decided paleness. The cornet carried off the colours, in more senses than one—rivalry is quick in its movements, even in courts—the handsome Farnientes of the guards, indignant at being superseded, were doubly indignant at being superseded by a Tyrolese mountaineer, who, though a handsome fellow, yet had not so much as a baron in his family since the flood, and whom every body wondered at for his presumption in figuring among the showy squadrons of the guards. The news soon reached the ears of Count Conrad—of course by no means diminished in atrocity. The horrible waste of the Lady Adela's birth, beauty, and dower of half a million florins a year, was painted in its natural colours, and the Count was called upon to lose no time in asserting the dignity of his blood, and avenging the insult to his name, by sending the young offender to serve his country in Transylvania, Siberia, or the Antipodes. The Count did none of those things; he laughed at the charge, which he deemed impossible, laughed at the rivals for troubling their heads about Lady Adela's blushes, laughed at Lady Adela for taking the trouble of mystifying the maids of honour,

but, with all this *bonhommie*, took his measures the next morning; and on that morning the cornet by a particular message was summoned to the little apartment six feet square in the fourth story of the Imperial Palace, where the chamberlain of his majesty was content to squeeze the master of a hundred hills, and which apartment served him for dining room, study, and council-chamber. Theodore Sternheim appeared at the appointed hour, was received with the affability of one mountaineer by another, breakfasted, and was then required to tell all that he could touching the Lady Adela. Theodore was ardent, straightforward, and sincere. He told that he had long thought Lady Adela the most beautiful creature that ever had been in the world; that he longed to live and die for her, but that it was unnecessary to tell the Count that his fortune exactly amounted to his pay; that he had not a drop of noble blood in his veins, and that his sole hope of fame and fortune was in the sabre at his side.

"All those are excellent things, my dear Theodore," was the Count's reply, "but no man above one-and-twenty ever talks of love in a cottage; women of every age may talk of them, but they never think of them at any. Let us discuss the matter like countrymen, as we are, and friends as we ought to be. The Lady Adela has the handsomest equipage of her court while she remains with me; she has five thousand florins a year for dress and diamonds; she has six attendants out of my household, and ten thousand

florins a year more to throw to the moon if she likes — all this, while she remains with me. Now, my gallant friend, all the question is, can you bid higher?"

The cornet was thunderstruck, but rallied, and attempted to say something about courage and constancy, high hopes, and the prospects of a soldier.— "All very good," said the Count, "but the prospect of a good estate is the only one that pleases my eye at this time of life. Still I am certain that you would not wish to reduce my daughter to the proprietorship of a donkey, the carrying of a camp-kettle, and the pleasure of superintending your knapsack until you are a colonel, an event which may be confidently looked for within the next forty or fifty years. For, until I die, Adela is not worth a rix-dollar; and I do not mean to die before my time."

The interview was decisive. There was no *éclat* in the affair. In twenty-four hours the war minister received a note from the cornet requesting permission to transfer his services to the Smolensko Chasseurs, a favourite regiment in the hosts of the Autocrat of all the Russias. The farewell to Lady Adela was conveyed in a letter. The letter was a fine specimen of all that could be said on the subject of *mésalliances*. All men are eloquent when they are angry. There is, in fact, no eloquence without it. But Theodore was desperately in love besides, and, if paper could take fire with words, the letter would have been consumed in its own flames before it reached the bag of the

palace courier. It was a strain of mingled pathos and passion, declaiming bitterly against the prejudices of courts and Counts in favour of high blood; exclaiming against the infinite cruelty of breaking hearts for the sake of making fortunes; vindicating the superiority of principle to title, and finishing by a promise to adore her in spite of fathers and family pride, to his life's end; a promise rather oddly contrasted with his resolve to shorten his life as much as possible by "dying in the very first battle," and thus lose a life which was now clouded, eclipsed, extinguished "by the criminal and antiquated folly of thinking more of empty title than of imperishable love."

How Lady Adela's high spirit bore this *contretems* even court history says but little; but she was seen no more at the reviews; her six Andalusian steeds no longer excited the pious wish that they might hazard the fairest neck in the empire; the other court beauties had their fair share of aides-de-camp once more; the Imperial staff were no longer perplexed in their duties on parade by the glance of the most brilliant eyes that ever bewildered a field-officer; in short, the Lady Adela had disappeared.

But Time either kills or cures every thing; Theodore was gone where it was impossible to follow him. He was now with his regiment fighting Barbarians in the Caucasus, the warm-weather Siberia of Russia. The few tender inquiries hazarded for his existence either fell into the hands of the Russian war-office,

who threw them into the fire, or were caught in their first flight by Count Conrad himself, who strangled them without a pang.

Year on year thus rolled away; the fair Adela was still fair, still single, and still contemptuous of Vienna and its cavaliers. At length, when a crowd of suitors had successively failed, she gave her hand to a noble friend of her father's, a great diplomatist, and a great proprietor of flocks and herds, and, notwithstanding, an honest and good-natured man, whom every body liked, and some said they loved. Lady Adela was of the former class; she married, and the birth of an heir was celebrated by mountain bonfires, round an horizon of a hundred and fifty leagues. She was now the Princess Waldemar; the carousals were magnificent, long, and costly. Amongst other things, they cost the prince his life. He died after a three days' festival, in which more wine was drunk than in any feast of the mountains before or since the accession of the house of Hapsburg. He died with the cup in his hand, and was carried to the vault of his ancestors, with a pomp worthy of the festival which had sent him thither. The Lady Adela now had boundless wealth, boundless influence, a multitude of vassals, and every thing but happiness. Her infant absorbed all her thoughts; she refused other princes, who were in want of a fortune, and had no objection to take it, accompanied with a lovely woman; remained a widow, and watched over her son.

But the times and the world began to change. France, so long the dancing-master of mankind, had become its executioner. The rabble of Paris poured out to plunder Germany. Austria came in for her share of the shock. A French army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, under Moreau, drove her Emperor from hill to valley, until it drove him within the walls of Vienna. Tyrol, always faithful, and always unlucky, was first sacked by the French, and then seized by the Bavarians. The Princess Waldemar suffered the natural fate of those who have any thing to lose, where Republicans offer liberty, and Infidels talk of justice; for she lost all. Her high spirit had taken a high part in the contest. She had raised a regiment of Chasseurs on her estates for the Emperor, and, as the reward of her loyalty to Francis, found a price set upon her head by Napoleon.

We now drop the curtain for ten years. At the end of that time, on a fine summer's evening, in the suburbs of Buda, a handsome matron might be seen sitting in a remarkably neat but small cottage, in deep conversation with a young man, whose features, with the fire of youth, exhibited all the expression and almost the beauty of his mother. That son was telling a love tale; his Hungarian cap on one table, and his sabre on another, showed that he was an officer in the most distinguished corps of the empire. His gesture showed that he was excessively in earnest; and the paleness of his cheek, that his passion had not been

prosperous. He was in love, and had been in love a month, with the prettiest face and form in the court circle of the capital. 'Rosanna de Schulenberg was the name of the lady. She was the daughter of a general officer, who had distinguished himself prodigiously against the French, had cut up camps and cut off convoys, frightened field-marshals, and taught the Austrians once more that they had fingers which could draw triggers and hands which could push bayonets. The general had been loaded with honours accordingly, was pronounced the national genius, and, as a foretaste of every thing short of a throne, had just been made Governor of Vienna.

The point in debate between the young officer and his mother was, whether he should make formal proposals for the young beauty, carry her off without any formality of the kind, or put a pistol to his own forehead. The matron argued against all three points, and produced conviction on none of them.

Within a fortnight, a note from her son, dated from the Hungarian guard-house, informed her that he was under arrest; that he had made his proposals to the Governor of Vienna; performed the part of a man of honour by acknowledging that he was not worth a louis d'or; had been laughed at; been indignant for being laughed at; been turned out for being indignant; sent a challenge to the general for being turned out; been arrested for sending the challenge; and was now left to consider the alternative, of being stript of his com-

mission, or shot in a square of his own brigade. The matron was the Princess Waldemar, and the captive lover was her only son. On the utter ruin of her estates, she had retired into privacy, disdaining to claim the rank which her means were unequal to support; though still handsome, thoroughly weary of the world, she hid herself in the obscurity of a second-rate city, and there, changing her name and concealing his birth from her boy, she suffered the world to forget her and forgot the world. But this was a new terror; her life was wrapt up in the young Chasseur, whom she had contrived to call Theodore, notwithstanding the profusion of lordly names showered upon him by the genealogy of the Waldemars.

She collected the family documents that remained to her, her few jewels, and, with a beating heart and an aching head, set out that night for the capital. At the hotel where she alighted, she received intelligence which made both head and heart heavier. The court-martial had sat upon her son; sentence had been given against him; the sentence was before the Emperor, and, with a thousand recommendations to character, amid the indignation of the soldiery that so dashing a *sabreur* should be lost to the service, and the sorrows of the ladies that so handsome a cavalier should dance Mazurkas no more, there was not a doubt that he would be shot within the next twenty-four hours.

There was no time to be lost, and, terrified and in

tears, she instantly sought an audience of the Emperor. Sending in her name as Madame von Lindorf, and dressed in mourning as one of the peasants of the district, she was the more readily received by Francis, who was fond of being thought the father of the peasantry. She told her tale with infinite pathos, palliated the offence of her son as best she could, and finally declared that his loss would send her to the grave. But Francis was an innocent little man of routine, and it would have been a less offence with him, as an Austrian, to have robbed the Imperial Treasury, or carried off a princess of the blood, than to have touched the whisker of an Austrian grenadier; much less to have threatened to send a bullet through the brains of the most gallant officer in the service, a Chevalier of a dozen orders, and Colonel of the Imperial Grenadiers besides. The Emperor took his kneeling petitioner by the hand, raised her from the ground with infinite kindness, told her that the sentence must be executed, saw her drop fainting on the ground, and then went to his Imperial breakfast, satisfied with having done a deed of justice, which would add infinitely to his reputation with all the old women of Vienna.

When she awoke, she found herself in a small chamber of the palace, with one or two females supplying her with eau de luce, in the intervals of their attendance on a beautiful girl, who was lying on a sofa, hid from the light of day, wringing her hands,

bathed in tears, and uttering sighs that seemed to come from the very depth of her heart. One of the attendants whispered her name to the matron: it was Rosanna von Schulenberg. The whole story flashed into her mind. This lovely creature was the object of her son's passion, the excuse of his error, and the source of his ruin. As she gazed on her excessive beauty, she felt, if possible, additional grief for the fate of the youth led into madness and death by the noblest of all the passions. But another thought also flashed into her mind. She would find this inexorable father, who thus condemned his own child to misery for life, and her unhappy son to a premature grave. Of General von Schulenberg she knew nothing, but that he was a soldier of desperate bravery, and that the empire rang with his exploits; but, if he was any thing more humane than a tiger, he must listen to an unhappy mother, pleading for her last possession in the world.

It was now evening, and the sun was shining in all the beauty of autumn. As she passed the Prater to the governor's summer palace, all round her was gaiety; the citizens were pouring out by thousands along the banks of the Danube, old men were sitting under the trees, children were sporting on the grass, handsome women were promenading among the arbours, attended by handsome cavaliers; music came from parties on the river, floating in gilded and painted barges; music came from the thickets where the good citizens of Vienna, with their violins and trombones,

their flutes and French horns, performed family quartettes to the honour of Mozart and Beethoven; and, in the midst of all this joy, passed on the weeping woman, her face covered with her veil, and her heart breaking. A spirit starting from the grave in the midst of some national revel could not have looked more melancholy.

At length she reached the Governor's palace. It was an unlucky evening for a petitioner. She found the hall crowded with aides de camp, waiting to receive the *élite* of Vienna at a ball given in honour of the Emperor's being invested that day with his sixty-fifth order of knighthood, the Lion and the Sun, sent by the Shah of Persia. Any other petitioner would have been repulsed by the grenadiers on duty at the gate, frightened by the stare of the aides de camp, or trampled to death by the well-bred crowd that rushed from a hundred chariots up the marble staircase of the palace. But the mother persevered. With infinite difficulty, by bribing one domestic with a ring, and another with the last ducat in her purse, she finally made her way into the General's library, and contrived to have her petition put even into the General's hand. The few minutes in which she awaited his arrival were minutes of unspeakable agony. She felt that the first word of this high authority must be to her son a sentence of life or death. Her heart beat thick, but when she heard the first rapid footsteps approaching, the light departed from her eyes.

The General came in. The very first tone of his

voice struck her as familiar to her ear; she listened and was convinced. But how could she reconcile her memory of that voice with the tall, bronzed, and determined countenance of the high personage before her? The General listened too, but she could scarcely make her voice audible. He begged of her to lay aside her veil, give herself time, and calmly tell him all that she had to say. There was a softness in his manner, as he offered those slight attentions, which still more fully convinced her that she was not mistaken. Her veil was not raised, but she told her story with all the power of one on whose words depended all that was dear to her on earth. The General listened with deep attention, and replied with increased softness of manner. Still there was no appearance of relaxation in his purpose. Declaring that he had no conceivable sense of personal injury towards the young officer, he attempted to explain the necessity of discipline, the rashness of her son's conduct, and the utterly unprovoked nature of his offence. "As to marrying my daughter," said he, "the idea was extravagant. Your own excellent understanding, Madam, must point out to you at once what escaped the folly of your son, that in this world we must attend to circumstances, that families should be allied according to their rank, and that a *mésalliance* is a source at once of ridicule and misery." The lady could only answer by a sigh. "I have attained," said he, "high rank in the Imperial service. And I owe it to the Emperor's goodness and to my own character not to

suffer that rank to be degraded in the person of my child. I owe it to that child herself not to suffer the passion and precipitancy of her youth to lay up misery for the rest of her days. Those, Madam, are maxims so essential, that to violate them is to violate the common obligations of society, to offend public decorum, and to incur misfortune, with the additional pain that it is the offspring of our own folly." The widow wrung her hands. "Then my son must die!" were the only words she uttered. The General was moved, lightly pressed her hand, and she saw upon it a tear, but she also saw him rise from his chair and move slowly towards the door of the apartment. One moment more, and all must be lost. She rushed after him, and implored a moment's audience. As he turned round, she threw up her veil, and he for the first time saw her face. The light of recollection passed along his features. With one hand grasping his arm, with the other she drew a letter from her bosom. "Read this," said she, "General von Schulenberg, and tell me whether it, too, was the offspring of folly and deception!"

The General, overcome by emotion, sank into a chair; he had recognized his own hand-writing at the instant; and, as he read, his emotions were visible in the changes of his manly countenance. It was the indignant letter in which he had taken leave of the Count, the Tyrol, and the lady of his love together. Every line, as he traced its half-faded characters, was an eloquent and forcible contradiction of every word

that he had but just spoken. All the arguments of the man of camps and courts found contemptuous refutation in the glowing sentiments of the youth speaking the dictates of passion and nature.

The General had seen a varied career. On leaving the Austrian service, he had thrown himself into all the daring of a volunteer's life; distinguished his intelligence and intrepidity in the campaigns of Russia, alike against Persian, Turk, and Frenchman, and at length had been summoned back to the service of his country in the desperate struggle of 1809. But all was now peace; France was broken down, and the dashing volunteer was the gorgeous general. Yet his original nature was suppressed, not extinguished. The embroidered uniform, loaded with orders, might constrain, but it could not control the native man. And he often thought of the Tyrol, and the cup of unspeakable joy and grief which he had tasted there.

"In the name of Heaven, where was this letter found?" was his exclamation.

"Where it has been kept these five-and-twenty years, Theodore," was the trembling reply. "Adela! my own Adela!" pronounced the General, as his lips touched her forehead. She fainted in his arms. "My son, my son *must* live!" was her first utterance on reviving. "Your son is mine," was the answer. The recollections, the delights, the fond and deep feelings of such an hour are unspeakable.

On that night the court circle were astonished by

the twofold intelligence that the General, who had been a widower for some years, was to be a widower no longer; and that the young culprit was not to be shot next morning, but to be married next week. The news was received with a marked difference by the ladies. The General had been long a capital prize in the scheme of the matrimonial lottery, and it was vexatious to see it carried off by a stranger, of whom nothing was known, and who was evidently nobody. The monopoly of the fair Rosanna was a matter of another order; she being a handsome rival, extinguished on the spot, and so far easily dispensed with by lips less coral, tresses less raven, and eyes less dazzling. One week more, however, set the whole affair out of doubt. The Emperor Francis was seen in his Imperial chamber signing the marriage contract between Theodore von Schulenberg, Lieutenant General, Knight of a dozen orders, Colonel of the Grenadiers of the Guards, &c. and Adela, Princess of Waldemar, *née* Wolfenstein — Francis, with his usual *bonhommie*, congratulating himself "that he had saved the life of the young Cornet at the petition of his mother, and that he alone had brought about a happy reconciliation between all parties." So much for the good deeds of Emperors in Germany, and elsewhere. The marriage day came. The Princess Waldemar was acknowledged to be the most distinct person in the world from Madame von Lindorf. The handsome matron of forty-five—with the immense estates of the Wolfenstein family reclaimed in her right by the Emperor; and covered *cap-*

a-pee with diamonds—was declared by the whole circle, chamberlains, aides-de-camp, princes, and poets, to be the perfection of youth and beauty. Her appearance was certainly noble, and her countenance, which had never lost its original loveliness, had all the animation of hope and happiness.

The young Theodore and his Rosanna made an exquisite pendant to the groupe; and, at the supper given by the Emperor on the nuptials, Francis declared that "no occurrence of his life had given him greater satisfaction; that, though he supremely honoured nobility, he saw no possible reason why valour should not be as good as pedigree, why handsome young men should not please and be pleased by handsome young women, without asking leave of the Heralds' Office; and, with respect to the young pair, that, though he valued subordination as the soul of an army, yet he was by no means disposed to deny that a brave officer very much in love had every right to challenge every body who stood in his way, from a subaltern to a field-marshal; while the idea of shooting him in return for so natural an act was among the most atrocious violences of human tyranny. For his own part, he was the father of his people; he felt alike for them all, from peasant to prince; and, though he wholly disapproved of *mésalliances*, yet, if he thought that he had thwarted a single marriage of affection for any reason whatever, he should feel the marble lie heavy on his grave." Some smiled at this effusion of Imperial sensibility. But all applauded. And the little

man of feeling went to his pillow that night, acknowledging to every chamberlain round him that "he had *not*, like 'Titus, lost a day;' but that he had set an example of virtue to the kings of Europe; that, in short, there was nothing so Imperial as having a will of one's own; and that, come what might, Francis would be always the father of his people."

SONNETS ADDRESSED TO D. P.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

I love thee, but thou guessest not how much!
I love thee, but none know it; none shall know.
I watch each shade that passes o'er thy brow,
Each smile that dwells upon thy lips, with such
Intensity of interest as may steal
O'er a young nursing mother, when she sits
Guarding her infant's cradled rest! I feel
That I shall never love thee less; the seal
Of Fate, that stamps all human works and wits,
Hath stamped me as thy friend! Yet I by thee
Am little known, less loved, nor e'er may be;
And, while my heart's affection rests untold,
(As it may ever rest) thou 'lt think me cold,
Nor know how much I pant to bind thy breast to me!

II.

I love thee, but I see thou hat'st me now,
Since my unwary words the truth have told:

I love thee, as a brother, but I know
That this confession makes thy bosom cold,
And now I am a mockery! I deserve
All this, and more; for pride should have represt
The fervent passion that o'erwhelmed my breast,
And hid my feelings in a stern reserve!
I could not do so, for my spirit yearned
For thy young friendship; nay, I would have died
To save thee from one pang! Thou wilt deride,
And laugh at this; 't is well! Affection spurned
Must waste the heart in silence. I can weep,
While thou art smiling in thy first sweet sleep!

III.

My withered gourd hath budded forth again,
And Hope hath gathered honey 'midst sweet flowers
To hive within my bosom! Friendship's bowers—
Desolate long — re-echo to the strain
Of love, and peace, and joy. There *is* a breast
On which I may recline, in tenderness—
There *is* a hand in which my hand may rest—
An eye, whose kind sweet looks may answer mine,
When mine are flooding o'er with the excess
Of feelings, vowed to holy Friendship's shrine!
Oh! will it last, this sunshine? will the light
That lingers sweetly on my path endure?
I *will* believe so! Friendship, warm and pure,
Like flowers of Asphodel, can know no blight.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Half our sorrows, half our troubles,
  Making head and heart to ache,
Are the fruit of blowing bubbles,
  Bright to view, but quick to break.

All have played the child imbecile,
  Breathing hard to swell the sides
Of a shining fluid vessel,
  Frailer than the air it rides.

From the infant's cradle rising,
  All the bubble mania show,
Oft our richest wealth comprising
  In the bubbles that we blow.

Brilliant, buoyant, upward going,
  Pleased we mark them in their flight,
Every hue of Iris showing,
  As they glance along the light.

Little castles high and airy,
  With their crystal walls so thin,
Each presents the wicked fairy,
  VANITY, enthroned within!

But, when two have struck together,
What of either do we find?
Not so much as one gay feather
Flying Hope has left behind!

Still, the world are busy blowing
Every one some empty ball;
So the seeds of mischief sowing
Where to burst the bubbles fall.

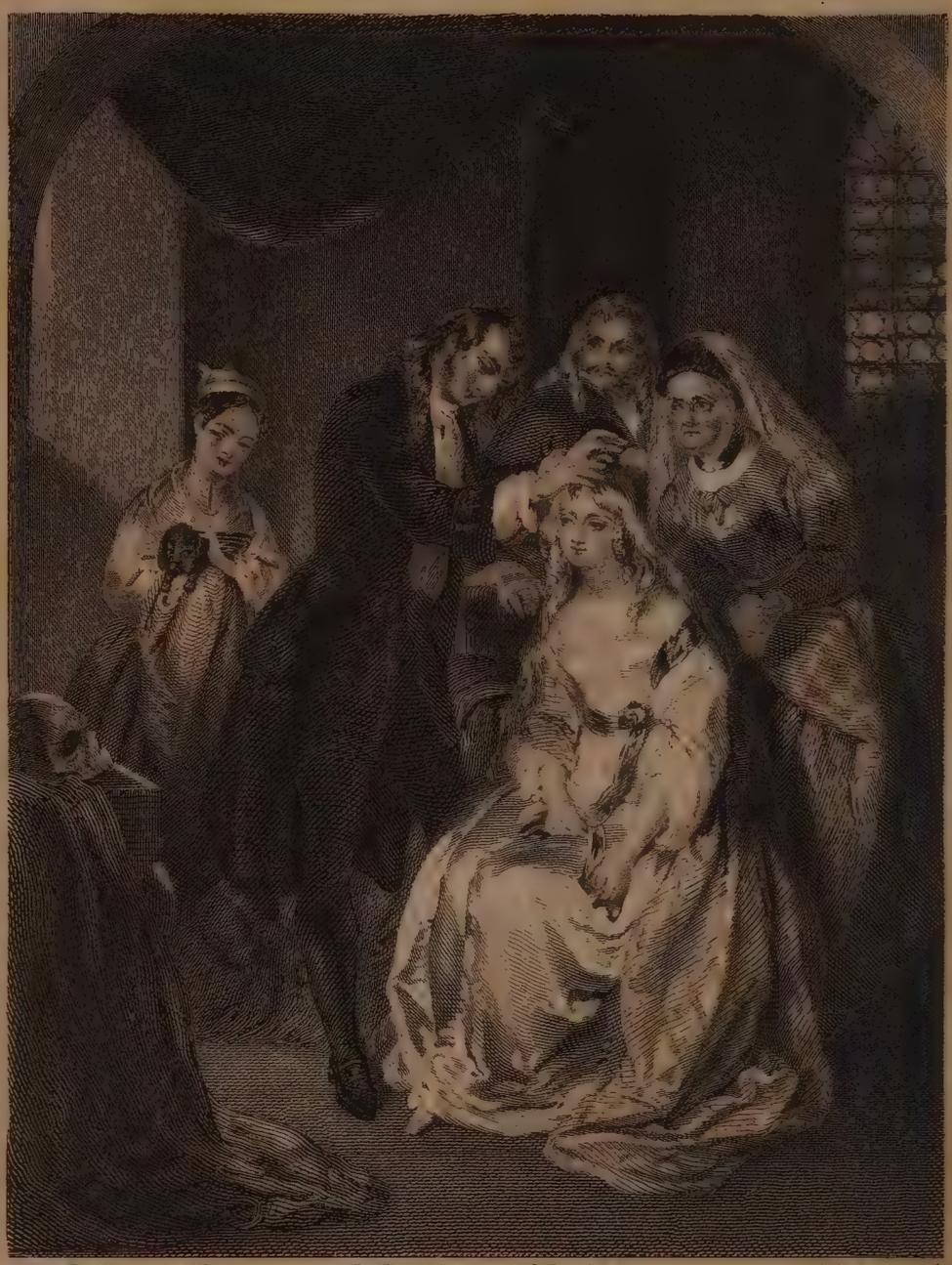
Nor for self alone to gather,
Is our evil harvest found;
Oft with pipe and cup we rather
Step upon our neighbour's ground.

Thus, amusing one another,
While the glistening playthings rise,
We may doom a friend or brother
To a life of care and sighs.

Do you doubt my simple story?
I can point a thousand ways,
Where this bubble-making glory
Has its darkness hid in rays!

Yet, we 'll spare a slight confusion
Caused the world by giving names;
Since a right to some delusion
Every one from Nature claims!

Newburyport, Massachusets, (U. S.)



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THE PHRENOLOGIST.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

RABELAIS, that truest of all true historians, relates that Gargantua, when a youth, found employment in setting cows to catch hares, in carrying water in sieves, in fishing for whales in tea-cups, in shoeing goslings, in hunting for needles in haystacks, and such profitable and pleasant occupations. What Gargantua did in youth, Professor Richter, of the University of Heidelberg, pursued in age — that is, his pursuits, if not exactly the same, were of a similar business-like and philosophical nature. A great man was the Professor!

How he became Professor no one knew — how he continued in that capacity every one wondered. His duties consisted in the receipt of a handsome income, paid quarterly. It was necessary, in 1817, that the students should have certificates of attendance on his lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, as part of their *curriculum;* so they paid the fees — and did not hear the lectures. Thus the Professor had a sinecure.

A venerable youth was he — on the shady side of seventy. He knew no language but his own, and that not very well; but his essays in the *Heidelberg Mercury* were well sprinkled with Greek and Latin extracts

conveyed from a huge "Dictionary of Quotations." He had commenced life as a spectacle-maker, but skill he had none, so he turned Professor. He ever had some hobby: now, he would give a lecture on swimming, to the effect that little boys should practise on dry land, by aping the motions of frogs, and not go into the water until they had adequate skill, nor even then unless they wore cork-jackets of his own invention: anon, he would wax garrulous, if not eloquent, upon the mystery of making a top spin on a clean plate for half an hour at a time! Thus scientific and practical were all his experiments. Of late he had been seized with a passion for Phrenology, which, at the time above indicated, was becoming popular in Germany. After twelve months' musing and muddling, (for he was rather a damp soul) he hit upon the wonderful idea that, as the character and conduct of human beings depended upon the size of the bumps of their respective and respectable skulls, the character could be fixed, and the conduct mainly guided, by elevating or depressing, bringing forward or reducing, the necessary "organs." His idea was that they might be reduced by compression, and developed by such a simple method as the creation of a vacuum by an air-pump. Accordingly, he had a compress made of gold, which, when he could get a suitable subject, he resolved to fix on the head by a band, and secure by a *tourniquet*. This apparatus was intended by him to remain on the head day and night; and, by giving the *tourniquet* a slight turn

each morning, when the cranion is most compliant, he trusted that in a short time he could depress any organ to what he conceived to be its desiderated moral size. The use of a portable air-pump would create a vacuum in a vessel of strong flint-glass, which, if placed over any bump not adequately developed, would, he was confident, cause its gradual emergement from the skull. The person operated upon would have only to wear the compress and *tourniquet* day and night for twelve months, and remain at and for the same period under the air-pump, to effect all that the Professor's mighty wisdom anticipated. Unfortunately, as yet he had not met with any one willing to make the experiment!

Had I the art of drawing portraits with my pen, I should certainly attempt that of Caroline von Pichler, as pretty a German maiden as ever, when a lover spoke particularly, blushed the "Yes," which her lips would not utter at once. When I mention German beauty, you think, I dare say, of the importations who annoy our sight with bronzed faces, mob-caps, thick legs, and churn-waists, and who make music for our ears with "Buy a broom" discords. No; such is *not* German beauty. Walk down the Kohlmarkt, (the Regent Street of Vienna), and you will see a thousand brilliancies of female beauty. Now you are jostled in that thronged thoroughfare, and the finest form in the

world flits by you, and the most speaking eyes flash their bright apologies for the accident. A moment — ere you have time to regret the sweet vision — you meet another, and another, and another. They are frequent as the flowers in June, or the stars in midnight. They are varied, too, in their brightness and their clime. The radiant freshness of the English features; the beaming intellect of the Italian face; the sweet pathos which forms the expression of Polish beauty; the Asiatic cast of the Hungarian aspect; the classic contour of the Grecian outline — all are there, but among them none is fairer than the earnest loveliness of the German. After such a preface, how can I describe Caroline von Pichler!

Fancy a lovely, loving, and loveable maiden of bright nineteen, and you may have a thought of Caroline. Then, like Cordelia's,

> her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman.

In fine, both in person and mind, she was a delightful specimen of womanhood in its earliest prime — well educated, too, though of this she was not proud — good-tempered, in spite of the vinegar disposition of Madame Annette von Pichler, a crossgrained old maid, her aunt and guardian. When Madame scolded, which, to do her justice, was only five minutes out of every ten, Caroline flew to painting, or to music. Or, if these did not please her, she had to prepare her lessons for her private tutor, Ernst Manheim.

Ernst was young, not yet five-and-twenty. He was handsome—Caroline, somehow or other, always identifying him with the Apollo Belvedere! Poor girl! she was not the first by thousands who had raised a mortal into an idol, making her own heart the shrine.

For twelve months Ernst Manheim had been visiting tutor to Caroline von Pichler. Much did he teach her, in language and sciences, and he also taught her *love*, which is the life of life.

A great crime, Ernst had been absent six whole days, and had only sent a formal apology to Madame, that he was compelled by business to quit Vienna for a week. Poor Caroline! she "appropriated" the note from her aunt's table, and carried it next her heart. What odd fancies Love has!

She reclined upon the sofa in the library, dull, *distraite*, and languid. Ha! whose step is that? It is outside, in the street, and yet she can distinguish it among every foot-fall in Vienna:

> Oh, lovers' eyes are quick to see,
> And lovers' ears are quick in hearing!

She had intended something like reproach—the scholar to scold the master!—but, when he entered, the intention vanished. So they sate down to read, but Ernst was almost silent, and his countenance had a very grave expression.

"You are dull to-day, Ernst," said Caroline, in the sweetest voice and with the brightest smile in the world. "What has annoyed you? why are you sad?"

"For you, Caroline," said he, taking her white soft hand from the table on which it rested. She blushed, but did not withdraw that hand.

"I have discovered—*how* it matters not—that your excellent aunt has bargained to marry you to Professor Richter. Your fortune, as she knows, is a thing of doubt; for there *is* a male heir somewhere, and if he claim it you are penniless. Therefore, as she has lately received notice that this long-missing heir is alive and at hand, she would marry you to the Professor, to secure you against want."

"All this is new to me," said Caroline, in a trembling tone.

"I do not wonder that it is so. Your grandfather, the Count von Fugger, of Augsburg, left you his estates, if your cousin, then in the Bavarian army, and supposed to have been slain at the battle of Leipzig, did not appear to claim them within five years. The time has nearly elapsed, and your cousin has made his claim. Our good Emperor Francis could scarcely refuse him speedy justice, for there is an hereditary right, on the part of the head of your house, to claim a boon. The Emperor Charles V., to support the war against the majority of the Princes of Germany, borrowed a million florins from one of your ancestors, a merchant. He returned through Augsburg victorious, and his creditor not only entertained him and his retinue for two days in the most sumptuous manner, but before he departed burnt in a fire of cinnamon

made for the purpose the Emperor's bond. In return for this generosity, he was made a Count of the Empire, and received lands and fiefs in perpetuity for himself and his descendants.* Your cousin's claim has been made, has been admitted by the Emperor, and, to-day, if he will, he may take possession of your lands, your wealth. But of this enough. Are you inclined to marry, and to marry the Professor?"

There fell no accent of reply from the ripe lips of Caroline, but Ernst saw her cheek pale, and then grow rosy as with a fever-flush, and he felt her hand tremble within his.

"Your intended will be here to-day; you are to marry him to-morrow."

Caroline raised her eyes, and looked earnestly into his: still she spoke no word. There was such a silence for two minutes that he could hear her heart-beats. Then he gently pressed her hand: again she blushed, but her eyes did not now meet his.

"You would avoid this marriage? Caroline, you love another?"

She did not speak, but silence is often more eloquent than spoken words.

"Love him deeply, and have loved him long?"

"Alas! yes," she cried, "too deeply, but knew not until now that I loved him!"

"Dearest Caroline!" And here, as if by magnetic attraction, their lips touched. It was the first, fond

* Historical.

kiss of love! Let the prude blame them, if she will, (we know the fable of "sour grapes,") but, for my own part, I think with old Stapylton, "it is all human natur."

The soft talk which ensued must be labelled "strictly private and confidential." There were gentle confessions, tender words, sweet as honey, soft promises, welcome as fairy-favours, hearted smiles, and joyful tears. As Keats says of Endymion and Diana,

——— they were too happy to be glad.

At last Ernst began to talk common sense. "I have been absent," said he, "for a week. I had heard of this intended marriage, and went to Heidelberg to see my learned rival. *Such* an exhibition! On the strength of his approaching happiness, he has assumed the airs and dress of a *petit-maitre.* Fancy a man old enough to be my grandfather, dressed like a modern exquisite, with Hyperion curls, his own by purchase; as fresh a bloom upon his cheeks as carmine can bestow; a thin white moustache, dyed to the colour of his peruke; a frame bending beneath the burden of seventy winters, yet decked out like the juvenility of one-and-twenty — in a word, dearest Caroline, the dotage of old age garmented in the vanity of boyhood. Such is your intended."

"We must avoid this marriage!" said the maiden, with a smile.

"*That* I have arranged, lady-bird! I have seen

him, spoken to him, and he means to make you the victim of his great experiment in phrenology."

"Phrenology! and what is that?"

"*Ma bonne et belle* Caroline, it means the knowing what is in the head from merely looking at the outside. A Phrenologist thinks that the mind is in the brain, so that there is no use for the heart, except to send out blood through the arteries and get it back through the veins. He does not believe, as you and I do, that hearts were made ——"

"For what, Ernst?"

"For love, dearest Caroline."

The morrow came, and with it came the Professor, Ernst also was there — giving Caroline her lesson, as if nothing was to occur! Madame Annette, at breakfas t had told her niece that it was full time to be married — and Caroline said it was. Then Madame praised her own discretion, and said she had chosen Professor Richter as a fit and proper nephew-in-law — and Caroline smiled. Then Madame told her all the wedding clothes were ready—and Caroline thanked her. Lastly, Madame bade her take her last lesson from Ernst, for she was to be wedded that night — and Caroline, like a dutiful niece, went.

A loud crack of the postillion's whip, a rattle of a carriage in the court-yard. The Professor had arrived. What a scientific man! He had brought twenty volumes of the *Heidelberg Mercury*, containing all *his*

essays; he had brought a box full of cork jackets, in case that he should go boating; and he had brought a magnificent spinning top. Nor was this all—he had brought a collection of skulls and casts to teach Phrenology to his bride; and the gold compress for reducing, and the portable air-pump for developing, the bumps on the human cranion, formed part of his luggage.

Wonderful things! But himself, to use Coleridge's quotation, was the "voonder of voonders!" One might have thought he was turned out of a bandbox, he was made up so well. The moustaches had received a fresh application of "Turkish dye"—he had mounted a new peruke—he had put pearl-powder as well as rouge upon his cheeks—he was quite a modernized antique!

Having been shown into the library, he saluted the fair Caroline, and expressed his delight at renewing his acquaintance with Ernst. Then Madame Annette came in, sadly discomposed, for one of the boxes of skulls had been broken, and the relics of mortality were rolling around the hall. Then they all retired to luncheon, and the Professor divided his attentions between the champagne and Caroline. Then they returned to the library.

Madame Annette introduced the subject of their meeting, and announced that the marriage would take place that evening. The Professor, with a grave air, said that Caroline must first submit to a Phrenological examination.

"A Phren — what?" said Madame, who had never heard of the science.

"An examination, my dear Madam, of her head," blandly replied the Professor.

But Madame appeared to disrelish the idea, so the Professor continued: —"We take a skull, such as this, for instance"— drawing one from his huge pocket — "on which the situation of the organs is mapped out. We see how the brain is disposed in the living subject, by comparing it with these organs, and thus we judge of the character, the intellect, the disposition of the person. You will find it all in one of my essays in the thirteenth volume of the *Heidelberg Mercury*, page 157. I have brought the whole twenty volumes, to amuse Caroline during the honeymoon!"

"Nonsense!" muttered Madame, in an under-growl.

"If the young lady will sit down," continued the sage, "I shall proceed with the examination."

Accordingly, Ernst giving her a nod, Caroline sat down. The Professor placed the skull on the table, and was about commencing — alas, he had forgotten his spectacles at Heidelberg! But Ernst volunteered his aid, and the Professor accepted it. So the examination commenced.

The parties were placed, as Mrs. Seyffarth has drawn them. The *ci-devant jeune homme* was behind; Caroline under the hands of Ernst; Madame leaning over her chair, in an ill temper at what she considered the folly of the Professor, and Bettine, Caroline's tire-

woman, standing a little way off, nursing a pet lap-dog, and looking askance with a fearful feeling at the skull upon the table.

"Now," said the Professor, "begin with the affective organs. Let me judge what sort of a wife she will make."

But, as it was not Ernst's game to speak of them as they actually were, he thus catalogued them: "Combativeness, large — Destructiveness, full — Amativeness, small — Philoprogenitiveness, none!"

"Hold!" cried the Professor; "this will never answer. We must subject her to my experiment. This," said he, turning to Madame Annette, "this is only applying my compress and tourniquet to reduce Destructiveness and Combativeness, and using my portable air-pump and exhausted receiver to develop Amativeness and the other matrimonial organs. The double apparatus does not weigh more than forty pounds, and she will have to wear it, day and night, for no more than a twelvemonth. We may as well apply them at once — Madame, will *you* cut off your niece's hair, to facilitate the development and depression?"

Madame Annette von Pichler, unfortunately for the advancement of science, no sooner comprehended the nature of his proposition than she quietly threw the mapped skull through the window — and, calling up her servants, gave such decided orders for the house to be cleared of all "the rubbish," (as she irreverently called the Professor and his cargo,) that this eminent

man immediately ran out of the domicile, and made the best of his way back to Heidelberg, where he might be seen to this day, if he had not died on the first of April, 1818 — the anniversary of his birth.

"There!" exclaimed Madame Annette, "there! the man is mad, and I had rather you lost forty fortunes than gain such a loss as that absurd old creature. Never mind, Caroline; though your cousin has turned up, and will take your fortune from you, there is enough left of mine for both of us. But, oh, that beautiful wedding dinner! — that will be all spoiled."

"Suppose we prevent it, Madame. If you read this order from the Emperor, you will see that I, whom you have known as Ernst Manheim, am the very cousin who was to rob Caroline of her fortune. If I do, it is to make her mistress of it, and give her the title of Countess von Fugger."

To so sensible a proposition, involving the certainty that the wedding dinner would, after all, be consumed by a wedding party, Madame Annette could offer no objection.

The wedding took place that evening. Ernst had given invitations to all his friends, and before supper sketched for his bride and them the most striking incidents of his life. We regret that these "moving accidents by flood and field" are much too long to give at present.

SONG OF THE BELLS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Soft upon the summer air,
Hark, the village bells are ringing!
For an infant — sweet and fair —
To the holy font we're bringing:
Gems upon a bank of snow
Seem the drops upon her brow;
Prayers are said, and praises flow,
For the little Christian now!

Sweetly o'er the summer tide,
Hark, the joyous notes are breathing,
For a young and beauteous bride!
Flowers around her path we're wreathing:
While upon the village plain
Meet the friends that loved her long;
Blessings wait the bridal train!
Wake the song! — the bridal song!

Slowly o'er the midnight gloom,
Hark, the funeral bell is tolling!
Sable cloak, and hearse, and plume,
Towards the village churchyard rolling!
Such the record of the bells,
Such the song they'll sing to-morrow;
Mourning in their music dwells —
In their sweetest note is sorrow!

THE GRAVESTONE WITHOUT A NAME.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

"They raised a pillar o'er her grave,
A simple mass of naked stone,
Hewn with such art as sorrow gave,
Ere haughty sculpture yet was known.
There Childhood, as it wandered near,
Gazed with uncertain look of fear,
And checked its noisy sport awhile,
To whisper by the mossy pile."

FORGET ME NOT, FOR 1835.

FOR neat rural villages and pretty cottages there is, perhaps, no county in England that surpasses the county of Kent. The same remark will apply to its village churches, as they rear their antique heads above the dwellings of honest industry; and, while the finger of the ancient steeple-clock tells of the rapid flight of time on earth, the humble spire, pointing to the bright and glorious heavens, directs the mind to those mansions of the blest within the boundless round of an Eternity.

I dearly love a country ramble, away from the noise and bustle of the busy town: my heart never expands with more benevolence towards all created beings than when standing on some green eminence, with a prospect all around of woods and streams, and sunny vales and spots of rustic beauty; it is then delightful to feel

the irrepressible stirrings of nature in the breast; the soul swells with gratitude and praise to the Creator, and the sweet bond of union is expressed:—"*My* FATHER, OUR FATHER, made them all!"

It is now some few years since duty required my departure from the metropolis, to attend "on his majesty's service" at that famed key to the continent, the town of Dover; but, as the business did not require haste, I determined to "chance the road," walk when I felt inclined, and get a lift when I was weary. The weather was most delightful for the undertaking; it was neither too sultry nor too cold; there was warmth enough to be pleasant, but not sufficient to be oppressive; and thus, meeting with many curious adventures, I pilgrimaged as far as the city of Canterbury; and, after a night of refreshing sleep, sweetened by healthy toil, the early morning saw me traversing away from the main road by a cross-country route towards Waldershare Park, the seat of the Earl of Guilford: a charming place, endeared to me by old remembrances, which cannot even now, though blunted and deadened by time and circumstances, be wholly effaced from the mind. I had passed many happy hours there: hours on which the memory loves to dwell without any other regret than that they flew away too soon.

The sun had reached its greatest altitude, when I stopped to rest and refresh at a village that seemed to stand apart from all the world—so silent and so retired, that Solitude herself could not have selected a

more suitable place for habitation: the cottages were small, and almost hidden amidst foliage and flowers that grew in rich luxuriance, mantling the walls with clematis and roses. There was no inn or public house, but I obtained from a kind-hearted dame a draught of new milk, for which she would accept no remuneration, and then entered the hallowed precincts of the church-yard. Death had fulfilled his mission even here: the white stones and the green grass mounds all bore witness to the frailty of human existence.

There is, perhaps, no contemplation better calculated to harmonize the mind and to fill it with holy sentiments than that which is held among the habitations of the dead; it is the link which unites Time with Eternity. Here man, while reading the records of mortality, feels humbled in his pride. Here envy, hatred, and malice become powerless; for, who could nurture these against his brethren of the dust, with the certainty before him that all must soon mingle with the clods of the valley? It teaches the importance and value of time; for how many are cut down in youth! It shows the swiftness of its flight; for here are memorials of distant generations, who are buried in one common grave. It instructs us in the principles of love and charity to all our fellow creatures, for man is like a thing of nought; his days pass away like a shadow, and "the place which once knew him will know him no more for ever." Yes, even in this delightful spot, Death had been busy; and a hoary-

headed grave-digger was forming another receptacle for the body to moulder into dust, as I walked among the tombs and read the memorials engraven on them. But, there was one without a name; it stood in a lone corner, overshadowed by an old elm-tree: there was not even a letter or a date, yet the turf that covered the remains of those who slept below was not neglected. The odoriferous violet and the pale primrose breathed forth their sweet perfumes, looking beautiful amidst the verdant grass that trembled with each wind as it lightly swept over its surface like a gentle sigh of sorrow.

"And whose is yon nameless grave?" inquired I, addressing the old man, as he stood resting on his spade; "the tombcutter has forgot his duty."

"Nay! not so," returned the aged man, mournfully shaking his head; "it was her own request, and the minister complied with it."

"It was a curious whim to wish for a head-stone without a record on it," said I.

The old man smiled, but it was a smile of melancholy musing, and, after a short pause, answered: "You may call it what you please, sir, but, it is a long story, and I've no time to tell it you, seeing that I have this grave to finish by the afternoon. But the minister knows all about it; and, as I live, there he is, coming across the stile."

I looked in the direction pointed out, and saw a venerable man approaching, whose countenance was

the very emblem of mildness and meekness. A bow from each was a sufficient introduction: in a few minutes we were deeply engaged in conversation relative to the tenant of the lonely grave; and, perceiving that I took very great interest in the circumstances, he invited me to his residence. After dinner, he kindly furnished me with oral information and written memorandums, the result of which I now lay before my readers.

In the romantic village of ——, resided a widow lady with her only daughter; it had been their residence for several years; indeed, Ellen Courtney had known no other home, for, in very early life, the death of her father, and the consequent diminution of income, had induced her mother to retire from the world to this secluded but beautiful spot, and here she grew like a simple but lovely flower in purity and in peace. The cottage they inhabited was but of small dimensions, when compared with the mansion in which she had been born, but there was sufficient space for comfort, and they enjoyed that happiness which springs from contentment of mind. An aged domestic, who had lived through a long life in the service of the family, and a maid-servant of younger years, for a considerable length of time made up the whole of their establishment; but, when Ellen had attained the sixteenth anniversary of her birth, a maiden aunt, (who was reported to possess the gift of second sight) came

to take up her abode with them. She was a tall, gaunt figure, but with a mild expression of countenance betokening benevolence; and it was only on certain occasions that her features underwent a change at once terrible and terrifying: her eyes assumed a flashing wildness; her cheeks were wrinkled up, as if withered by a sudden blast; her mouth was distended, and showed the decayed teeth, which more resembled the tusks of some carnivorous animal than seemed to belong to a human being. Her cap, thrown off, displayed her long grey hair, descending over her face and shoulders; and the constant variations of look and manner made the spectator shudder as his imagination deemed her to be the creature of a world unknown, or some wretched maniac escaped from the custody of her keepers. She had been well educated; her understanding was richly stored with knowledge, and in all but one thing Ellen found a most able and willing instructress. This was her story.

In her eighteenth year she became acquainted with a young man of splendid acquirements and of unexceptionable person. To her young mind he appeared the model of perfection; his speech was ever in praise of virtue; his conduct was respectful, but affectionate; without pretending to learning or talent, he constantly displayed both; and he seemed to take great pleasure in imparting by the most diffident manner information and instruction to all who listened to him. Margaret de Vere knew that he had been educated for the

church, and, a Protestant herself, she thought of no other church than that established by the law of the land. They were much together; and, as Margaret was then in the full vigour of youth and beauty, a mutual attachment very soon grew into that deep, strong, deathless passion, which lasts a whole existence.

Still Albert Hammond spoke not of love, though his looks betrayed how deeply it was rooted in his heart. Thus stood affairs when the devoted maiden ascertained that the object of her soul's regard was of the Catholic faith, and destined to the service of his Creator; that in a short time he should be wedded to his celestial bride, and that even now it was impious on his part to indulge in thoughts, wishes, or sentiments, that were not connected with the sacred office to which he aspired. Bitter was her distress, and heartfelt was her agony, as she beheld the bright structure which fond fancy had raised and hope had sweetly smiled upon, at once and for ever crushed, and its fragments scattered by the winds of disappointment. Yet she felt that she was beloved, and she nourished the certainty, as a kind mother would her illegitimate offspring, when deserted by all the world.

Albert, too, indulged in somewhat similar feelings; but he was incapable of the high resolves, the determined conduct, which marked the affection of poor Margaret. She knew that Albert had high expectations in his church, and, though she would have gladly

shared an humble cottage with him as her husband, yet she resolutely resigned all desires of worldly enjoyment so that she might witness the elevation of the man she loved, and be enabled to look up to him as the guide of her future existence. She felt that his love for her was equal to her own for him; but there was the conviction that, though she could not be *his* wife, yet he was debarred from every other union; and, therefore, she resolved to devote her whole existence to prove the strength of her affection. Her first step was to abjure the creed of her fathers, and to embrace the Catholic faith; and, when Albert became a priest, she entered a nunnery where he often visited, and to which he at length became confessor.

At his death, which happened when he was under thirty years of age, the tie to the religion she had chosen was broken, and she wished once more to return within the pale of the Protestant church; but the superior, becoming acquainted with the fact, at first used gentle persuasions, and, finding them of no avail, resorted to coercion, and Margaret was confined in a noxious dungeon which a ray of light never entered. Reader, this was not in England, for Albert had gone to Rome, and thither had Margaret followed him. It was during this confinement that her intellects became somewhat disordered, and she was supposed to have acquired that spirit of divination which was subsequently exercised in so remarkable a manner as to induce a belief of supernatural agency. At length she

escaped; and, when her relatives had long considered her as the inmate of a grave, she once more appeared among them — but, oh how changed! Such was the being who, at the expiration of several years, became the companion and instructress of Ellen Courtney.

I must now carry the imagination of my readers to a beautiful summer evening, when the eastern horizon, with its gloomy twilight, offered a striking contrast to the glorious glowing tints of vermilion and gold that flushed the western sky. It was one of those realities in scenery in which the poet and the painter love to luxuriate; and never was there a spot, even in the bright and rosy clime of Italy, better adapted to the enjoyment of such an evening, than that on which Ellen Courtney resided, and more particularly the small alcove that formed the entrance to the garden at the back part of the cottage, clustering with flowers that wantonly flung their fragrance to the passing winds.

And there stood Ellen, her delicate and finely-proportioned hand resting on the shoulder of a manly-looking youth of some twenty years of age, whose strong arm was twined round the slender waist of the fair girl, their eyes beaming more and more with the delight of ardent affection, as the deepening shades gradually grew darker and darker to screen them from each other's observation. Nor was the interview less dear in its interests from being a stolen one. Edmund Foster was a noble-looking fellow, one on whom Nature would have conferred an exalted title in her

peerage, were she accustomed to make those honorary distinctions. His countenance bespoke the hardy seaman, and, though the expression was that of open candour and benevolence, yet there was at times a look of such fixed determination and scorn of danger, as made him rather the object of reverence than love. His dress was scrupulously neat; the snow-white trowsers and waistcoat, the blue surtout, and the black handkerchief, knotted over a fine linen shirt; in short, all displayed marks of taste that assumed a careless ease; and his manners and knowledge manifested a superior education.

But, who was Edmund Foster? Of his connexions and situation in life Ellen was wholly ignorant; he had rendered her an important service by a timely rescue from the hands of a gang of smugglers, running their crop from the coast. Ellen had strayed far from home to an eminence that commanded a view of the distant sea: here she had lingered, watching the setting sun, as he cooled his fervid beams in the azure wave, gorgeously blending the intense blue with his golden rays. Evening hurried on — a rich autumnal evening — the white sails on the bosom of the ocean gradually disappeared in the thickening gloom. The Foreland was throwing its dazzling watch-light far over the waters, to guide the course of the adventurous mariner amidst those restless sands, the death-bed of thousands. Still Ellen lingered, for now imagination peopled the vacant space with objects of her

mind's creation. She thought that the moon would soon rise, and that she should enjoy her walk back to the cottage, lighted by its pale lustre, which would shed a pleasing influence on her ardent spirit. She knew not the prognostics of the weather; she was not aware that the red glare of the heavens on which she had gazed with admiration foretold the coming storm; she was unconscious that the rapid breeze, as it danced with fitful gusts over the rolling swell, gave warning to the seaman that ere long it would burst with fury on his head, and lash the billows into maddened rage.

The moon rose, and Ellen returned on her path to the peaceful cottage, but the howlings of the rushing tempest were in the air; the lightnings played with fearful splendour among the blackened clouds; the pale luminary of night was shrouded in funereal darkness; the rain began to fall in heavy drops; the way was dark and dreary; and Ellen was alone. Agitated and alarmed, the maiden approached a barn-like building, which she had often passed unheeded, but which now seemed to offer a kindly shelter from the storm. The door, however, defied her efforts to open it, and she was near sinking with affright, when the noise of horses' feet upon the road attracted her attention. Hope revived her courage, but it was to sink her into deeper terror and distress, when a band of armed men surrounded the spot where she was standing, and one, abruptly flinging himself from the back of his strong animal, clutched the lovely girl by the arm.

"How now!" said he, "who have we here? what, turning spy, my lass? 'Twere pity but you'd a better calling."

"'Tis some poor gipsy wanderer," exclaimed another, "and it would be misfortunate to harm her, Ned, seeing that them cattle can read the book of fate."

"The book of humbug," said a third, dismounting; "the sisters of the craft are too wise to show their noses on such a night as this. It is some young female who has lost her way; but, at all events, she must bear us company till we take a fresh departure; and a drop of something warm within will serve to fend off the cold without."

By this time the whole party had alighted; the door of the barn was thrown open, and each man led in his horse, apparently heavily laden. A few minutes afterwards, Ellen Courtney was compelled to enter, and found herself in the midst of a band of desperate outlaws, whose countenances assumed a more ferocious aspect from their being but dimly seen by the light of dark lanterns, from which the shades were removed. Ellen had heard many extravagant tales of the reckless and hardened depravity of smugglers, and she trembled with apprehension that her life would be sacrificed. Still she replied clearly and distinctly to the questions that were put to her, and the answers were so artless as to carry conviction to the most suspicious mind.

"It matters not," said one of the most determined and desperate of the party; "the girl must go with us,

till our own safety is past doubt. Here we must lay upon our oars till midnight, and then every man to his station. Conduct the young lady to the far corner of the barn ; there is clean straw for her to rest her delicate limbs upon. And now, lads, let us laugh at the gale, and drive away care."

"Oh, in mercy, in pity," implored Ellen, "do not detain me! I do not fear the storm. Let me return to my only parent, whose anguish at my absence may be fatal."

"You should have thought of that before, young lady," returned the man, "and not have wandered so far from home. All entreaties, all complaints, are useless, now. It is true, mayhap, that you do not mean to inform upon us, but, suppose you should fall in with the Philistines, and they should question you, would you deny your having seen us? You know our profession, I suppose?"

"I do," returned the frightened girl, "but, indeed, indeed I will not betray you. Oh! let me implore you to suffer me to go to my mother!"

"If you know our trade, young woman," expostulated the smuggler, "you must also know the risks we run, and, therefore, we will take good care you do not betray us. Take her away, Teetotum,* to yon corner, as I order you, and take the first spell in

* Every smuggler is known to his associates by some quaint or peculiar name, and in no instance is the christened or surname of the party used.

watching her, or mayhap she would rather sit amongst a set of jovial fellows, and share our grog. Come, come," continued he, passing his arm familiarly and rudely round her waist; "I dearly love a pretty girl, and you shall be my queen of the feast," and he essayed to press his lips to her's.

"Spare me, spare me!" shrieked the terrified Ellen, as she struggled to disengage herself; "as you are men, do not insult the defenceless!"

"Oh! oh! pretty one!" returned the fellow, "you have let the secret out. If you were not defenceless, then, you would set us at defiance? But, take her away," added he, with more sternness; "and, d'ye hear, girl, no attempts at escape, for" — showing the bright barrel of a pistol — "this will send a quick and faithful messenger after you."

The shrinking Ellen accompanied the man designated Teetotum to the far end of the barn, where she sat herself down on some hard substance that was covered with loose straw, the smuggler placing himself by her side. "The ould Badger is too hard upon you, Miss," said the man, "but, he has no young blood in his veins, now; and, besides, that ugly figure-head of his arn't much likely to win a lady's favour. You are hard up in a clinch, that's for sartin; but, still, if you could fancy a handsome young fellow, like myself, why I might be tempted to run a little hazard in releasing you. What say you, my beauty?" And the fellow threw his arm round her neck, indelicately placing his

hand upon a bosom as pure as it was fair. Insulted virtue gave strength to the lovely maiden, and indignantly she flung from his embrace. "Is this England?" said she, "the land that protects the desolate, and whose laws are the boast of the civilized world? Keep from me, villain!" for he was again pressing closer to her, "or I shall rouse your master, who will make you know your duty. The base insulter of innocence is generally a coward at heart."

"Oh, well!" returned the wretch, "there's no accounting for tastes! Mayhap you may like ould Badger better nor me; but, howsomever, you are my prize, for it was I who first grappled with you, and so I'll e'en have my due. You see they're hard at it bowsing up their jibs, and, before they purchase their anchors, there'll be some scrimmaging and black eyes and bloody noses. Now, we hate all laws except of our own making, and how you'll weather it out among a set of drunken desperadoes is for your consideration, any more than I'd wish to sarve a pretty girl if she's ownly kind," and again the smuggler attempted the same indecent liberty he had before taken; but Ellen firmly repulsed him, and the fellow threw himself back upon the straw, muttering curses, and swearing that he would have his revenge before they parted.

The building they were in was an immense barn, appropriated to the receipt of grain when no farm-house stood upon the land. It was substantially erected in the old style to endure for ages, and having a lofty

roof, with blackened rafters and stout oak cross-beams. It had long been the occasional resort of smugglers, the occupier, for a handsome consideration, keeping every thing prepared for their reception. Ellen looked upon the groupe of about thirty men, most of them in the dress of country labourers (but there were two or three evidently superior to the rest), as they sat on the scattered straw upon the ground and passed round the liquor. She shuddered at the thought of their becoming intoxicated, and secretly offered up fervent prayers to the Almighty for protection in this hour of peril. The lights shed a dim lustre on their revelry, but every now and then the flashing lightning threw its red glare through the crevices, and gave a brilliancy to every object, whilst the terrified horses pawed with their hoofs or started from side to side, heedless of restraint. It was a study for the painter.

"I say, Master Coldtoast," exclaimed the leader, who had been designated as old Badger, "if you ever disobey my orders again, as you did to-day, remember, there 's fishes in blue water as wants feeding."

"Tut, man," responded the individual addressed, a Hercules-looking being, with monstrous black shaggy whiskers, and features indicative of villany and cunning: "Tut, man, when I strops a block, I does it my own way; and when I handles a musket, I points it at who I pleases."

"You 'll get hanged some day for your murderous qualities," returned the first, "and we shall be tarred

with the same brush for being found in such blackguard company."

"I 'm thinking," said Coldtoast, with a demoniac grin, "that there 'll be a piece of new rope cut for most of us on the day we slip our wind. But, I tell you, master, to your teeth, that I 'm no child to be snubbed and crossed by a waspish nurse. If I am to stick by you, and do my duty, why, let me steer by my own compass; and, if not, then give me my discharge, square the accounts, and let 's part friends."

"Let us have no wrangling, now," said another; "it 's ill work quarrelling amongst ourselves, when mayhap the enemy is close aboard of us. If Coldtoast did shoot the fellow, it was more in self-defence than otherwise; but, where 's the body?"

"They 've stowed it away under the straw, there," replied a fourth, pointing in the direction where Ellen was sitting, and indistinctly catching the purport of their conversation; "but, we must shove it down the hatchway, as soon as we can find a snug spot, for, though they say dead men tell no tales, yet they give strong evidence above ground."

From the language that had been overheard, Ellen became aware that murder had been committed, and her heart sickened at the thoughts of such companionship. It was evident that there were men among them whose unbridled passions were capable of leading them to the perpetration of the worst of crimes. Some of their hands were already stained with blood, and there

did not appear to be a single individual to whom she could look for protection.

"Keep sober, all of you," exclaimed old Badger, himself fast approaching to that state of inebriation which renders the hardened drunkard desperate and dangerous. "Keep sober, I say; we shall soon have a pair of eyes upon us that none of you can deceive. Juniper, look out and see what sort of weather it is. These summer squalls are like woman's tears, soon passed away, and dried up by the breath of pleasure."

The man obeyed, and Ellen observed that he stood for some time at the door of the building in conversation with another person, whilst the carousal went on within. At length he returned and reported the subsiding of the storm. The terrified girl determined to make one more effort to regain her liberty, and, advancing to old Badger, she entreated him in the most earnest manner to let her depart; but he was determinately stubborn against all her prayers, and rudely commanded her to return to the place she had quitted through the carelessness of her keeper, who had fallen into a deep sleep. A smart blow from the hoary smuggler roused him to his duty, and Ellen again seated herself in her former position.

"Come, come, young woman," said Teetotum, stretching himself by the side of the trembling maiden, and by the rudeness of the act displacing the scattered straw; "come, come, no more slipping from your moorings, if you please. I must just take the liberty

of lashing these pretty feet together, and then, in spite of ould Badger, I 'll have my snooze out." He produced a piece of cord, and was about to put his threat into execution, when Ellen stretched forth her hand to assist her in rising from her seat, and she placed it on a cold clammy substance, which the feeble light showed her was the face of a corpse. A wild, piercing shriek rang through the building: the men started to their arms; the lamps were extinguished or concealed; and Ellen, with horrible sensations, unable to stir, yet sensible to her situation, lay crouching by the side of the murdered man, with darkness all around her. There was for a few moments a dead silence, which was broken by the sound of a shrill whistle outside the building, and the sudden entrance of some one, who immediately closed the doors. Again the loud shriek of the tortured girl was heard, but suddenly she felt the fingers of a rough hand clutching her throat, and there was a whispering in her ear like the hissing of a serpent, which uttered, "Silence, devil! it was a woman who first betrayed man to death. Another murmur, louder than an infant's sigh, and it shall be your last in this world, if I get scragged for it to-morrow."

A loud knocking was heard at the door of the barn, but all was quiet within. A confused noise of voices in high dispute reached poor Ellen's ear, and, in the hope that rescue was near, she would have cried out for help; but the hand pressed heavily on her throat, and

its gripe tightened as if the smuggler was apprehensive of her design.

"Move but a limb," whispered he, "and it shall soon stiffen into death. Stir but your tongue, and I will tear it from its roots. One murder has already been committed, and two won't bring a heavier punishment."

The knocking was renewed, and Ellen became sensible of the fact that attempts were making to force an entrance. A slight bustle and whispering took place within the building, and there was that peculiar sound, unlike all others, which was emitted from the preparation of fire-arms by the clicking of locks. "They 're here! they 're here!" was shouted outside, and then an audible whisper within exclaimed, "Stand steady, lads! 't is Moody's men; fire by sixes. Juniper, take the first shot; old Badger next. Where is Coldtoast?"

"I am here," replied the wretch, who was grasping Ellen's neck, and instant recollection told her that the hand of the murderer was upon her. "I am here, at *my* post, and ready to do my office."

"Now, by the eternal God, villain as you are, if you commit one act of injury upon that innocent girl, I will demand a fearful reckoning!" returned the first, which was answered by a low, stifled laugh of derision.

"Come out, ould Badger!" shouted a voice from the outside, as the party were making strenuous efforts to break open the doors. "Come out, you ould varmint; the young Lion is not with you, now; we have

him caged safe enough;" and again, amidst curses and hammering, the doors shook with the assault.

"Men! the young Lion is not caged," uttered in an under-tone the individual who had issued his directions to the smugglers relative to the order in which they were to fire. "He is here, among you, unshackled and free; be firm, and take steady aim. Do not leave a rascal of the cutter to sup his broth again. We have nothing left but to fight for it."

Ellen became aware that a deadly conflict was at hand. She could see nothing. The smuggler's grasp still compressed her small throat, and the corpse of the murdered man was at her side. Suddenly bright flashes lighted up the building, and the sharp crack of fire-arms echoed round its walls. The entrance had been forced, and the foremost of the assailants had either met their death or fallen dangerously wounded. A discharge of musketry was poured in from the attacking party. Ellen heard the balls as they whistled past her; the shrieks of those in agony and the groans of the dying were mingled with cheers and imprecations. The hand that clutched her tightened for a moment almost to strangulation; there was a convulsive effort to force the spirit from its earthly tenement; Ellen felt that her end was approaching, and in that trying hour she prayed to HIM whose ear is never closed; she prayed for succour, and she prayed for pardon from her Maker. No sound escaped her lips; the great name was not upon her tongue; the aspirations were

those of the mind; and the fervent petition arose from the deep recesses of the heart. A fresh discharge of fire-arms shook the building — one pistol was fired so close to her that it set fire to her dress—the smuggler's hold relaxed. "I am sold," said he, "but I will not die unrevenged. What treacherous scoundrel is it that has shot me?"

"It is I, your leader," answered his comrade, in a tone of defiance; "murderous villain, would you take the life of innocence? You have disobeyed my orders, and you have paid the forfeit. Up, up, young lady! quick! this is no place for you; that rascal cannot detain you now."

"Traitor, d—— traitor!" shouted the dying smuggler; "this to your heart, and may it destroy both soul and body!" but, before he could fire, his pistol was struck up — the wretch fell a corpse by the side of his victim, and the smuggler chief escaped. Ellen instantly rose, but she was left alone, the companion of the dead. Terrible grew the hand-to-hand contest; the horses broke loose and ran wildly about, when a lurid glare of light shot up towards the roof, and instantly the whole scene was fearfully revealed. The straw had taken fire; the flames ascended; they ran rapidly along from stack to stack of unthrashed corn, till in a few minutes the desolating element triumphed, and threatened destruction to all within its reach. At length the revenue-men were driven back; the smugglers were victorious; and with considerable difficulty

they succeeded in getting out the terrified horses. All were soon mounted and in full speed from the place of conflict, whilst poor Ellen was left amidst the burning pile, almost surrounded by the devouring flames. Self-preservation prompted exertion, but she knew not which way to turn, and death again seemed certain of his prey, when she was raised in the athletic arms of a powerful young man, who bore her off in safety, having sustained but little personal injury, though her upper dress was entirely consumed. Her preserver was Edmund Foster.

Was it then a circumstance to excite wonder that the maiden should love the youth who saved her, or that he should cherish the existence he had preserved? They had often met after this eventful night, though at his request their meetings were held in secret. She did not stop to consider the cause or the probable consequences of clandestine correspondence; she placed implicit confidence in his integrity and affection; for, had he not snatched her from a horrible and almost certain fate? And now they stood, as before described, within the umbrageous foliage of the alcove.

"Nay, dearest," exclaimed Edmund, half chidingly, as he parted the clustering ringlets from her fair forehead, "do not let our present parting excite melancholy forebodings respecting the future. Are we not bound together by the most solemn vows? and can you think, my own Ellen, that I will ever give you cause for complaint?"

"No, Edmund, no," returned the agitated girl; "I can never believe you purpose to destroy me. Such a thought finds no encouragement in my mind. It would kill me—indeed it would, Edmund—should I cherish suspicion of your fidelity or honour. Yet, Edmund, there are times when sickly apprehensions steal across me——."

"Of my love, Ellen?" inquired the young man, interrupting her, in a tone somewhat indicating reproach. "You surely cannot doubt my love for you! Have I not sworn, in the presence of our Maker, that you alone of all earthly beings should ever hold possession of my soul's regard? Come, come, my Ellen, this is rendering parting doubly painful, and perhaps——" he paused.

"What, Edmund? what?" exclaimed the excited maiden. "Oh, tell me what you were going to say; let me implore you to give utterance to your thoughts."

"It was nothing, Ellen," returned Foster, fondly pressing her in his arms; "the cloud that crossed your mind threw a passing shadow upon mine, and for the moment I yielded to it; but now fair sunshine smiles upon us once more. Another kiss, my Ellen, and then, dearest, I must away to duty. A few weeks hence, and we shall meet again; in the mean time, love, you shall hear from me as usual."

"Edmund," said Miss Courtney, solemnly, "Edmund, a heavy weight is on my spirit; an oppression that crushes my rising hope. You know the strength

of my affection; but you do not know the extent of my regard, or what it is capable of enduring. I believe—I am certain—that you love me; but, where there is love, there ought also to be confidence. I confide implicitly in you, but you do not think me worthy of sharing the secrets of your heart."

"Ellen," returned the young man, in a voice of melancholy, "my own Ellen, your very words refute themselves. Circumstances may occur, nay, have occurred, which for the present require that I should appear beneath a shade even to you. You say that you confide in me, yet allow suspicion to prey upon your happiness; if you deem me worthy of trust, suffer a short time to elapse, and the mystery shall be solved. Then, Ellen, then will I claim you for my bride. We will be all the world to each other, and set the cold formalities of unmeaning frivolity at defiance. Yes, Ellen," he added with more vehemence, "at defiance! But, come love, come, the last sweet kiss—ay, lay your head against my breast, and let me press it there."

"Like a lily blooming on a grave, like a ray of light beaming on desolation," mournfully uttered a musical and plaintive voice close to them, which Ellen instantly knew to be her aunt's. "Edmund Foster, or whatever your name may be, forbear!"

The young man's faculties were for the moment paralyzed, but it was only for the moment. Shaking off the superstitious dread that had suddenly seized

him, he exclaimed:—"How now! what impudent intruder, what eaves-dropping creature, is this?" but Ellen's whisper: "It is my aunt," silenced his harshness, and he continued with more softness, "Your relatives should be mine, Ellen; they claim my respect, though their language may not be altogether suited to my feelings."

"Hush! hush!" said the same plaintive and melodious voice. "I see the vision; it is even now before me. There is a burning pile, and armed men; a deed of blood, and a deed of bravery; that fire hath enkindled in the human heart a flame which death alone can quench!" She ceased for a moment or two, amidst profound silence, and proceeded: "It is past, it is gone; and now the dimly-veiled future opens on my sight. Ha!" she faintly shrieked, "what is it that flits before my eyes? No, no, it cannot be. Oh, anguish! this is mockery — it cannot be; and yet 't is there — a nameless death, and a broken heart. Ellen Courtney, child of my sister's love, beware! Young man, depart. Oh, hasten hence, there is danger to all whilst you remain. If you are generous, and brave, and noble-minded, depart, I say, and come here no more. Remember the warning—a nameless death, and a broken heart!" and they heard her retiring footsteps outside the alcove.

Both stood for several minutes gazing at each other. The light of day was nearly gone, but there was a flush of crimson on the western sky that was reflected

upon their faces, and heightened the colour on their cheeks. At length Ellen broke silence. "Oh, Edmund," said she imploringly, "what is this that has come upon us? Tell me, tell me all; indeed I can endure any thing for your sake."

The young man hesitated, and for an instant trembled, but, again assuming his usual boldness, he uttered with a degree of bitterness that smote painfully upon poor Ellen's heart, "Do you expect me to become accountable for the wild ravings of a maniac? Have you engaged a lunatic to aid you in your scheme of wringing from me a secret, which I am bound by oath to keep inviolate? This is not the Ellen Courtney who clung to me in the hour of peril. This is not the Ellen Courtney whose faith was pledged to me before the God of Nature."

"Edmund, dear Edmund, do not upbraid me thus," said the weeping maiden; "do not part from me in anger; indeed, indeed I was not aware of Aunt Margaret's presence. And her words—oh, they were fearful words, Edmund, and fearful must be their meaning. What danger do you apprehend? what danger is at hand? I know I am but a child in heart, Edmund, but, believe me, I would brave every thing but dishonour to secure your safety."

"Danger, Ellen!" proudly returned the young man, as he firmly planted his foot upon the greensward, and pressed the fair girl more closely in his arm, "I fear no danger; it has been familiar to me from my

childhood. My only fear is that you will brood over the ranting foolery of your aunt, and her words really amount to nothing after all; the mere effects of a distempered imagination; but, as I say, my only fear is that you will brood over them during my absence and make yourself wretched. I spoke too hastily in my vexation at such mummery; for, what is there to dread? But, come, dearest, let it be forgotten; the time for my departure has arrived. Smile upon me, Ellen, before I go. Yes, let me see one of those sweet smiles that shed the sun-light of hope upon my heart, to cheer me when away. Oh! my soul always clings with fond remembrance to your last look of innocence and beauty; amid the howlings of the storm, it is the bright star that bursts through every cloud; in the hour of battle, it shall guide me on to victory! Your smile, Ellen! your smile!"

The affectionate maiden looked on her lover's animated countenance, and tried to smile, but tears forced their way, till by gentle soothings he had calmed the perturbation of her mind, and then, after an ardent embrace of fond regard and solemn promises of fidelity, they parted, Ellen almost verifying her aunt's prediction, and Edmund —— but, I must not forestall my story.

The course of events must now carry me to another scene, and in a different kingdom. It was morning; the sun rose angrily, imparting the reddened hue of his inflamed wrath to the dark clouds that hung upon

the horizon, like the mantling curtains of his night's pavilion. The breeze was fresh, approaching to a gale. Within the port of Flushing lay one of those handsome luggers which the well-practised eye of a seaman loves to gaze upon, and more especially if such seaman is in the service of his country, or engaged in the contraband. She was a smuggler. Her hull was painted white, and deep in the water; her working lugs were all ready for setting, and the crew were busily employed in the necessary acts of preparation for sailing. An uncouth elderly man sat abaft upon the companion, with a long Flemish pipe in his mouth, which he removed occasionally for the purpose of giving orders, or holding conversation with those who were near him, whilst a huge mug of grog was placed by his side, and partaken of equally and freely by all on deck.

"The 'Saucy Suke' will have a fine run to-night, I predicts," said the apparent superior after a long whiff, and the smoke scudding away to leeward, as if from the muzzle of a gun; "here 's wind and weather in our favour; the cruisers all snug at anchor, for your 'long-shore groupers loves to shelter their noses from a rough night-gale. Clap a piece of twine round the fag eend of them main halliards, Juniper; lugs in good condition; craft in excellent trim; off she goes, lads; Flamborough Head and the boys all ready."

"Ould Badger has it by heart," rejoined Juniper, laughing, "and mayhap it 's all right, for, happy-go-

lucky 's the best arter all. What time is Young Lion to be aboard?"

"Yonder he stands, upon the key," answered the other, pointing to a young man clothed in canvas trowsers, a warm Flushing jacket, with a hairy cap that partly concealed his features. "Well, that youngster be the devil, for sartin. How cleverly he brought us off that night in Saint Marget's barn! it was 'touch and go' with us. We 've had many a carouse there, that 's true, and now the blackened ruins will sarve for some o' your nonsensical novel-writers to spin a yarn about. They may call it the 'Smuggler's Disaster, or the Tragical eend of Coldtoast the murderer.'" A laugh succeeded this sally, and the hardened veteran went on: "By the hookey, though, Young Lion has been a different sort of fellow since, and he talks of this being his last trip. Well, well, let him bring up wheresomever he likes—the free trade will lose one of its best hands, and ould Dangerfield will never get such another gallant fellow to do his sarvice. See, he is waving for the punt; jump into the boat, Teetotum, and fetch the skipper aboard."

Teetotum, (who with the others will be recognized as old acquaintances), immediately obeyed, and the commander was soon pacing the deck, issuing his directions for getting under way, and in a short space of time the "Saucy Suke" was rattling through the Duerloo channel, bound on an adventurous voyage to England. The lugger was one of the largest of her

class, admeasuring nearly two hundred tons, and carrying sixteen guns, with a crew of sixty determined men. The gale blew strong, with a broken cross sea; and, as the lovely craft danced over the waters like a flying fish, she threw the spray about as if in sportive play with her native element. The skipper, with watchful and eager eye, not only kept a good look-out on every straining motion of his vessel, but his spy-glass was constantly in his hand, observing every stranger that hove in sight.

It was nearly six bells in the afternoon watch, when a large cutter made her appearance on their weather-beam, standing in for the English coast, and the smuggler instantly knew her to be the Lively, under the flag of the revenue. "She sees us," exclaimed the captain, addressing old Badger, his second in command, "and he will run in with us for the purpose of deception. Never mind, keep her in her course, lad, and steer small."

"Ay, ay," responded old Badger, "we do not fear him; our guns are as heavy as his, and we are better manned; both men and metal would like to do a bit of talking with them chaps."

"I know it," replied the captain, and then added musingly, "still, it will not suit my designs to fight, if I can avoid it; but I will not run away."

That the revenue cutter had recognized the smuggler was evident: the former kept edging off to close the latter, who, however, had the heels of his opponent,

and would soon have left her, had not a large ship appeared right ahead, which, by the squareness and nice set of her close-reefed topsails and large courses, Young Lion knew to be a heavy sloop or a frigate a little off the wind. Somewhat chagrined, but nothing daunted, the skipper revolved in his mind what was best to be done. If he ran away before it, he should be carried off from his ground, and the frigate might set a press of canvas that would bring her alongside. If he came to the wind, he must close with the cutter, whose signals were already informing the man-of-war that a smuggler was in sight. It is true, he might return towards the port which he had left, but there was still the chance of being intercepted by some of the numerous cruisers that were constantly in these seas; he was dead under the lee of the cutter, but to windward of the ship which had immediately hauled up in chase. Under all circumstances, he came to the wind on the larboard tack, bringing the cutter a handspike's length open on his weather bow; and she, observing the manœuvre, wore round upon the starboard tack, to keep the weather-gage, as well also as to close the lugger. "There is too much sea for the guns to be of any use," exclaimed old Badger, addressing the commander, "but, if the Lively comes to speak us, our small arms may keep 'em civil. We shall soon have a dark night, and then we can bid 'em good by."

"We have nothing to fear," returned the captain; "the Saucy Suke will sail round the cutter in this

breeze; our sticks are good, for that new foremast, though it bends but little, carries the canvass well. We will hold on to the wind till dark, and then keep our course again."

The two vessels were now rapidly approaching each other; the cutter hoisted her ensign at the peak, and swallow tailed flag at the mast head; the lugger showed the horizontal tricolours of Holland on her mizen-staff. The Lively edged down towards her opponent, well knowing her character and the determined and daring men she had to deal with. Affairs were in this position; the cutter had reached within musket-shot; the lugger's crew, excepting the captain, old Badger, and a few hands to tend the sheets, were sheltering (fire-arms in hand) below, when a short, broken sea struck the Saucy Suke on her bow. There was a cracking and crashing of spars, and the new foremast lay in splintered wreck over the side; the fore yard-arm passing through the mainsail, and rending it from clew to ear-ring. The cutter beheld the catastrophe, and a loud shout came down upon the breeze across the waters to the embarrassed smugglers. The shout was, however, promptly returned, as the crew of the lugger turned-to with hearty good will to repair the damages as well as it was possible to do so. The cutter passed within hail, and a musket-shot, whether by design or accident, struck old Badger, and wounded him in the arm. The smugglers, inflamed with resentment, immediately returned the fire, and a smart en-

gagement ensued, in which several on both sides were killed and wounded.

Young Lion saw his men fall with feelings approaching to maddened desperation; he knew himself more than a match for the cutter, but he looked at the wreck of the foremast as it was cut clear from the side and went astern; he saw the frigate was creeping up to windward, and, therefore, he determined to run for it. The tattered main lug was shifted for a sail of much larger dimensions, and, putting up the helm, the lugger was placed as near before the wind as could be allowed without danger of gibing. Away she went over the green seas, nearly burying her bows beneath the waves; the cutter followed in her wake, firing as long as she was within reach of musketry, and many a stout fellow was driven wounded from the helm. The frigate had also borne up and shaken out her reefs, but the Saucy Suke outsailed them both, till, darkness veiling the sky and ocean, and a jury foremast having been rigged, she once more stood in for the British coast. But the wind fell, and a thick fog came on, which at first the smugglers deemed favourable, and probably it would have been so, had not Fate decreed that the career of the Saucy Suke should be at an end.

The lugger had rounded-to for the purpose of sounding, when a heavy shock upon the quarter, that nearly threw her on her beam ends, told them they had been run foul of, and a cutter's bowsprit between their two after-masts informed them of the character

of the vessel which had struck them. At first, consternation reigned in both vessels, but a few minutes served to change the feeling into deadly animosity, when each discovered their old opponent — the Lively and the Smuggler. Forgetting their immediate danger, forgetting all but the hatred they mutually bore, both parties closed in deadly strife. The revenue men boarded and were repulsed; and the smugglers, in their eagerness to drive them back, followed the retreating enemy to the Lively's deck. Old Badger fought with desperation, till the commander of the cutter put a pistol-ball through his head, which was immediately retaliated by Young Lion passing his sword through the heart of the captain of the Lively, and the cutter surrendered. The heavy booming of an eighteen-pounder at no great distance startled the smugglers, who, in an almost sinking state, cut themselves clear of the conquered craft. But the cutter's bowsprit had split the mainsail, and, before they could shift it for the great one, a partial clear showed them the frigate close aboard of them, and all hopes of escape were at an end. In another quarter of an hour, the Saucy Suke was prize to his Majesty's ship the Fisgard, and which, as soon as the lugger's damages were repaired, stood with her for the Downs.

The daring band of outlaws were sent to Maidstone jail, where they were tried for murder, and, being convicted, received various sentences, some to be transported for life, and others to an ignominious death, and

amongst the latter was the smuggler chief, Young Lion, who was sworn to as having killed the captain of the cutter.

But, to return to Ellen. After Edmund's departure, she had frequently heard from him, and his letters breathed the pure spirit of affection. Hope revived her pleasing anticipations of his return, and the last letter she received had fixed the period when they were to meet again. The time arrived, and passed away; days, weeks, rolled on, and yet he came not, and her heart sickened and sickened, as continued disappointment marred her expectations.

It was on a cold morning of January that business called aunt Margaret to Dover, and her niece accompanied her in a small pony chaise; and, as their road lay across the country, they met with but little interruption, till, coming upon the turnpike, they were surprised at observing numerous groupes of people hastening towards the town. At Charlton Lane-end the crowd was so dense that it was next to impossible to press through it, and their little carriage became so completely enveloped by the surrounding mass, that even to turn back was impracticable. The reason of this assemblage was soon made manifest to their senses, for there, across the end of the lane, stood the supporters and cross-beam of a gallows. Young Lion and the most desperate of the crew had been selected to suffer the penalty of the law at Dover, as a fearful warning to the smugglers of that neighbourhood.

Aunt Margaret sat in a sort of stupor; but her arm was convulsively grasped round the terrified Ellen, who had scarcely time to conjecture the meaning of what she witnessed, before the melancholy cavalcade approached the fatal tree, and at last drew up beneath it. She would have closed her eyes, but an indescribable dread prevented her, and she gazed upon the spectacle with breathless horror. The unhappy culprits knelt with the reverend clergyman in prayer; Young Lion had his back towards her, but in the countenace of his fellow-sufferer she remembered the features indelibly impressed upon her memory during the adventure in St. Margaret's barn — it was Teetotum. They rose from their knees, their handkerchiefs were removed, and the noose was adjusted round the neck. Young Lion drew a small packet from his breast, and presented it to the divine, who, by his gesticulations, seemed promising to comply with some request. The young man then turned to the crowd, but, oh God! what was Ellen's anguish and despair when she beheld in that dying man the first, the only love of her heart, Edmund Foster! A shriek, a wild and piercing shriek, drew his attention towards the spot, but the wretched girl had fallen prostrate in the carriage, and Edmund saw her not. A few minutes more, and he hung a corpse.

Ellen was conveyed home in a state of insensibility; and when she recovered a partial glimmering of reason, her constant, her earnest request was, that the body of

her lover might be interred in the village churchyard. Through the intervention of friends, this wish was ultimately accomplished: an unsculptured stone was placed at the head of the green sods, and a few months afterwards the devoted girl was laid within the same cold tenement, where stands THE GRAVESTONE WITHOUT A NAME.

THE GAY SERENADE.

BY C. J. DAVIDS, ESQ.

When the shades of the gloaming are over the lea,
And the billows are hush'd on the calm summer sea:
  While the foam-bells dance on the dusky wave,
  And the mermaid sings in her coral cave:
How dear to the soul of the love-stricken maid
Are the heart-thrilling tones of the gay Serenade!

When moonbeams are falling on forest and dell,
And the night-flower opens her silvery bell:
  While the nightingale pours her love-lorn strain,
  And the fairy elves dance on the verdant plain:
How dear to the soul of the youth and the maid
Are the love-breathing tones of the gay Serenade!

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CORALIE.

CORALIE.

A BROTHER'S TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONTI."

Laforet. You ask my story?
You'd have me pluck the wrappings from my wound,
And boast how deep it gapes.—Well, I can do't,
And bleed my life out to content you, sir.
My story—marry, I had thought 'twas told:
Written in furrows on this spectral brow,
Echoed in every cadence of my voice;
(It spoke not always like a passing bell)
You might have read its anguish as I came,
By my few, flagging steps. They walk like me,
Who bear on Beauty to an early grave—
My Lord!—that curious, peremptory look
Bespeaks you less than man—but have your wish!
Sit further from me—let me pile the fire
With wood, so high it shall not blaze this hour—
I cannot speak with light upon my face
To show its writhings—or, on your's, the gleam
Of tears perforce wrung from you.

THE BRIDAL OF ARMAGNAC.

IT was my first day in Paris —— years ago. I had wrought hard enough to deserve, and was still young enough to enjoy, a holiday. It would be difficult to describe without much egotism and a little extravagance the childish buoyancy of spirit, with which, having turned myself loose in that gayest of all gay cities, I found myself—all eye and ear—in the Place Vendôme, "with its pillar of brass;" then strolled down the Rue Castiglione, the Rue Rivoli—through the Place du Carrousel, with a reverential look towards the Louvre,

(*meant* for its picture-gallery)—as I passed, and finally came out upon the Quais, a new Prout developing itself at every step I took in the arrangement of the old buildings which pile the banks of the Seine; and "the gorgeous turrets of Nôtre Dame" in the distance, beckoning me onward with a fascination that overmastered the weary limbs and burning eyes of one penned-up two nights and as many days in steam-boat and diligence. It would be impossible—but why waste time in expatiating upon the tiresome, unsatisfactory chapter of —impossibilities?

My fate in Paris was to enjoy myself *à l'outrance:* and I must number among the greatest of my pleasures an accidental rencontre with an old acquaintance, which, my good stars would have it, chanced on this very day of my arrival. I was standing, agape with a true Englishman's wonderment, gazing this way and that; and wondering the while, as association and description, painted picture, told story, and written book, swept like a cataract through my mind, whether any one had ever enjoyed the fine things of foreign parts as much as I was doing and *about* to do, when a hand was laid on my arm, and a voice spoke in my ear: "Welcome to Paris! if this *be* you." The hand and the voice belonged to my old friend D'Avenay.

I say, friend: but, in sober truth, we had parted company as schoolboys some fourteen years before; and the one or two schoolboy letters exchanged after our parting had been followed by a dead silence, and

on my part, (thanks to a youth of bustle and bad fortune) a little forgetfulness. Indeed it was a moment ere, in the fine-looking *roué* young fellow who embraced me, I recognized the little black passionate French boy, whose foreign origin, by exposing him to jokes and taunts, which he had resented with a spirit at times amounting to frenzy, had kept good Dr. Butler's school in such a perpetual uproar. For myself — your plain insignificant-looking persons are sometimes permitted the compensation of not growing old in a hurry — and my outward man was comparatively little changed. That he should recollect me, then, was not so very surprising, as that he should greet me so warmly. We talk of our English hearts; I sometimes wish we may not have talked them away!

D'Avenay's pleasure in the meeting was more than momentary. Not only did he insist upon accompanying me on my walk there and then, making wonders more wonderful, and doubts as clear as noon-day, by a running commentary at once eloquent and brilliant upon the objects around me; he declared his resolution of being my *Cicerone* in ordinary; spoke of past days and past civilities, as though they were brought close under his eyes through a magnifying-glass; questioned me at the rate of twenty words a second, greatly to the relief of my curiously bad French; and, half-laughing, half-crying, began to *act* as well as to talk over the old crazy times of Greek plays and Latin themes. *Enfin*, as we say in Paris, behold me at his break-

fast-table, on the morning after my arrival: as familiar and unrestrained as if a gulph of fourteen years had not severed our last parting and the meeting of the previous day.

But D'Avenay was changed, darkly changed, from the fresh-hearted, careless boy I had known. I read it, (when I had time to read) in his sunken eye, his worn furrowed brow, and the strong lines about his mouth, which spoke of indulged passion. His figure, too, was even already shrunken, his large hand unclothed save by muscle, and warm with a moisture not of health — sad indexes these, at the age of eight-and-twenty, of years wasted, and feelings worn out! His talk, too, suited his appearance; when the excitement furnished by the presence of a guest, who could join him in recalling old pranks, had been succeeded by the wish to speak of himself, his language assumed a tone which I was sorry — shocked, to hear. The hope, the aspiration, the "joyaunce," (blessed be that dear old English word!) which are proper to a young man, were gone; and not gone only—they were dead. He looked round the splendid apartments in which I found him with a sickly smile; and when, in answer to some inquiry concerning my fortunes, I spoke with all the mock-modest importance and real vanity of Grub Street concerning certain literary embryos, a shade of incredulity passed over his face, which said, "That you can have lived so many years, and *still* speak of the future!"

One day I found him more than usually depressed, confined at home by some slight illness, with a heap of papers, and (it seemed) relics at his side: a long lock of dark hair or two, and a knot of blue ribbon peeping out from between the leaves of a manuscript book, together with something gilt, which, on a nearer view, I ascertained to be the frame of a miniature. You are, doubtless, expecting, gentle reader, to listen to a love-tale, after this preamble: and, not knowing how far the following (a transcript of his own language) will satisfy you or otherwise, I will dwell no longer upon the introduction of question, and inuendo, and hinted confession, which ended at last in the free disclosure of the following little history.

"If you ever knew any thing about my parentage and family," began D'Avenay, "you have by this time forgotten it. That my father and mother were well born, and people of wealth as well as of blood, that they died leaving me a boy of some ten years of age, under the guardianship of a distant kinsman, is all I need here tell you. I dare say that, as schoolfellows together, I never told you that my one only surviving relation, besides that good old man, was a sister. Indeed, in those days I cared little for her: she being almost a total stranger to me.

"On quitting the school to which I was removed after my return to France, I was destined by my guardian to be placed in one of the military colleges. He

had planned out a soldier's career for me, thinking—the prudent man! — that a gay uniform and a nodding plume would reconcile me to the harsh discipline of that life, in which alone my quicksilver spirit would find its fit occupation. Death stepped in, however, and settled the question for us. My guardian was a gourmand of the first class, and a *paté de foie gras* relieved me from the consequences of his decision. M. Ancelin was found cold in his bed one morning; and your friend, and his little sister Coralie, were bequeathed, Heaven knows why! to the charge of as good-natured an imbecile as ever allowed a woman, or a child, or a servant, to lead him by the nose. Yes, my new guardian, (his name was Bertrand), was as helpless an engine of destiny as that indigestible piece of Strasbourg manufacture. You look grave. I am trifling, to keep my spirits up before I come to speak of . . . . . ." Here D'Avenay stopped, and firmly compressed his lips. His face was of a yet more ashen tint than before, when he resumed his story. This he did with a visible effort, and abruptly.

"Coralie was the most delightful creature you can imagine: beautiful, though less regular in her features than some women—beautiful, because she was simple, gay, affectionate. Well do I remember how my love for her burst upon me in a moment. You smile at my expression: but it was so. On my return to Paris, a little more than a boy, a little less than a man, I had plunged, to the great sorrow of my first guardian, into

all the dissipations which belong to a life *en garçon*. I had gamed; I had given myself up to the cultivation of every manly exercise; I had intrigued among the women, with all the success which a tolerable address and a heavy purse can command. Hence, I had permitted Coralie to remain undisturbed and unvisited in the school where she was placed for education: and it was not till M. Ancelin's death made her signature necessary to some law-papers or others that I found time to travel as far as Rennes, where she was then residing.

"I arrived at the place of my destination late on a summer afternoon, and, on inquiring for Mademoiselle D'Avenay, was shown at once into the garden, where they told me she was busy. It was an old parterre, crowded with flowers, which just then were in full blow. A number of girls, all in white, were sitting on the grass in a ring, with one, a tale-teller, seated in the midst of them: and she, with her cheek a little flushed, and her finger uplifted, excited by her own story, was holding them all in such thrall, that they did not hear the footsteps of the gay young gentleman from Paris, nor the voluble remonstrances of the duenna, who had much ado to keep pace with him, and to pant out her disclaimers against such a breach of *les convenances* as his hasty and unauthorized entry into her sanctuary of virgins.

"The tale-teller saw me first, and, in the haste with which she sprung up, her comb disengaged itself from

her head, and down dropped around her a stream — *a sea* of the most luxuriant brown hair you ever saw. There was instinct in the open and smiling and yet blushing gaze she fixed upon my face: *she* felt no strangeness, and was in my arms almost ere I could pronounce her name. Poor thing! they told me afterwards that she had been pining to see her brother; that she had even written me letters, most of which, Heaven help me! I had thrown away unread. 'You are come to take me hence. I shall live with you, shall not I?' were almost the first eager words she poured into my ear.

"'*Fi donc, Mademoiselle! vous etes trop effrontée!*' cried the old priestess of this choir of nymphs, in a tone half of pride, half of prudery.

"Judge of my delight, my extacy, in such a recognition! I would at any time of my life as soon have enjoyed a new sensation as a new fortune: and here was one with a vengeance! I swore at myself a hundred times in the hour, that I had allowed so fair, so fond, a being to be buried away from me so long. Her liveliness enchanted me; her artlessness my experience had already fatally taught to prize as a treasure among women hardly of this earth. 'And so you are my brother, so tall, and so handsome, and *so* proud-looking! A grown-up man, while I am little more than a child! And you could leave poor Coralie all these years, without a message, or an *étrenne!* Upon my word, I

have half a mind never to speak to you again, sir. But am I like you, do you think? for you are very handsome. And shall I not some day or other come to Paris, and live with you, and keep your house? *Do* tell my guardian that I am too tall to be shut up here any longer! I want to see Paris.'

"And to Paris I brought her, in spite of her old governess and the tears of her fifty companions, who all declared they must die if Coralie was carried away from them, and in spite of the act being in direct contradiction to my guardian's purposes. The strangest idea had possessed me, even in the first moment of meeting. I resolved to keep her at my side, to lavish upon her every indulgence that money could procure or fancy imagine, to cultivate every talent till she had nothing to learn, (if she was willing to be cultivated), but to seclude her from the world, which *I*, already, unfortunately knew too well. My plan was put into execution as soon as formed. Old Bertrand was easily talked over to excuse the *escapade*, and a little *suite* of apartments close to mine fitted up for my captive princess. I made the people work day and night, so eager was I to enter upon my blissful charge; some of the gilding in those rooms," (D'Avenay pointed, as he spoke, with his hand to a door, across the keyhole of which was drawn a string fastened with a black seal) "is hardly yet dry—was not, that is, when I entered them last . . . two years ago!

"Never answered scheme so perfectly as my scheme

answered. My Coralie was the happiest creature alive, as blithe as a bird; and so that we could sometimes take the air in company, and that I would sometimes come home early enough in an evening to hear her sing the romance she had learnt in the day, she cared nothing for balls or *soirées*, of which, in truth, she knew nothing. Sometimes I muffled her and myself up, (that I might not be recognized and joined by any idle acquaintance), and took her to the theatres or the opera: and it was well worth while, for she could make me laugh till tears ran down my cheeks with mimicking the actors when we came home, or cry with sadder feelings, as she would recall some pathetic fragment of air or recitative sung by Pasta. Many a time have I looked at her, as she sate before me — without an ungratified wish, without an arising care—with an intense and rebellious bitterness of heart I cannot describe, while I thought of the days which must come, which would make her old, and gloomy, and sorrowful. I never troubled myself about the future for myself, but Coralie — I used to look at her till I half cheated myself into believing that Time and Grief *dared* not touch her!

"Two years went over rapidly, and my Coralie was now eighteen. They had passed strangely with me. At first the novelty of my blessing had broken the ties of some of my worse habits, and kept me much within doors, but I presently began to reason with myself, (O how selfishly!) that, to perpetuate an enjoyment so precious, I must not exhaust it by undue use—that I had

friends who had claims upon me. In short, I presently fell back into my old ways of life — such wild and extravagant ways as I see by your face (for you are still young) you have known but sparingly. I gamed, I intrigued, I rioted, as before; every new experience of pleasure and the world, however, strengthening my determination that Coralie should never see it. I remember hearing many years ago of a wretch, living upon the price of others' pollution, who, when the wages of his own daughter's shame were brought to him, died on the spot of horror and remorse. Something like his were the feelings with which I held and vowed to hold Coralie in her happy imprisonment. For a time my gay friends had teased me with my domestic tastes, and tried not a few stratagems to break the barrier of my sister's seclusion; but my quiet and grave firmness had its effect, and ere long it was given out that she was plain and *bête*, and not worth the trouble of seeking out or talking of. I let much of this *bavardage* pass unnoticed, and it, too, presently ceased. Coralie wanted no friends besides myself, and the dumb favourites with which I surrounded her by the score — Indian birds, feathered as if with precious stones, and rare dogs. One little fellow she had, (of your King Charles's breed), that I gave a hundred Napoleons for to le Marquis d'Epine; and I remember how all the people laughed, and cried, 'D'Avenay turned dog-merchant!' as I walked up the Boulevards with my prize under my arm. Then, too, I spent a fortune in flowers to dress her

boudoir, and she would smile like an angel, and tell me I was tempting her to love other things better than me. Here is a picture of her—a poor thing, for it represents her not speaking—playing with her little Nestor, so was the dog named. It was completed only the day before . . . . . I often gave her the option of having a *dame de compagnie* to reside with her; but she would laugh and say, 'O, no duenna for me, Adolphe, I beseech you; or I shall fancy you want to set a spy over me. We want no duennas, do we, Nestor?'

"My favourite, among all the manly exercises, was swimming. You will always find hot-blooded people fond of the water. The tale, too, of Lord Byron's exploit at the Dardanelles had reached my ears, and just then we were Byron-mad in France. But I believe I envied the new Leander more than the poet. At all events, (it is now three years since) I lived almost half my summer-days upon and in the water. Coralie used to ask me if I had fallen in love with an Ondine. The thing became the fashion among my acquaintance.

"One day, however, I was surprised, when engaged in my usual exercise close under Sèvres, with a violent and sudden fit of the cramp. I felt it seize upon me at once with a finger of ice, and as if all strength died within me for ever. I was alone in the water, not a boat or barge within sight, not a passenger, it seemed,

on the bank, and I struggled and sunk, and finally lost all sense of existence. I died, in short: it is not hard to die. You must remember, then, that you are talking to a *revenant*. But, to be serious, two hours must have elapsed ere I returned to consciousness, on a rough bed, in a *cabaret* not far from the shore, whither I had been brought, dripping like a *jet d'eau*, by my preserver, who was hanging over me.

"He was young, handsome, of a noble figure, and dressed in the last fashion: so much my eye took in, ere my lip was strong enough to render him thanks for his service. But did you ever conceive an antipathy at a moment's notice? and did it ever chance that the object of that antipathy should be one to whom you ought to be eternally obliged? I need say no more: you comprehend me, I perceive. The grateful speech *would* hardly be uttered; I *could* hardly press his hand as my preserver — I know not why, unless it be true that those on the verge of death are gifted with a keen-sightedness that never belongs to sluggish, stupid life.

"He spoke. The voice was deep and rich — but there was something in its tone—a refinement-masking vulgarity which my ear detected. 'Ah! my fine fellow, and so you thought it was all over with you, eh? A lucky chance that I happened to see your head bobbing about in the water like a cork, and a lucky chance for you that you are not the only good swimmer that goes into the Seine. I jumped in:

pulled you out by the hair of your head, and here you are. Do you know how long you have been in coming to yourself? It is now six o'clock!'

"My lips made a sort of recognition.

"'My name? Amedée—Amadée Raucourt. But we have met a thousand times. I know your face as well as my own —— at the Salon de ———, and at the fair Baronne's. I knew in an instant whom I had saved, even before I searched your pockets; and, as they told me—I have a doctor at the other side of the door—that you could not be removed to Paris for some half dozen hours, I wrote a billet to Mademoiselle D'Avenay, and . . . .

"'*Peste!*' My preserver was so full of himself that he did not hear my exclamation.

"'And I made my friend Cliquet take it himself. He stood on the bank and watched while I fished you out. Cliquet has an enormous curiosity, and was thankful for the errand. But, your bed is uncomfortable. Well, you shall get up presently.'

"My bed *was* uncomfortable. Raucourt—Cliquet! a couple of men I had been strenuously avoiding for the last two years: and now thus to be compelled into cordiality and gratitude, and that one of these (yet how could I be angry?) should force himself into Coralie's sanctuary! It galled me dreadfully; I might have known what was to come. The men were, like myself, rich, independent, libertine. But the things in which I indulged, out of idleness or weakness, were the

sole and serious business of their lives. I had seen them . . . . enough, enough. Bad as I was myself, to have one of them at my bedside, my creditor for saving my life — it was hideous — I cannot describe to you my loathings!

"It was late in the evening ere I could be removed to Paris: so severely had I suffered from the accident. Coralie! dear soul! was almost more dangerously ill than myself by the time that I arrived at home. It appeared that, upon reading the note brought her by Cliquet, she had fallen into a sudden and violent hysteric. Poor thing! I had trained her ill to meet the shocks of life! 'She would go to me,' she exclaimed, 'immediately.' But on the threshold of the room she had paused, faltered, and would have sunk to the ground but for the support of the stranger. To have been supported in *his* arms! Can you wonder that I received her embraces almost sternly? I was angry, and distinguished not in my anger between one person and another. I thought that she would have embraced that Raucourt for saving her brother's life. How she poured out her gratitude to him, holding his hand the while, and looking up in his face, with those deep, girlish eyes, as though he was more than human!

"'No more, Coralie! — no more!' cried I, roughly interrupting her. 'You are too feeble to be trusted to talk, and M. Raucourt will now excuse us both. I shall find, doubt not, a fitting time and means of offering him my acknowledgments for his splendid

bravery. Anselme, you will light these gentlemen to the door.'

"'Adolphe!' cried Coralie, timidly, when the door closed upon them, (it was the first remonstrance she had ever ventured) — 'you were very, very cold and haughty to poor M. Raucourt! If he had brought me back my Nestor, I should have said more to him than you could find to say for his saving your life. And so beautiful as he is!'

"'Beautiful!' I repeated, I am sure, contemptuously; and I am as sure that my tone of contempt sunk into her heart, as a first unkindness from one who has never been unkind. She sighed gently, and said no more.

"I told you, did I not? that my Coralie's fortune was independent and large, equal to my own. In the profusion of some of her acts of charity, she must have owned this. I know not else how it came to be known—how it came to reach the ears of Raucourt.

"Do you not foresee what I am going to tell you? Time passed on; and his service was still unrequited. There was no quarrelling with him, for common decency's sake — no barring my doors to his entrance —no limiting his admission with my servants, in whose eyes he shone as the guardian angel of an indulgent and improvident master. But I took strict care that Coralie should never meet with him. Once she asked me why this was—the first time she had given evidence of any inclination to question my decisions. I grew angry

and violent: for, how could I say an evil word of him who had saved my life, and to her who knew not what guilt or falsity were? So I replied that 'I did not choose it.'

"There was nothing, however, to alarm my suspicions. The dead silence of all our companions, who made no remark on Raucourt's intimacy at my house, nor ever, it seemed, inquired what he there encountered, might, indeed, have convinced me that much was passing of which I did not dream. Now I remember a thousand occurrences during those miserable months: — sometimes a slight trembling on Coralie's part when I came upon her suddenly and alone: — once a scrap of paper with a shred of wax lying upon her knee, which she twisted up so as to form an allumette;—a greater wish than ever to go into public places, and a fantastic love, (it seemed to me) for a particular corner of a particular box at the Academie Royale. But I noticed not these things at the time: I was bent on another matter; my resolution was to lose a large sum at play to Raucourt. I would enrich him, I thought, and then forcibly break off the connexion, which every day made more and more hateful to me. The plan absorbed all my thoughts: but I know not how it was that Fortune refused to second me: the worse I played the more brilliant was my luck. If I sate down to the table dizzied and filled with wine, I rose from it sobered, with a heap of Napoleons at my side. So many disappointed ones who play to win, it was hard

that the one who played to lose should be equally foiled! But it was so.

"One night, I remember it well, the 20th of February, I came home late and wearied from an orgie, which Raucourt had quitted an hour or two earlier than myself. The night was tempestuous and dark, and I struggled homeward through the storm with difficulty, and with difficulty disengaged from my heavy cloak my hand with the latch-key of my door in it. While I stood in the shadow close to my own door, a little confused with wine, and half deafened by the roar of the wind, I heard a window *au deuxième* close softly but suddenly. It was Coralie's window! and, while I stood wonder-struck and aghast at so startling an occurrence, I thought—*I was sure*—I heard a laugh on the other side of the street — then, quickly retreating footsteps. I rushed after them: but there was nothing. The party had been fleeter than myself, or had taken some turn which I had missed. There was no one to be seen or heard in the street.

"I hastened homewards, hastened up stairs, stood by Coralie's bed-side. She lay there, so still, so beautiful, the feeble gleam of the night-lamp showing but dimly her soft cheek and her exquisitely-turned throat. But the expression of her face was not its own: and I am sure she was not surprised when I grasped the pillow suddenly, with a stern, 'You are not asleep, Coralie.'

"'O, Adolphe! what makes you terrify me so?

How could I guess *you* would come into my room at this time of night? No wonder I tried my best to look dreaming. Are you ill? what has happened?'

"Fool that I was! I was staggered by this simplicity, this artlessness. There was no guilt on her face, nor shame, nor surprise. 'Don't play me such a trick again,' she said. 'You have almost frightened me into fits. Why, how you stare at that window?'

"'Coralie, you have not opened it to-night?'

"'Yes, but I did, ten minutes ago. I heard some one making a very strange noise; trying, I thought, the door below, and so I thought I would watch them, and call up Benoit and Charles. But, when I looked out, I could see nothing, and a moment afterwards I heard a laugh, and then some persons running away: and I was glad to creep back to bed again. I had been dreaming *such* ugly things!'

"What more had I to ask?

"'Go to bed, dear Adolphe. You are killing yourself with this life of your's, and are now, to speak plain, a little *gris*. Do go to bed. You cannot think how you startled me, and you shall tell me all that I am to hear about your supper to-morrow. We shall go to see *Robert* on Thursday, shall we not? There, I will not kiss you again. Good night!'

"Three days after this time I was again absent from home for the whole morning. It was Thursday, the day when I had promised to take her to hear Meyer-

beer's *chef-d'œuvre*: and I was to be here for a late dinner. Well, I came. The first thing I saw was Coralie's dog, poor little Nestor, shivering and whimpering in the *porte-cochère:* too much frightened to venture out into the street, but obviously either seeking or waiting for some one. I snatched him up, without having time fully to take in what this must mean, but another step revealed it to me. There stood the porter with tears on his cheek; and there stood her maid—Coralie's maid—who almost screamed when she saw me. I rushed past them up stairs: the fire was burning gaily in the room; and the flowers, and the books, and the guitar, and the little embroidery-frame, all just as they should be; all just as they are now, (not a thing has been touched since that day;) and in her chamber, not a bracelet removed; not a ribbon missing, only her bonnet and shawl; only a sealed note for me on the toilette table. Coralie was gone!

"How long since, or with whom, no one about the premises could tell me. She had been last seen sitting down to her work; (there lay the handkerchief she had left on the chair beside her embroidery-frame) some five hours ago: when the *femme de chambre*, however, went to dress her for dinner, she found no trace of her. The carriage had not been ordered, not a servant had noticed her pass: and the stupid consternation which appeared on every face (for they knew that she would never venture out alone for a frolic), proved to me that they were not deceiving me.

"I tore open the note. It ran thus:

"'Dearest Adolphe,

"'I have departed through the key-hole, on a ramble of two days' length—only two days. I cannot believe that you will keep your antipathy for Raucourt, when you see him return the husband of your affectionate

CORALIE.

"'I should have told you all months ago—but you made me *so* afraid. Raucourt wished it: but the mystery is all my fault. You are not *very* angry? It will be only for two days.'

"I knelt down beside the table, and shed a torrent of tears. Such agony as mine few have borne and lived! I saw *his* influence, his dictation, in every line of this note, so simple seeming. I knew that I had been duped, deliberately duped; that the plot had been laid *months ago!* And that she, my child, the only being I had ever really loved, should be made the tool of such a base, vulgar, worthless profligate — it was torture to know this. But worst of all was the knowledge—which *would* occur to me, *would* stand before my eyes like a spectre—that I was to blame; that my selfish scheme of seclusion was chargeable with her folly, her ignorance of the world. Had I not shut her up like a nun, she would have seen, and compared, and estimated. Nay, had I not by my sternness put an end to the confidence which had subsisted between us; and, having once made her fear me, next made her embrace secrecy and concealment as the only means of deliver-

ance from her fears, this might not have happened. Her life's wretchedness was on my head. 'Two days!' I exclaimed, in a state of frenzy, which, pray to your God that you may never experience!—'TWO DAYS!—I shall never see her again! I know that she is gone from me for ever!'

"It was too true! The time passed over, and no Coralie came back: nor did any means I took to discover in which direction she had fled, or whether she was still in Paris, avail in the slightest degree. Raucourt had laid his plan consummately. You will believe me when I tell you that I never slept from that wretched Thursday. I sought through every haunt, I asked of every acquaintance, I put the police upon the scent. The earth might have swallowed them up: a third, fourth, fifth day dragged over—a week. My friends began to fear for my reason. They did not know how much a human being *can* endure!

"News came at last; and how, think you? The banker in whose hands Coralie's fortune was with my own placed, requested an interview with me on the seventh morning after her flight. He held an open letter in his hand, dated Havre, and containing simply an order signed Coralie Raucourt, for the transfer of her whole property into the hands of Messieurs ——— (I forget the name), some bankers at Calcutta. Not a word of explanation; not a letter of message to me; simply the order, nothing more.

"My first impulse was to tear the accursed paper to tatters. My next — no matter to dwell upon that morning. Within the hour I was *en route* for Havre!

"The weather was frightfully stormy: the wind, it seemed to me, fair for vessels leaving port. Did you ever take such a life and death journey? Then you cannot understand how it is that one lives years of suspense and horrible presentiment within the compass of a few hours. Every hair of my head, every fibre of my frame, was quivering with fever. But the misery of my mind bore me up: the reality, so infinitely worse than any anticipation, clung to me like a serpent's sting, and seemed to poison the fountains of life! My hair, you know, used to be very black. It became what you see it during that journey to Havre!

"It was in vain; all in vain! I arrived too late. The Alcide had sailed five hours precisely before I arrived — sailed with Coralie and that wretch on board. They told me that her agony at taking leave of France was terrible to see—that she had implored, wept, been *forced* into the boat. The landlord of the hotel, even, where they had lodged for the two nights they had passed in Havre, had interfered to prevent her departure; Raucourt urged it upon her so cruelly. 'I could never have believed, monsieur,' said he, 'that they were newly-married people, had I not known it. He never left her side for a moment, but that was, I am now sure, because he feared her escaping from him. He forbade her to write any

letters, to speak to any person in the house: her own maid, (a shocking-looking old woman, and, I am certain, of the worst class), did every thing for her. She was more dead than alive when they carried her into the boat. The last words I heard her say, poor lady! were, 'I am justly punished. God forgive me! Do not tell poor Adolphe that I am so miserably married!'

"And it was to *this* fate that the sister of my love had wedded herself! Your eyes ask me for the rest. Did you not know that the Alcide was wrecked two days after leaving port, and that all on board perished?"

THE FUNERAL OF THE FORSAKEN.

SUGGESTED BY A FRENCH ENGRAVING.

BY MRS. WALKER.

The gorgeous sun is fading fast,
The languid flowers are clos'd in sleep,
For all another day hath past,
Smile they or weep.

Blent with the murmurs of the gale
Come notes the silence to dispel,
Sounds, sad as human sorrow's wail,
The funeral bell.

The church is gain'd, the grave appears,
The unconscious dead, his trials o'er,
Hath reach'd that home, where grief and tears
Touch him no more

The priest comes forth—looks round—for where
Are they who sorrow o'er the bier?
No choking sob of wild despair
Falls on the ear.

Where is the fond and changeless friend—
The tender parent—loving wife?
Ties which to death such anguish lend,
Such charm to life!

What, none to weep thee—none to sigh,
To breathe a prayer, record thy doom,
Forsaken thus—'t was time to die—
Close up the tomb!

The rites are paid. But near the spot
An humble watcher yet we view,
One who, when all forsook, forgot,
To him was true.

His faithful dog, through want and care,
Ne'er left his side when others fled,
And now lies down, and fain would share
His master's bed.

Poor brute! let none thy love deride,
Nor scoff at thy fidelity,
For man, with all his boastful pride,
Might learn from thee.

SONG.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, ESQ.

Maiden of the sunny brow,
Dost thou never sigh?
Hast thou no dark hour, when flow
Tear-drops from thine eye?
Heart, that never harbour'd guile,
Lip, the home of Beauty's smile;
Calm content, and thoughts that twine,
Ever green, round Feeling's shrine—
Maiden, they are thine!

Sunshine lights the forest bower,
Passing soon away;
Yet, without its sister shower,
What would be the ray?
Brighter, touch'd by chastening tears,
Beam the young heart's hopes and fears;
Sorrow wears a charm divine,
Gladness owns a holier shrine —
Maiden, they are thine!

ISOLINE DE VALMONT.

A SCENE IN THE PARIS REVOLUTION OF 1830.

BY MRS. WALKER.

I WAS resident in Paris during the three days' Revolution of July, 1830. When the court and its consequences had been discussed in every bearing; when the shout of triumph, the song of victory, and the wail of bereavement, were hushing into silence; the tale and the anecdote of those who had striven and suffered succeeded to more exciting and absorbing topics. The journals teemed with *historiettes*, and every *soirée* had its *raconteur*, who appealed to our sympathies, and "beguiled us of our tears" with some new and touching narrative. Among those which my memory chronicled, the following arrested my attention forcibly, inasmuch as I had frequently met the daughter of de Valmont in society; and possibly it may not be found altogether devoid of interest to others.

In the gay *salons* of Paris, in the season of 1830, there were few *demoiselles* who attracted greater notice than Isoline de Valmont. It is a frequent remark that, though beauty is more generally distributed among the women of England than those of France, yet, when possessed by the latter, it is of a higher and more unquestionable character; as if Nature reserved

all her gifts for her few and special favourites, and lavished her bounty upon them in prodigal profusion.

And certainly Isoline was one of these. The large dark blue eye, with its long silken fringe; the fair round cheek, to which emotion only lent a crimson glow; the waves of blackest shining hair; were combined with a form, taller and more exuberant than her countrywomen can usually boast, and features whose expression blended the innocence of infancy with that pure spiritualized loveliness, which expresses the depth and earnestness of the mind within. The admiration which her beauty challenged, her manners confirmed: soft, tender, caressing, she gathered around her the sympathies of all classes, from her own community of feeling with their joys and sorrows. The circumstances of her birth and present position did not tend to lessen the interest which her appearance excited. Her mother — before marriage Mademoiselle de Montmorency — died in the same hour which gave her infant birth. The daughter of one of the proudest and noblest of the French aristocracy, she had left the convent where she had been educated but a few months, when, at the *château* of a maternal aunt, in Burgundy, where a large party were assembled to enjòy the vintage, she met with Monsieur de Valmont. Undistinguished by birth, unendowed with fortune, he yet possessed what to womanly calculation is of far greater worth—a noble person, and gentlemanly bearing. His admiration of Mademoiselle de Montmorency

was ardent and undisguised. She listened to its expression until the feeling became reciprocal. A few weeks passed under the same roof consolidated the attachment; and a few months subsequently they were privately married. For a while the secret obtained not circulation. But the hour of discovery came at last, and brought with it misery and woe.

The obscurity of de Valmont had of itself presented a sufficient barrier to forgiveness, but a yet more alienating and exasperating cause existed in the fact that he was avowedly of the wildest republican principles, the descendant of a Regicide! Without a franc for a marriage dowry, with only the bitter and awful portion of a father's curses, his bride was cast forth from her proud ancestral halls to privation and poverty. But the discipline of adversity ill accorded with the gentle nature of Madame de Valmont: she lived but to bring her child into a bleak and pitiless world, and the first anniversary of the day which had witnessed her ill-fated, unsanctioned nuptials, beheld her laid in the quiet grave.

Then was it that the natural disposition of de Valmont fully developed itself. Fierce, morose, vindictive, he had been coerced, if I may so express myself, from his original nature into comparative mildness, by the presence of his meek devoted wife. This link to goodness and principle wrenched asunder, he stood forth at war with himself, his species, and his destiny. Idle by temperament, vain, and selfish, he flattered

himself that in an alliance with the house of Montmorency he should find at once affluence and aggrandizement. Though thwarted in his expectations at the onset, by the declared hostility of his wife's parents, he yet trusted that time would mitigate resentment, and no distant hour see her reinstated in the affections and dignities which she had once enjoyed. This hope was for ever blasted; even the infant she had left they refused to see; and they rejected with haughty scorn every effort he made towards reconciliation and pardon.

De Valmont had loved his wife passionately and profoundly. His grief at her death was vehement and sincere; but it was transient. With a desperation characteristic of his disposition and circumstances, he rushed from the house of mourning into riot and revelry, and sought, by plunging into every dissipation that offered, oblivion for his sorrows.

Having from early youth been addicted to gambling, he now adopted it as a profession. The excitement suited him not less than the possibility of unlaboured competence which it suggested. He became a systematic gamester, the most unvarying attendant at Frascati's, as well as habitually the most successful. How did it revolt the pure nature of Isoline, when years brought capacity to comprehend the degradation, that her father drew subsistence for himself and her from the plunder of the unwary, the ruin of the thoughtless! During the period of her education, the fact had not reached her; but, when called on to preside over

his hearth and home, it was too soon revealed. She besought him earnestly, passionately, to abandon the path which he had chosen. But he heard her with a sigh, advanced the fixedness of long habit and his own inability now to acquire any profession as palliatives in her eyes, and left her to follow again his disgraceful career.

Isoline wept silently and bitterly; she loved her father with passionate fondness, and his love for her was akin to worship. She resolved to qualify herself for the support of them both, by the exercise of her musical talents, which were of first-rate power. Her voice, too, was one of remarkable beauty and compass. It was her intention, when duly prepared, to assist at private and public concerts, and seek, by industry and perseverance, to obtain a reputable, probably ample, livelihood for herself and her father. Wherever her purpose was confided, it met with ready and eager patronage and encouragement. The commiseration which the reckless character of her father, contrasted with her own unvarying rectitude, excited; her singular loveliness, and the continued estrangement and hostility of her mother's family; all contributed to invest her with an extraordinary interest. With truth might it be said that she was the admiration of every circle—the idol of her own.

It was early in the morning of the ever-memorable 29th of July, the closing day of the Paris Revolution. One broad blaze of sunlight flooded the heavens and

illumined the earth. It shone in on many a chamber of agony and suffering: and in every countenance that its beams irradiated were stamped in legible characters traces of anxiety and care. Few had retired to rest the two preceding nights; for, who could sleep while the dreary monotonous tocsin affrighted the ear with its mournful echoes, and the sharp shrill sound of musketry — for in many cases night did not avail to separate the combatants — came booming through the air? The dead on both sides lay yet unburied, and the issue of the warfare had not arrived to determine under what denomination the originators and abetters of the conflict should be classed—whether mourned as martyrs to liberty, with a nation's tears shed over their graves; or stigmatized as rebels to their king and country, and consigned to the dust, unlamented, unhonoured, and unsung.

The *drapeau blanc* still waved over the turrets of the Tuileries, for Charles X. still sat on a throne which, however, was now momently sinking from under him. The streets, broken up into barricades — alas! how many streaming with blood!—were, even at this early hour, filled with eager groupes balancing the amount of yesterday's strife, or speculating on the events of the coming day. Excitement was at its height; and to those within, every moment brought some report of victory or defeat, often framed less in accordance with truth than the political bias of the party who uttered it. But it soon became evident that the time was fast

approaching when the force adverse to the existing monarchy would triumph. It was a day of intense and breathless anxiety to all, to none more than to Isoline. With the ardent vivacity of her countrywomen, her every energy was enlisted in the cause of liberty. Restrained by her sex from participating in the contest, she shared with the Sisters of Charity the task of administering to the necessities of the wounded and dying at the Hôtel-Dieu. And no voice was sweeter in cheering the sufferer, no hand tenderer in presenting the medicine-cup, or applying the bandage. She had obeyed the summons of humanity, when the artillery was roaring through the streets, and the path from her home to the hospital was beset with danger.

The evening of the 29th had arrived. Exhausted by the fatigue of the day, sickened with the sights of horror which every where met her view, Isoline felt overpowered and faint. Her pale cheek and tottering frame attracting the notice of one of the physicians in attendance at the hospital, who was a personal friend, he warmly urged her to leave a scene where Death's darkening shadows, gathering over hundreds of victims, flung a gloom over the spirits of all, and to return to her home.

Yielding to his intreaties, she left the Hôtel-Dieu. By taking an obscure and circuitous route, she had reached in safety the Rue St. Honoré. It was blocked up by the contending parties. To escape the balls whizzing around her, she turned into a retired street.

Even thither did the assailants come. The air was rent with shouts of defiance, and thickened with the smoke of discharged musketry. Though thus prevented by the shades of evening and clouds of vapour from discerning objects very distinctly, she yet observed two combatants, who fought with a savage desperation, which told indeed that "true foes once met part but in death." She crept under a wall, and watched the contest with a sort of fascinated earnestness. By a sudden movement she obtained a nearer view of their faces. She looked again with a gaze which seemed to stretch her eye-balls to bursting, and recognized in one of the combatants—her father! opposed to, as she fatally fancied, a young officer in the *garde du corps* to whom she was secretly betrothed.

Without waiting to ascertain if her fears were correct, she rushed forward with frantic eagerness. At that moment her father's pistol was levelled at the heart of his adversary. She strove to wrest the weapon from his grasp. He turned sharply round; the pistol, by the suddenness of the movement, swerved from its aim, and exploded. Its contents lodged in the heart of Isoline! One deep groan, one low gasping sob, and, with the life-blood welling from her innocent breast, she reeled towards her father, and fell dead at his feet!

Those who were near declare that the shriek was scarcely human, which rent the air when the wretched parent discovered that she, whose warm blood crimsoned

his garments, whom he had been accessory in forcing from time into eternity, was his adored and gentle child. He refused at first to believe in her identity — then denied assent to the fact of her death. Pushing aside the clustering ringlets from her face—lovely even in the ashy aspect of death — he knelt by her side, kissed her, vehemently calling on her to come back to his arms and love. But, when silence was the only answer to his passionate intreaties — when compelled to believe that she was dead indeed — with a shrill piercing cry, which seemed to condense the essence of all human agony, he fell on her body in merciful unconsciousness!

The beautiful cemetery of Père la Chaise seldom fails to obtain from strangers who sojourn in the French capital early inspection and unqualified admiration. The serious and the contemplative visit it, and find in the unbroken stillness of its verdant paths, in the mouldering decay of its consecrated sepulchres, food for solemn and holy meditation. The young and the sensitive visit it. They from whose lips bursts the loudest laugh of joyousness, yet who weep the readiest and the bitterest tears — they go thither to commune with the spirits of the gifted and lovely, who lie crumbling at their feet. Even the gay, the thoughtless, and the happy, on whom the touch of sadness never yet hath fallen; — even they, the affluent in bliss — visit it to admire the tastefulness of its design, the splendour of its mausoleums, and to peruse its

tender and affecting epitaphs, the offerings of lavish love to the cold dust, now deaf alike to the ban of censure and to the voice of praise. Why is it that persons differing in age, sex, and temperament, yet so generally unite in deriving a mysterious pleasure from a ramble in a churchyard? Is it that they hope to dive into the secrets of another world, by hovering over the last resting-places of perished humanity? Whatever the motive that leads us thither, the churchyard is usually the first object of a traveller's visit, the one in which he lingers longest.

The Sunday succeeding the termination of the Revolution was appointed for the obsequies of many of its victims. The inhabitants of Paris, obeying their national impulse, which has so justly won for them the appellation of a sight-seeking population, thronged the Boulevards, through which the cavalcade was to pass, in countless masses. And it would not have been very easy for a stranger at first sight to decide whether an occasion of joy or sorrow had congregated them together. So alien are any fixed habits of melancholy from the character of the French, that their grief, extravagant in its first outbreak over the death-bed of their kindred, frequently has expended itself and settled down into comparative indifference before the grave has closed over a parent or a child. I may be pardoned for saying this, from witnessing the demeanour of those who followed the mournful procession to the place of its destination, the cemetery of Père la

Chaise, and grouped themselves around the graves of those interred. True, there was much gesticulation; and there were some stormy ebullitions of sorrow among the few. But there was none of that expression of overwhelming grief, "which lies too deep for tears;" none of that profound, earnest, settled anguish, either discernible in the mourners, or diffused among the multitude, which I am convinced a similar occasion would have called forth in England.

The ceremony was concluded, the crowd dispersed, and only a few stragglers, like myself, left of the hundreds, who, a brief time before, lined the avenues of Père la Chaise.

I strolled towards the chapel, which, erected at the highest point of the cemetery, commands so magnificent a view of the neighbouring city, with all its crime and sorrow, luxury and destitution. The service for the dead was performing within the sacred edifice. My attention was instantly riveted by a man who evidently filled the character of chief mourner. I have visited many receptacles of human suffering, and seen the desolation of the heart reflected in the countenance, in, as I fancied, the strongest possible aspect. But never did I see misery—hopeless, helpless, immedicable misery—so appallingly developed, as in the face of that man. He seemed to have reached the utmost limit of human agony, to which the smallest added pang must bring death or insanity.

He was evidently not more than forty-five years of

age; yet his head drooped upon his breast; his form was bent to decrepitude; and his hair was utterly white. I looked on the features and outline of robust maturity, blended with the ravages of extreme old age. What a fearful anomaly is this to gaze at! And how does one shudder to think of the mental rack which must have stretched every fibre of the soul, ere affliction could so have anticipated the work of years! His eye had a vacant apathy, and only gleamed with a ray of intelligence when glancing towards the bier of the dead. Then a look of acute, of intensest, consciousness lit it up.

Two young men supported him, or he would have fallen. When the period arrived for depositing the body in the earth, he seemed suddenly to recover from his trance of grief. He looked wildly around; his body, before so bent, was drawn instantly up to its naturally towering height; and, when the earth rattled over the lowered coffin, he sprang a few paces forward, and, with a yell of such wild despair as will ring in my ears to my dying day, fell on the ground! They raised him—but he was dead!

At a *soirée*, a few evenings afterwards, I learned that it was the unfortunate de Valmont whose death I had witnessed. From the hour of his daughter's dissolution, he had "mourned as one who would not be comforted." Belonging to that fatal school which rejects the healing balm offered by Christianity to the wounded spirit, and which depends on philosophy for

support in the hour of need, he found, when support was requisite, nothing but the cold barren maxims of fortitude to lean upon. They were insufficient. Refusing food or rest, his body and mind sank together. At his imperative desire, he was lifted from a sick bed to attend the funeral — but, the "silver cord," too tightly drawn, snapped asunder at his daughter's grave!

It appeared that he had been one of the most active in projecting and organizing the revolt against Charles X., and had made himself conspicuous among the heroes of the "three days." But, knowing the apprehensive love of Isoline, he had concealed his participation from her knowledge. The darling scheme of his heart was achieved. The king was driven from his throne, the people triumphant. But — alas! for the vanity of human desires and designs!—by association with these events, he became the murderer of his beloved child, and his own life was the expiatory sacrifice.

PARTING WORDS.

"And he said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.'"
GENESIS, XXXII., 26.

Let me go, the day is breaking—
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way;
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go: I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so—
If ye love me, let me go.

We have travell'd long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 't is hard, 't is hard to part:
While I sigh, "*Farewell!*" to you,
Answer, one and all, "*Adieu!*"

'T is not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die;
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither — come and see.

J. MONTGOMERY.

The Mount, near Sheffield,
June 26, 1837.

E. T. Parris del.t L. Sparks Sculp.t

THE RICH & THE POOR.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Go, child, and take them meat and drink,
And see that they be fed;
Alas, it is a cruel thing,
To lack of daily bread!

Then, come, that I may speak to thee
Of things severely true;
Love thou the poor, for Jesus Christ
He was a poor man, too!

They told me when I was a child
I was of English birth;
They called a free-born Englishman
The noblest man on earth.

They bade me say my lisping prayers
Duly both night and morn,
And bless the Father of the World
That I was English born.

My home it was a stately place,
In England's history known;
And many an old renowned deed
Was graven on its stone.

I saw the high-born and the poor
  Low bending, side by side,
And the meek bishop's holy hands
  Diffuse his blessing wide.

And round and round the sacred pile,
  My reverent fancy went,
Till God and good King George at once
  Within my heart were blent.

Those were my years of innocence,
  Of ignorance and mirth;
When my wild heart leapt up in joy
  Of my pure English birth.

Oh, England, mother England,
  Proud nurse of thriving men,
I 've learnt to look with other eyes
  On many things since then.

I 've thus been taught — I saw a man,
  An old man, bent and hoar,
And he broke flints upon the road
  With labour long and sore.

The day it was a day in June;
  The nightingales sang loud,
And with their load of snowy bloom
  The hawthorn trees were bowed.

The very highway side was bright
With flowers; the branches made
Of tenderest green, above my head,
A pleasant summer shade.

The earth, the air, the sunlit sky,
Of gladness they were full;
My heart rejoiced: when there I heard
Laborious sounds and dull.

They were the old man's hammer-strokes
That fell upon the stone,
Stroke after stroke, with bootless aim;
Yet kept he striving on.

I watched him: coach and chariot bright
Rolled past him in their speed;
Horsemen and peasants to the town;
And yet he took no heed.

Stroke after stroke, the hammer fell
Upon the self-same stone;
A child had been as strong as he,
Yet he kept toiling on.

Before him lay a little heap
Of flints he had to break;
It wearied me but to conceive
What labour they would take.

I watched him still; and still he toiled
Upon the self-same stone;
Nor ever raised his head to me,
But still kept working on.

"My friend," said I, "your task is hard,
And bootless seems your labour;
The strokes you give go here and there;
A waste of power, good neighbour!"

Upon his tool he propped himself,
And turned on me his eye,
Yet did not raise, the while, his head,
Then slowly made reply.

"The parish metes me out my work;
Twelve pence my daily fee;
I'm weak, God knows, and I am old,
Four-score my age and three.

"Five weeks I could not strike a stroke,
The parish helped me then;
Now I must pay them back the cost;
Hard times for aged men!

"I have been palsied, agued, racked
With pains enough to kill;
I cannot raise my head, and yet
I must keep working still,

For I 've the parish loan to pay;
Yet I am weak and ill!"

Then slowly lifting up his tool,
The minute-strokes went on;
I left him as I found him first,
At work upon that stone.

The nightingales sang loudly forth;
Joy through all nature ran,
But my very soul was sick to think
On this poor Englishman.

Again: it was the young spring-tide,
When natural hearts o'erflow
With love, to feel the genial air,
To see the wild flowers blow.

And near a mighty town I walked
In meadows green and fair;
And as I sauntered slowly on,
A little child came there.

A child she was of ten years old,
Yet with no mirth of mien;
With sunken eye and thin pale face,
And body dry and lean.

Yet walked she on among the flowers,
For all her pallid hue;

And gathered them with eager hands,
As merry children do.

Poor child! the tears were in mine eyes,
Her thin, small hands to see,
Grasping the healthy flowers that looked
More full of life than she.

"You take delight in flowers," I said,
And looked into her face;
"No wonder, they are beautiful;
Dwell you anear this place?"

"No," said the child, "within the town
I live, but here I run,
Just for a flower at dinner-time;
And just to feel the sun.

"For, oh, the factory is so hot,
And so doth daze my brain;
I just run here to breathe the air,
And then run back again.

"And now the fields are fresh and green,
I could not help but stay,
To get for Tommy's garden-plot
These pretty flowers to-day."

"And Tommy, who is he?" I asked.
"My brother," she replied;

"The factory wheels they broke his arms,
And sorely hurt his side.

"He 'll be a cripple all his days,
For him these flowers I got;
He has a garden in the yard,
The neighbours harm it not;
The drunken blacksmith strides across
Poor Tommy's garden-plot."

As thus we talked, we neared the town,
When, like a heavy knell,
Was heard, amid the jarring sounds,
A distant factory-bell.

The child she made a sudden pause,
Like one who could not move;
Then threw poor Tommy's flowers away,
For fear had mastered love.

And with unnatural speed she ran
Down alleys dense and warm;
A frightened, toiling thing of care,
Into the toiling swarm:

Her scattered flowers lay in the street
To wither in the sun,
Or to be trod by passing feet;
They were of worth to none;

The factory-bell had cut down joy,
And still kept ringing on!

Proud was I when I was a child,
To be of English birth,
For I surely thought the English were
The happiest race on earth.

That was my creed when I was young,
It is my creed no more;
For I know, woe 's me, the difference now
Betwixt the rich and poor!

HILL-FORT OF CONDAPILLY, MADRAS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Sunset upon the mountains, whence now pour
Prolonged and ringing echoes, for the gong
Hath seven times chimed. Hark to the wizard song
Of Echo, 'midst yon peaks, like bells of yore
Rung by fantastic elves at dead of night,
To lure bewildered clowns! Pale lightnings play
Round the dark ridges of the rocky height,
And seem like fiery snakes, in anger springing
Upon the dusk tree tops! The thread-like way,
That upward twines to where a ruin grey
O'erhangs the gorge, a lighter shade is flinging
The landscape o'er. That ruined Hall (they say)
Is haunted; for beneath its vaults lurks gold,
Guarded by dragon-fiends, that wear no mortal mould!

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF S. PAUL, ROME.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S PENCIL.

BY T. E. WILKS, ESQ.

THE day that witnessed the arrival of Ernest Hartmann in the gay and magnificent city of Florence was as bright without as his bosom was dark within. Ernest was a German by birth, a traveller by habit, and an artist by profession. His master, when he dismissed his pupil, told him that he drew superbly, and coloured better: *he* quite agreed with the worthy old man, and imagined himself a Claude in landscape, a Salvator Rosa in grouping and imagination, a Vandyke in portraits. Certain it is, that, having with immense labour and trouble painted an altar-piece, representing St. Michael destroying the serpent of evil, which he could not dispose of, it was with infinite grace presented to the pastor of his native village, and forthwith decorated the walls of its time-worn church. This had hitherto been his greatest exploit in painting, but it was with anticipations of complete success, his fertile imagination teeming with visions of present wealth and enjoyment, of evergreen laurels, to great fame, and certain immortality, that he rushed to Italy, to cope with her favoured sons. How amazingly commerce with the world represses the warm imaginings of youth! — it is like the art of the Musselman, who cools his sherbet with snow. Ernest soon found

that he was mistaken; that self-conceit did not always betoken real talent; that his best efforts, albeit admired in an obscure German village, were far, very far inferior to the worst of those which he had so vainly imagined he should rival; and that, did he wish to remain in Italy, he must either commence the toilsome task of renewing the study of his profession from its earliest stage, and with all its drudgery, or at once relinquish his beloved art, and seek some other means of procuring a subsistence. After a lengthened consideration, he determined for a brief period to do neither the one nor the other: with palette at his back, he travelled through great part of the country of the vine and the orange; he visited Naples, wondered at Vesuvius, gazed with rapture upon the spreading Bay, and longed to enter into the pleasures of the city without being able to do so. He rambled to Milan, thence to Venice, and lastly, as we have seen, to Florence, where he arrived with a purse exhausted to the dregs, a head aching with disappointment and fatigue, a sun blazing like some huge furnace above him, a scene like fairy land around him, and a prospect of having nothing to eat before him.

Ernest was fain to procure a very obscure lodging in a very wretched part of the suburbs, and here he vegetated rather than lived for several days, until something very much akin to despair visited his bosom, and lurked in his bright but downcast eye. Ernest was sitting one morning in deep meditation on a three-

legged stool, contemplating an unfinished picture on his easel, when the door of his dormitory suddenly opened, and a respectable-looking old gentleman entered. This personage was dressed in black, and he carried in his hand an ebony stick; but, while the wrinkles on his brow told of age, his piercing eye convinced those who gazed on him that, though his body might be enfeebled by the great conqueror, his mind retained its pristine vigour. Ernest started from his seat, and, having bowed with some surprise, begged to know what were his commands.

"Signor Ernest," he began, "I have long watched you toiling towards rank and eminence, and have long regretted the slowness of your progress." Ernest bowed. "I now come to congratulate you on the near approach you have at last made to the object of your wishes." Ernest bowed still lower, and cast an inquisitive glance around the wretched apartment, as though seeking to discover tokens of the good fortune upon which he had been congratulated: nothing, however, met his inquiring glance but proofs irrefragable of poverty and neglect. The old gentleman resumed. "I have long been employed in framing a gift worthy of your acceptance, and have at length succeeded. I pray you take this pencil," and he drew from under his cloak an instrument formed of cedar wood, in shape not unlike a common ruler, save that, at one end sharpened to a point, it formed a drawing pencil, and at the other, a small portion of camel's hair constituted

a painting brush. "With this inestimable treasure in your possession, it is a task easy of performance to surpass every painter that ever breathed or breathes. Sketch with the pointed end, paint with the other; the design, the execution, the colouring, all, all will proceed spontaneously, and, guided by your wishes, unrivalled will be your productions, while you, inheriting the fame, and reaping the profit, will merely be the actor of a mechanical motion."

Ernest listened with great astonishment, but still more incredulity, to this strange address, and when it was finished laughed aloud. The old gentleman seemed rather offended. "If you doubt me, if you question the efficacy of the pencil, put it at once to the test: there is canvass ready on your easel."

"Signor, I thank you," replied Ernest, still smiling; "but, do you think me so silly as to suppose that, did this strangely-formed instrument really possess the qualities you describe, you would so readily give it away?"

"Never heed what my motives may be," answered the old gentleman; "I have told you that I merely desire to witness your advancement; that is a very polite reason to assign, surely, and with it you should be satisfied. I have only one condition to require from you, and that is, that you will never either sell it or give away. Promise me this, and the pencil is your's."

"Am I awake, or dreaming?" queried Ernest. No, it was not a dream: there sat the old gentleman, his

white locks overshadowing a countenance full of some indescribable expression: there lay the means whereby to procure the dearest wishes of his heart—ay, and of every other heart—wealth, and fame, and honours—and around him were the broken walls of a chamber which he might, if he wished it, now change for a palace. "It is not a dream," concluded Ernest, "but a very singular reality." He was not long in deciding what to do. "I am in honour bound," he considered, "not to part with this gift, to say nothing of self-interest in retaining it. The only request, therefore, that the donor makes, is one which demands no sacrifice in the compliance." There are very few who would not so have argued — nevertheless, the natural question, "Who is this old gentleman?" suggested itself, and spoke openly in the ensuing remark.

"But, are there no other conditions?"

"None, whatever," answered his visiter; "a careful fulfilment of the one I have named is all that I require. Come, Signor Ernest, say at once whether you will accept my gift. I have other business which calls me away; and, remember that this is a matter regarding only your own interest."

"I do accept it, then," cried Ernest eagerly, "and for it return a thousand thanks." He could not say less than a thousand under the circumstances.

"Then, farewell, Signor," said the stranger, rising from the stool, whereon he had without heeding formal rules quietly seated himself. "I wish you every hap-

piness, and doubt not that on some future occasion we shall meet again."

"I heartily trust so, Signor," Ernest replied: he could not say less under the circumstances; nevertheless, it was a great falsehood. However, it pleased the old gentleman perhaps all the better for being a falsehood. Making a polite bow, the latter took his leave, and Ernest, darting to his unfinished painting, eagerly tried the powers of his new acquisition. It was indeed every thing that had been described; figures, foreground, perspective, sky, all sprang from the magic instrument: in less time than it required for his imagination to conceive a single figure, all was completed, the colours dry, the design and effect brilliant and unrivalled.

Imagine a poor briefless barrister, dining on a chop with no wine, suddenly created and gazetted as Lord Chancellor; or an unfortunate Welsh curate, with a small stipend of thirty pounds a year, and a large family of half as many children, suddenly called upon to take possession of that choice piece of church preferment, yclept the bishopric of Durham: or picture to yourself a wretched creature of a midshipman, who has seen himself described as such until he begins to doubt whether promotion to him is not an "airy nothing," suddenly called upon to carry "the red flag at the fore;" or suppose any other change equally sudden and equally great, and you will discover something like the feelings of Ernest Hartmann.

Habits and manners may be dissimilar, garments may be differently formed and differently worn, complexions may be unlike, and features may vary; but, in all cases, in all nations, and under all circumstances, the human heart remains similarly constituted. The inhabitants of Florence, like those of London, are guided solely by omnipotent Fashion. Fashion is the sun of poets and painters: when the one writes of Fortune, or the other portrays her, they ought to represent her with a silly expression of countenance, and place in her hand a rattle, for Fashion to all the rest of the world is Fortune to them. Fashion, wonderful dame! it is that makes or mars them; talent is of secondary importance: Fashion possesses power as extensive as it is arbitrary. Fashion caught hold of the hand of Ernest Hartmann, and carried him with her to rank and eminence.

Had the wonderful paintings which Ernest sent forth to the world been merely the productions of his own genius, it is five hundred chances to one that he would have remained in wretched poverty and gloomy obscurity during life, and been immortalized after death like—how many?—but with him the case was different: the magic pencil wrought wonders, not merely on canvass, but on the inhabitants of Florence. The Grand Duke visited the *atelier* of Ernest Hartmann; the Grand Duke, with vast taste, admired a superb painting of the Madonna, and, as the Grand Duke did not offer to buy it, Ernest humbly begged his acceptance of the

"trifle" which he had been pleased to honour with his approval. The Grand Duke graciously deigned to accept as a gift that which he was too poor to purchase, and the next day Ernest received a patent of nobility, and became Italianized under the title of Count Aldini. What a fine world we live in! merit is always rewarded!

A year and a day after his first visit, the old gentleman called again upon Ernest Hartmann, but, during that period, his gift — as indeed all his gifts do — had worked a strange alteration. Count Ernest Aldini was the envy and admiration of all Florence. All the artists envied him, for his paintings surpassed their's as much as the president's "last" surpasses the daub before a village alehouse — and where there is superiority there must be envy—let the flatterers of human nature call it emulation or whatever else they please. The ancient *noblesse* envied him, because, without possessing their pedigrees, he was more popular: wealth will always exercise more sway with the foolish than rank, ay, or with the wise, for the most part, either. The rich envied him, because he equalled them in their expenditure and magnificence, but with this essential difference, that, while they injured their estates to cope with him, a few hours in his *atelier* would serve to reimburse him for weeks of dissipation. The poor envied him, because the poor always did, and always will, envy the wealthy: the poor ever imagine that happiness mainly consists in possessing wealth, the

rich *know* to the contrary; neither will ever convince the other; so, thus thinking, will both high and low jog on to eternity.

In spite of all this envy, Ernest commanded admiration — his talents from the few, his profusion from the many, his generosity from all. Count Aldini had the most luxurious palazzo in sunny Florence; Count Aldini was an especial favourite with the Grand Duke; Count Aldini was smiled upon by every lady in Florence, and his acquaintance sought by every gentleman distinguished by rank, by fame, or by talents, from the common herd.

Every one wondered much and often why Count Aldini wore a shade upon his brow, and why he never seemed to partake with the elasticity or buoyancy of youth in the varied pleasures which danced around him. Could they have penetrated his heart, and seen what feelings lurked within it, few would have envied him his good fortune, still fewer been found willing to exchange their griefs and their joys for his.

It was precisely a year and a day after he had first possessed the strange charm which produced these changes, that, one hour before midnight, Ernest left the polished circle, of which he was regarded as the very life, hurried home to his spacious palazzo, sought his studio, and, having closed the door, paced dejectedly up and down the apartment.

"What a strange existence is mine!" he muttered, "thus suddenly lifted to the enjoyment of all that this

world affords of luxury, by means of a supernatural gift — from — whom? Alas, from one whose slave I fear I must become. Wretch that I am!" and he paused before the easel, and gazed upon the painting that it supported. "The dread of what is to follow destroys every present enjoyment, and fills my soul with horror and despair." The painting represented with fearful accuracy the terrors and sufferings of a place of torment in another world, and, guided by the feelings which so strongly actuated him, the painter had bestowed his own likeness upon one of the principal figures, which appeared surrounded by the ministers of vengeance in the foreground of the design. "Yes," the artist mournfully continued, "such, such will be my doom; and what have I received in exchange? A gift," and he drew forth the pencil, "the possession of which renders me wretched, and yet with which I cannot — dare not — part."

The distant clock tolled forth twelve; the artist paused to count the dull heavy sounds, as they fell upon the silent ear of night. The moon became suddenly shrouded in gloomy clouds, the lamps burned but dimly, the door opened, and the old gentleman entered.

A withering sensation of fear thrilled the bosom of Ernest; the old gentleman bent profoundly, and then unbidden seated himself on a splendid ottoman.

"Permit me," he said, calmly, "permit me, sir count, to congratulate you on your well-deserved good

fortune: — *talents*" — and he smiled sarcastically — "talents like your's deserve suitable encouragement. But you look pale," soothingly; "are you unhappy, or is it merely the weariness which results from past enjoyment that oppresses you?"

"I—I am wretched!" burst from the lips of Ernest.

"Indeed! Can I remedy your causes of grief? Surely your pencil fails not of its wonted effect?"

"No—no—it is not that. I scarcely can tell you, scarcely describe even to myself what it is that oppresses me. I seem to bear a charmed life; content flies my bosom; strange fears haunt me; and I dread —I know not what."

The old gentleman smiled.

"Then, when I enter a cathedral, and would pray, my thoughts become confused, and, feeling like a wretch guilty of heinous sins, I rush from the sacred pile in wild despair."

The old gentleman took a pinch of snuff from an ebony snuff-box, then handed the latter to Ernest: it contained black rappee, mixed with scented Scotch. Ernest declined the offered courtesy.

"Is this all that oppresses you? Is this all that paints your cheek with pearl powder, and your brow with Indian ink?"

"All? Yes; is it not enough?"

"No," said the old gentleman, composedly taking another pinch; "they are nothings, unworthy the notice of a man of sense. You must, however, permit

me to contradict your last assertion; these things are *not* the sole sources of your grief."

Ernest blushed deep crimson. The old gentleman looked not at him — gentlemen don't like to be looked at when they blush, and his elderly friend was aware of it.

The fact was, that Count Aldini was not the painter Ernest, who had entered Florence a year and a week before. There are few men who can bear great and sudden prosperity with an even mind: one it will sway into the paths of vice; another it will drive to madness; a third will become absurdly proud; a fourth it will utterly destroy; a fifth it *may* render grateful and virtuous. N. B., the last is a rare phenomenon. It is some praise to Ernest that his prosperity had not betrayed him into any great crime; but, although his conscience was not burdened very heavily, his moral character had undergone a change. He was haughty and proud, too, of his imaginary talents; (how many there are in this world proud of that for which they ought most to blush!) he had likewise become reckless in his disposition, and, regarding himself, already as a victim to supernatural agency, scarcely hesitated to look on crimes of a heinous character without distaste.

"The real case is this," resumed the old gentleman, after a brief pause; "you have fallen in love with the beauteous daughter of the Marchese di Santo Giuliano, and know not how to inspire her fair bosom with a corresponding passion." Ernest blushed again. "It

is this which gives you more pain than all the rest of your *troubles*," with a slight sneer.

The old gentleman was perfectly right in supposing that the circumstance which he specified was the cause of many uneasy sensations in the breast of Ernest, but the latter portion of his speech was not equally correct. Ernest had passed the earlier part of his life in too religious a manner not to feel many severe qualms of conscience at so complete a change in his circumstances. There was a slight pause.

"The pencil will assist you," said the old gentleman.

"The pencil?"

"Ay, where is it?"

Ernest handed it to him. The old gentleman unscrewed it about the centre, although Ernest had never previously observed the slightest appearance of a crack, and drew from the hollow within it a small phial containing liquid of a dark red colour.

"Of course you are aware," said the old gentleman coolly, as he drew the cork from the phial, and applied it to his nose, apparently to ascertain whether the contents were in right order, "of course, with your keen perception, you must be aware that the Signora Aloysia loves another?"

"I have imagined," said Ernest—while a dark shade gathered on his brow — "that she loved her father's *protégé*, the young Antonio; but to her union with him the Marchese would never consent."

"I am not so certain of that," rejoined the gentleman with the white hair; "indeed I know that he has some doubts at this moment upon his mind as to whether he shall not at once consent to their marriage."

"Ha!"

"Even so; and, were it otherwise, we must commence our operations with Antonio; he is a formidable barrier in our progress to the heart of the beautiful Aloysia."

"But then her father," said Ernest despondingly, "would never consent to her wedding an artist, however wealthy or deserving."

The old gentleman smiled.

"The Marchese, with all his pomp and pride, is poor—very poor—pride, pomp, and poverty! what a funny combination!" and the old gentleman chuckled inwardly and heartily, although Ernest could not see much in the joke; but, presently subduing his merriment, he proceeded, "The Marchese is very poor, and yet loves gaming as well as you do his daughter."

"Well," said Ernest.

"Well," said the old gentleman, and then he took another pinch of snuff, "the pencil will assist you."

He had unscrewed this mystic gift into two parts—from the one he had taken the phial, from the other he now shook forth a pair of dice.

"Go to-morrow evening to his palazzo; you will find him alone; ply him with wine, and then propose play; substitute these dice for those which he will pro-

duce; you must win, ay, and largely; and, belike, he cannot pay you. You must take his daughter in lieu of the gold you do not want, and as for Antonio—when next you meet him, infuse the contents of this phial into his wine, and my life on't Aloysia is your's before the month is gone."

"Murder," muttered Ernest.

"Nonsense," said the old gentleman, "do as I bid you, and fear not for the result; only beware ye part not with the pencil." He screwed together the parts of the pencil, returned it to Ernest, and then rose from his seat.

"Is there no other way?" said Ernest.

"None," said the old gentleman. "Come, you are a lover; wish ye not to know how your idol is employed? Stretch forth the canvass and exercise your pencil."

Mechanically, Ernest did as he was bidden. A wide-spreading, luxuriant, garden appeared to flow from the teeming brush; the gentle moonlight glowed on every tree, through every bush; and in an alcove sat the fair Aloysia, whilst, by her side, the young Antonio, with lute in hand, appeared to tell his love in impassioned melody.

"Confusion!"

"Such joys," said the old gentleman, "should be thine."

"And shall!" cried Ernest.

The old gentleman smiled.

"Farewell," said the latter; "follow my advice, and when next we meet, I shall hail the lovely Signora Aloysia as the happy bride of the painter, Ernest. Adieu;" and so saying, he glanced with evident delight upon the representation of Pandemonium which had arisen from the painter's morbid imagination, bowed very politely, and forthwith departed.

Ernest stood as though transfixed, with the pencil in his hand, and his eyes riveted on the eloquent painting before him. Suddenly his hesitation seemed to vanish.

"It shall be done!" He looked at the phial and then at the dice, carefully examined them, and then safely lodged them in a secret cabinet. Ernest pressed his hand against his burning forehead, and, in an almost utter exhaustion of mind, threw himself upon a couch — but not to sleep. Slumber flew far from his resting-place, or if, for a few moments, his wearied eyelids closed, dreams of so fearful a nature presented themselves, that it was a relief to wake again. He fancied that every face he beheld resembled that of the old gentleman, that every figure displayed his thin and emaciated yet nervous frame. Now he would grin on the uneasy sleeper with wild delight, then regard him with anxiety, anon with dismay, and lastly with fiendish rage and hate.

Morning at length dawned. Morning! bright Morning! the blessings of millions hail thee — the songs of gay and happy warblers welcome thee — all nature greets thee with a strong and fervent joy! The lark

rises to meet thee and pour forth his hymn of praise—for thee is the dewy breast of the night-closed flower unrobed—and to thee man owes his release from midnight terrors and midnight gloom. Blessings on thee, bright and beautiful as thou art!

Ernest sprang with joy from his restless couch, and, his mind surcharged with visions of past horrors, prepared to pass in the usual manner the day destined to usher in a night of crimes. The morning repast despatched, he again essayed the powers of his magic pencil; suddenly he flung the instrument from him with vehemence, and threw himself distractedly into a chair.

"What am I about to do?" he muttered; "resign all hopes of future happiness!—for what? For the purpose of rendering one person to death, another to crime, and a third to misery! This is terrible! I will not do it. My loved, my gentle, Elsi yet pants for my return to my native village, and I will return; in the days of my poverty we exchanged vows, which, in the hour of prosperity, shall be fulfilled. Ah! last night the magic pencil brought to my view the Signora Aloysia; let me now see whether it will not present me with the form of Elsi. Yes, I shall see how she is engaged, and perhaps, perhaps, find her praying for one who has so long forgotten her." Thus saying, he crossed the studio, and picked up his charmed pencil.

He passed it over the canvass, and anon there appeared the interior of an humble dwelling; in the foreground, engaged at a spinning-wheel, sat a fair young

girl, just brightening into womanhood, the very *beau ideal* of laughing beauty mingled with sensibility. Near her sat a youth, who, with hurried gesture and anxious look, was evidently pleading a tale of love, while she, with smiles that seemed to mock his earnestness, evidently listened to the rustic with joyous and participating feelings.

"Oh horror!" shouted the painter, "what do I see? Elsi unfaithful? Ay, there she sits, while the very man whose addresses she has so often told me she hated pleads his cause of love, and is tacitly encouraged. This has decided me—Aloysia shall be mine—in my arms she will speedily forget the idiot Antonio."

The day is passed much in the same way in all parts of the civilized world. The poor labour—the wealthy idle—the young anticipate with glee—the old look back with regret—Death seizes on all alike! So passed that day in Florence; in the morning the grand and solemn service in the churches attracted the religious, whether so in fact, or merely in appearance; afterwards the gay and crowded streets delighted the idler; then came the siesta, full of charms to the indolent; while the varied delights of a bright Italian evening closed a day of mingled mirth and grief, laughter and weeping, life and death."

It was evening when the Count Aldini wended his way to the palazzo di Santo Giuliano; and, as he sought the most retired path, and with moody, half-concealed, countenance, evaded the inquiring glance and recog-

nition of those who knew him, strange thoughts flitted across his brain. "What a tangled web is human life!" he thought, as he reflected upon the events of his own past existence; and lo! a commentary presented itself. At the termination of the court which he was traversing were two houses in juxta-position — from one came forth the sound of mandolins and of young clear voices singing love ditties—from the other issued the wail of sorrow, the sob of anguish, the gasp of despair! In the former house all was joy and merriment, for it was the anniversary of a young girl's birthday, and her companions had assembled round her and crowned her with flowers, and proclaimed her queen of the night: in the other habitation there were but two persons, and of these one "slept the sleep which knows no waking;" the other was a female, about the same age as her more favoured neighbour. She had no flowers twined round her brow, but her long black hair hung negligently over her shoulders, as she knelt by the side of the dead, and mourned the loss of the only being who had ever loved her, of the only friend she had ever known.

"Life is indeed a tangled web!" repeated the Count Aldini, as he drew his gorgeous cloak closer around him, and, turning from the house of mourning, quickened his footsteps — "and he is most wise who grasps all offered benefits—little time is there to be wasted, truly." It is impossible to say what species of logic the count employed to obtain that deduction — suffice it that he

was at that moment a most worthy disciple of his elderly friend.

Arrived at the palazzo, the Count Aldini was ushered into a splendidly furnished saloon, where the Marchese, a man of haughty bearing, rose to receive his distinguished guest. Talent in Italy is a sure admission to the circles of rank and fashion; it was honour to be known to the painter Ernest, and the Marchese greeted his presence with respect. Servitors brought in chocolate, and the Marchese proposed to while away an hour in play. Ernest willingly consented, and, in a few moments, the magic dice were substituted for those produced. Well performed they the work marked out for them! Swiftly passed the ruddy gold from the agitated Marchese to his fortunate antagonist, and at length the sum he had lost became frightfully large.

"Sir Count, you are lucky; that last stake was of some magnitude—let us double it and try again," and a faint, sickly, smile played over his features; he intended the smile to be of mirth—it was of agony.

"Agreed."

The nobleman rattled the dice and threw: the painter won.

"Confusion!"

"Will your excellenza try once more?"

"No, Sir Ernest; we will settle accounts."

"As your excellenza pleases."

The Marchese paced the room hurriedly for a few moments, and then turned to Ernest.

"I know not by what chance it is, Count, that I have thus lost my usual good fortune: suffice it, I owe you a sum, the extent of which renders present payment impossible."

Had the Marchese been stretched upon the rack, he could scarcely have suffered more than he did at that moment from wounded pride. Ernest, who was not made for a villain, hardly suffered less; he hastened to reply.

"My noble patron, say not another word" — he paused; then "there is one condition on which I swear never again to mention this hateful subject, never to demand the sum which *chance*" — he shuddered — "has won for me!"

"A condition?" said the Florentine; "name it."

"Give me your daughter for a bride. Suffer that fair and beauteous lady to become the Countess Aldini."

"How! Sir painter, are you mad?"

"No, Marchese, nor ask I any unreasonable condition. I shall not be the first whose *talents*" — he shuddered again — "have procured him a noble bride. What say ye?"

The Marchese resumed his hurried walk to and fro for a short period, then turned and grasped the hand of Ernest.

"She is thine!" He left the room.

"Joy! Joy!" exclaimed the artist; "she will be mine!—she will obey her father's behest, and the dread crime of murder will be spared me."

A half stifled laugh reached his wondering ear—he hastily turned, and there, close at his elbow, stood — the old gentleman!

"What sophistry!" said the latter, in his calm, unmoved voice. "If necessary, you have resolved to commit this deed; but if you find you can accomplish your purpose without doing so, why then you felicitate yourself on its non-performance, and I suppose deem yourself as innocent as though you had never dreamed of the crime. This is a sophistry of my own peculiar invention, and I can assure you it is much encouraged and admired by some of my pupils, to whom I recommend it as sound logic; you it is unnecessary to deceive in that way, and I will tell you why." The old gentleman paused and refreshed himself, after this long speech, with a very ample pinch of snuff. Then he resumed thus.

"The fact is, that in this case you are too early with your self-gratulations: the deed, as I told you, must be done. Aloysia will apparently consent to marry you, but it will be mere outward seeming; she has agreed to elope this very night from Florence with Antonio. As I passed through the garden just now, I heard the proposal made and agreed to."

"You? you heard it made?"

"Yes; in fact, to speak truth, I told Antonio to propose it."

"You! and is this your friendship for me?"

"Friendship!" said the old gentleman; and then he

smiled, and then he took another pinch of snuff—"recollect I must attend to my own interest."

I suspect that there are a great many in the world, like the old gentleman, very willing to befriend another as long as it agrees with their own interest or gratifies their innate love of ostentation, but equally willing to sacrifice their friend the moment that his welfare interferes with their own selfish desires.

"Do as I bid you," said Ernest's elderly acquaintance; "in a few minutes Antonio will be here. Remember, the entire success of your wishes depends upon his drinking the contents of the phial."

The old gentleman walked away, and Ernest felt relieved by his absence.

"It must be done," murmured Ernest mentally; "I never can live to see her the bride of another."

The folding doors fell back, and the Marchese reentered, leading by the hand the fair cause of our painter's solicitude and crime. She was indeed very beautiful, but the fiend, Care, had already enthroned himself on her marble forehead. I wonder whether there is a single brow in the world entirely destitute of care.

"Count Aldini," said the Marchese, "my daughter accepts your proffered alliance."

"Signora," eagerly exclaimed Ernest, "accept my warmest thanks for this kind approval—my future life shall show——"

"Hold, Signor!" interrupted the lady—and, al-

though her increasing paleness proved her deep agitation, her voice faltered not in its tone. "It is but just I should inform you that though I become your wife to shield my father from dishonour — for, Signor, I know all—" Ernest blushed for very shame—" my heart is in the keeping of—of—another."

The heart of Ernest smote him; but the sensation quickly subsided, for the old gentleman whispered in his ear, "She but deceives you, and has resolved to fly this night with Antonio." Ernest smiled inwardly, advanced, and took her hand.

"Fair Signora, I fear not but that my constant love will eventually win for me in return that precious boon —thine own."

He seated himself on a couch by the side of the Signora, and servitors brought wine; whilst in ill digested and hurried words he sought to convince the fair one of his love. Little, however, heeded she his disjointed sentences or honeyed language; her thoughts were evidently away from him; her eyes were fixed on the door which led to the gardens of the palazzo. Suddenly her cheek flushed and paled again. Ernest followed her glance — her lover, the young Antonio, had entered the saloon.

"The opportunity is at hand — see you miss it not; 'twill secure the girl: Antonio gone, you will possess the love she now gives to him," whispered the gentleman with the black rappee and scented Scotch.

The Marchese rose from the couch on which he had

been reclining, and advanced towards Antonio with the air of a man who has some unpleasant duty to perform, somewhat to enact of which he would willingly rid himself, yet knows not how. There was a moment's pause, and then he spoke.

"Antonio, you are well aware that I have long destined my daughter to become your bride—I have been compelled, however unwillingly, to rescind that determination; I have given her to Count Aldini. You are agitated. I do not expect you to bear so great and so sudden a privation unmoved; but at least exhibit that degree of command over your feelings which belongs to man. Here is no other alternative—look upon her already as his bride, for to-morrow makes her such"—Ernest felt his cheeks glow with rapture—"this I have promised; he, in return, resigns a mighty power over me which *chance*"—he shuddered at the recollection, Ernest did the same at the same thing—"had bestowed upon him."

"Now, now," murmured the painter's elbow-councillor, "bid him drink with you." Ernest rose.

"Signor Antonio," he said, "I cannot disguise from myself that you rather than I would have been the choice of the Signora Aloysia; still I cannot consent to resign her and thus compromise my own happiness; but, when once united to the lady of my love, I will spare nothing to make thee amends. Let us, in token of our amity, drink from each other's goblets!" The fatal draught he had already mingled with the sparkling

wine—and now his intended victim, coldly bowing, received it from his hand.

"Capital! capital!" muttered his invisible monitor, and Ernest heard him tap the lid of his snuff-box with evident glee.

"Drink, drink to your rival," cried the Marchese. "'Tis vain to murmur, Antonio, the decree is gone forth, and we have nought to do but to submit. Yet oh! remember, Antonio, 't was necessity, not choice, which bade me act as I have done. Were I to wed my child to thee, poverty would be her portion—dishonour, mine."

"Marchese," gasped Antonio, "you have conquered. From earliest youth you have been my friend — my patron—and I will not now deceive you; Aloysia and myself had planned to elope this night together. Take this confession as it is meant: I now abandon the design; I crave your pardon for once entertaining it; it was a suggestion, surely, from the Evil One." Ernest shuddered, and mentally agreed with him. "No, Marchese, I would not purchase my soul's idol at the price of her father's dishonour."

"Antonio," said Aloysia, firmly, "you have acted well, but I am as incapable of deceit as yourself, and when I gave my consent to become the Count Aldini's bride, I confessed and abandoned our hasty project."

"The moment of triumph approaches," whispered the old gentleman. "I need not stay any longer, I can see, so good bye—and when the warm and passionate kisses of your beautiful bride excite your soul to rapture,

remember with gratitude the donor of the pencil." A slight rustling noise reached the ear of Ernest, and then he felt as though a weight was removed from his brain and from his heart, and the scene enacting before him engrossed his mind.

"How nobly have these people acted!" he mentally muttered—"how paltry a part have I played! and see — see — the old Marchese has grasped the hand of Antonio; and now he blesses him, while Aloysia mutely stands prepared to sacrifice herself to save her parent! And is it I—Ernest Hartmann—is it I, indeed, who am the cause of all this misery? Am I a demon? Does this pencil render those who possess it fiends? Ha! there is murder doing—he takes the poisoned cup—he bows around — he raises it to his lips — one moment and I am lost, or, perhaps, saved! Ha! is it too late? hold! drink not! you must not drink!" he shouted. He rushed forward — he sought to snatch the goblet from the hands of Antonio; and then, exhausted with the mental struggle, half sank upon a couch. All was astonishment!

"How, Signor?" sternly inquired the Marchese; "what does this strange conduct mean? What, I charge thee tell me, what is in the cup?"

"Have we assassins here?" cried Antonio.

"Assassins!" said Ernest, as he rose feebly, and remembered the necessity of warding off suspicion. "No, no—'t was but a sudden phantasy that oppressed me."

"A weak subterfuge! Now I remember me, this is

thy cup; prove thy innocence, which now we question, by drinking its contents thyself;" and, as he spoke, Antonio tendered the goblet.

'So, so," muttered the old gentleman, "you have made a clever piece of business of this during my momentary absence. You must now drink yourself to escape suspicion, nay, even to avoid an ignominious death. Drink, man, drink; the pencil will save you from the effects of the poison."

Ernest looked wildly around — none were present save the Marchese, who eyed him with a look of mingled astonishment and horror; Antonio, who stood before him like an avenging spirit; and Aloysia, who, covering her face with her hands, sought to shut out the strange and eventful scene.

"Drink, drink, drink," whispered his ancient friend.

Ernest took the goblet from the hands of Antonio with that sort of calmness which the presence of very violent emotion will sometimes induce; raising it, he exclaimed, "Health to my beauteous bride!" and then drained it to the dregs.

"Pardon me, Count," said the Marchese; "your present action obliterates all false suspicion."

"I hope to rise yet further in your esteem," cried Ernest, and he rushed from the saloon. The artist hurried home, sought his studio, fastened the door, and abandoned himself to reflection. Ernest Hartmann was a very different being from the Count Aldini, who had left that apartment some few hours before.

In his agitation, Ernest had not noticed an individual who sat at the extreme end of the studio; but that person, having allowed him a few minutes to compose himself, now addressed him, and the words were delivered in the well known tones of the old gentleman.

"Well, Signor, you perceive the correctness of my anticipations. I told you that nothing but Antonio's drinking the contents of that phial could accomplish your purpose."

Ernest had started with horror at the voice, and now gazed, with ill-concealed detestation, upon the person of the old gentleman.

"That purpose," he replied in a hollow tone, "is abandoned."

"Indeed! I presumed so. How liked ye the wine" —with a sneer—"prepared for your rival?"

"Was it not poison?"

"It was."

"Cannot you counteract the effect of the draught, or must I die?"

"The pencil will assist you," said the old gentleman; and then he took a pinch of snuff, and, taking the instrument from the willing hands of Ernest, he once more unscrewed it, and from the tube within produced a phial similar in all respects to that which he had already shown him. "It is not yet too late to retrieve your folly; here is a similar draught—administer it to some other individual—Antonio, or whom else ye please

—and the act of his drinking will release you from the penalty you thus entail upon another."

"Never!"

The old gentleman laughed. "Chuse ye then to die?"

"Can nothing save me?"

"Nothing but what I have said. Deliberate and resolve wisely: the poison will not effect its work for a week to come. During that period, torments will distract you — agues will shake your limbs—cramps will contract, with fearful agony, your sinews; your spring of life will be dried up, and when the sun of the seventh day ceases to brighten the western sky, you will sink, a being fearful to look at, into a state of everlasting torment."

Ernest groaned.

The old gentleman laughed, and then resumed: — "Should you change your present determination and prefer pleasure to pain, ease to torment, health to sickness, life to death, only express your willingness to consign another to similar suffering; and, whether you mutter it to the gloom of midnight, or to the sunshine of noon—whether you tell it to the roar of ocean, or to the winds of heaven—I shall hear you."

Ernest shuddered. "I will not buy my life at so fearful a price."

"Why not, what have you to lose? You possess a gift from me — nay, every thing you possess is a gift from me—and while you accept my bounty" — the old gentleman laughed—"you are bound to me."

Ernest half screamed with horror; the gentleman with the white and venerable-looking locks took another pinch of black rappee and scented Scotch.

"Monster! you deceive me!"

"Time will show," said his ancient friend. "Farewell, and ponder on my words." He bowed courteously and departed.

"Idiot that I was," exclaimed the wretched artist, "to accept a gift from such a personage! Now do I pay a penalty severe indeed!" He turned a look of frantic horror on the fatal pencil. "Thou cause of all my misery," he said, "would to Heaven I had never beheld thee! but now that wish is worse than useless; that prayer must be prayed in vain. All now left me is to meet my terrible fate with manly fortitude."

Embosomed amid one of those extensive and picturesque ranges of mountains which furnish forth such wild and romantic legends to the inhabitants of Germany, stood the small but beautiful village of Braunfels. No imperious chieftain, envious of the happiness which he could not, with all his dear-bought luxuries, obtain, oppressed the honest tiller of the soil; but, defended by a good, yet powerful, master, the villagers lived on increasing every year in rustic wealth and prosperity.

From the high road, a narrow and somewhat intricate path leads to the hamlet just mentioned, and along this devious bridle-way, about a week after the past occurrence, rode a solitary traveller, pale with fatigue

and illness, meanly clad and sorrily mounted. It was the painter, Ernest, who, with his bright hopes marred, his gay anticipations cooled to despair, his prosperity gone, his very life precarious — hurried back to his native village, there to expiate with death his errors.

The sun was sinking rapidly and in all his gorgeous magnificence — Ernest gazed toward the departing luminary. "Another hour, and what shall I have become. Well, well, as far as human power admits, I have atoned for my errors. By this time, Antonio—instead of filling a loathsome grave—is happy with the object of his love; Aloysia is blest, and her parent joyful. They think me dead — my hated treasure is their's, and, though ill gained by me, will surely lose its venom in virtuous hands. See, the sun sinks apace; already his beams but gild the mountain's top; the mists gather fast in the valleys; the bark of the watch-dog announces the returning flocks, and the casement of each cottage in the hamlet below me is lit by the cheerful evening fire within!" He was on a shelving path, which projected from a steep cliff; on his right was an unfathomable abyss, whence, from some great depth below, the sound of subterranean waters would occasionally catch the ear of the astounded traveller. Suddenly he stopped, put his hand within his girdle, and drew forth the pencil. "What prevents me," he gloomily cried, "from dashing this fatal gift far from me? I promised, indeed, neither to sell nor to give it away, but now I cast it from me, and to the world be-

neath me throw the accursed charm!" He hurled it from him, and down it went to an incalculable depth.

The spirits of Ernest rose; his very horse seemed lightened of his burden, and, trotting on, the distance to Braunfels rapidly diminished.

After passing this dangerous path, the road to the village was but brief; the first house was one devoted to entertainment, and, at that time, mine host of the Golden Eagle was alike celebrated for the goodness of his wine, and the devoted affection with which he himself regarded it. Some little distance beyond stood the ancient church dedicated to our Lady of Braunfels, which moreover contained the maiden effort of our unfortunate painter.

Ernest, to whom the surrounding scenery was well known, hnrried on, but, as he passed the Golden Eagle, the well remembered voice of the jolly landlord arrested his progress.

"Pause ye, sir, pause ye."

Ernest reined in his horse, and turned somewhat impatiently. "Now, now, what would ye?"

"Marry, just this much (hiccup), few pass this house without tasting the wine (hiccup); but never heed that (hiccup); is your name Ernest?"

"Ernest! Ha! it is."

"Then I have this to give you," producing a small packet. Ernest tore away the outer covering, and, lo! the pencil presented itself. He shuddered.

"Where got ye this?" he inquired.

"Marry, why thou knowest best; thy friend, an old gentleman, left it here some five minutes back, and told me to tell thee something (hiccup), but I forget what, about not escaping him. I'm waxing old and forgetful (hiccup); *he* drank some wine, and commended it mightily, and told me to drink plentifully, and so I will (hiccup)." The toper staggered away, and Ernest rode on. "Yes," he said, "'t is plain the foul fiend has a firm hold of me, and will not easily resign his victim." He looked upwards, the sun had set. "My very minutes are numbered — ah! here is the church where so oft I have prayed for wealth and eminence; well have my prayers been granted. I will at least terminate my career in a hallowed fane — at least give my last thoughts to Heaven." He dismounted with difficulty— his limbs already seemed stiffening — he unclosed the door and entered; yet, ere he did so, once more with loathing and disgust he hurled from him the pencil.

All within was silent, all dark, save where a solitary lamp burned by the altar. He paced slowly and with pain up the aisle, and knelt with lowliness, not only of body but of mind, before the high altar. There was his own identical painting, representing, in glowing colours, St. Michael destroying the Serpent of Evil; and, as he gazed upon it, thoughts of the days of happy boyhood thrilled his heart, and carried with them anguish and despair. Then did the words of prayer spring from his whitening lips — the tear of penitence from his dim and closing eye. Anon, his mind became

confused; visions of horror distracted him; frightful cries rang in his ears; and every sense seemed teeming with that which to it was most abhorrent. Then did he fancy, in an interval of his tortures, that the head of the serpent in the picture before him resembled that of the old gentleman — his features distorted with disappointed malice. Then again came agony, then darkness, and then insensibility.

Gaily shone the summer sun which lit the young and beauteous Elsi to that church on the ensuing morning. She went to pray for the speedy return of her long-absent, long-lost, lover — and, lo! there he lay, apparently dead, on the steps of the altar! Elsi screamed with surprise and dread — and that shriek seemed to arouse him, for the colour revisited his pallid cheek — his eyelids unclosed, and he gazed around in listless languor. The sight of Elsi excited his dormant mind —he sprang up, and she rushed into his arms.

"Dearest Ernest, how I have longed for your return!"

"Is this fact, Elsi?"

"Can you doubt it?" reproachfully.

"But Johann—he—he loved you."

"No, no, 't was my sister; he is married to her. O, Ernest, how glad am I to see you again! My father has given his consent to our union, and your uncle, the miser, who lived amid the hills, is dead, and has left his flocks to you. But say, Ernest, are you ill? or,

perhaps," — and the tears started — "perhaps some other maiden has won your heart."

"No, no, my Elsi; 't is you, and you only, I love. But come, I have had some dangerous adventures; let us thank protecting powers for my present safety and happiness." And so together they knelt before the high altar of our Lady of Braunfels.

What a pity it is that there are so many in the world who, unlike Ernest Hartmann, receive the greatest possible benefits, without any return of gratitude or even of thanks!

The pencil was never again seen by our painter — but, whenever the rich and happy farmer, Ernest, heard of any one rising to eminence, whose intrinsic merits and talents did not justify such exaltation, he would ominously shake his head and mutter to himself, "Heaven help him! he has got the Old Gentleman's Pencil!"

THE SONG OF DREAMS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

In the rosy glow of the evening cloud,
  In the twilight's gloom,
In the sultry noon, when the flowers are bowed,
  And the streams are dumb,
In the morning's beam, when the faint stars die
On the brightening flood of the azure sky,
    We come!

Weavers of shadowy hopes and fears,
Darkeners of smiles, brighteners of tears,
We come!

We come where the babe on its mother's breast
Lies in slumber deep;
We flit by the maiden's couch of rest,
And o'er her sleep
We float, like the honey-laden bees,
On the soft warm breath of the languid breeze,
And sweep
Hues more beautiful than we bring
From her lip and her cheek, for each wandering wing
To keep.

We linger about the lover's bower,
Hovering mute,
When he looks to the west for the sunset hour,
And lists for the foot
That falls so lightly on the grass,
We scarcely hear its echo pass;
And we put
In his heart all hopes, the radiant-crowned,
And hang sweet tones and voices round
His lute.

We sit by the miser's treasure chest,
And near his bed,
And we watch his anxious heart's unrest;
And in mockery tread

With a seeming heavy step about;
And laugh when we hear his frightened shout
Of dread,
Lest the gnomes, who once o'er his gold did reign,
To his hoards to claim it back again
Have sped.

But a sunnier scene and a brighter sky
To-day are our's;
We have seen a youthful poet lie
By a fountain's showers,
With his upturned eyes, and his dreamy look,
Reading the April sky's sweet book
Writ by the hours;
Thinking those glorious thoughts that grow
Untutored up in life's fresh glow,
Like flowers.

We will catch the richest, brightest hue
Of the rainbow's rim,
The purest cloud that 'midst the blue
Of heaven doth swim;
The clearest star-beam that shall be
In a dew-drop shrined when the twilight sea
Grows dim;
And a spirit of love about them breathe,
And twine them all in a magic wreath
For him!

Liverpool, 1837.

THE CERISTENING PARTY.

THE CHRISTENING PARTY.

BY ISABEL HILL.

I vow, Mr. Painter, it was really unpolite of you, and not quite fair even of her ladyship, to take a family party at such a disadvantage. A minute sooner, and you would have caught Mrs. James Perrin giving her little one's face and hands the last rose-water polish. Yes, baby *is* drest, and its *grand*-parents have come from the parsonage to the farm as much drest as is usual with them, for "black is always genteel, not at all unlucky at a christening." Mrs. Newton says "a clergyman's wife should wear none but black gowns, in reverence for the cloth." "Not without some reference to economy;" so Robert Marshall translated the good old lady's motives; but, he's a bear.

It is not ten o'clock yet; they did not think of being at church till a quarter past eleven; it is neither a sabbath nor a prayer day. Mr. Newton might have made his *dejeuné* with his son-in-law; 't is something warm that Kate Marshall has just brought in. Half an hour more, and the beau of Stokeham, slovenly as he looks now, would have been himself again. Caroline Newton would have vied with her married sister

Letitia, and — but you didn't wait. I suppose you couldn't; so where's the use of my telling you what fine sights you have lost; one thing, however, you must be told, that, if you had waited all day, neither Robert nor his sister would have smartened their toilets, nor cared more than drowsy Don, the dog, there, or the unconscious heroine of this scene, for the arrival of carriage company.

The pretty village of Stokeham is within fifteen miles of town. The only hill near it, you see; its natives, though "quite in the country," are no unpolished rustics, but "live snug, and dress natty;" hating every thing that's coarse and low. Mr. Newton, curate to their non-resident rector, though poor, had *not* a large family; only two daughters, with five years between their ages; both pretty, bright, open, wondering faces their's, and very nice figures.

Mr. James Perrin, a wealthy young gentleman farmer, would earlier have espoused the undowered Letitia, but that he was burdened with two poor orphan relations, who had lent their all to the suitor of Kate, a Mr. Hughes; he promised to double their fortunes in a distant land, but had never since been heard of; the rich cousin, therefore, said he could not afford to marry yet, proud as he should be of an alliance with the family of his pastor; who, on his part, hoped that his eldest daughter might do better, being "adopted by Lady Anne Lindley, as a confidential friend." So Letitia became a companion without equality, a ser-

vant without salary, or, as Robert broadly expressed it, "a nondescript, sitting half-way down the stairs, between kitchen and parlour, welcome in neither."

Mr. Perrin thought this remark personal. He certainly did not affront his cousins by paying them for whatever menial offices they liked to do, but then they had a home, with none of "the cares of independence."

Yet the matter-of-fact lover, taking Robert's hint as to Miss Newton's situation, literally went all the way to London, and found her — though not on the stairs—quite ready to exchange the best part of Lady Anne's house for his as her own. In due time they married.

Caroline frequently passed whole weeks at the farm. Kate and Robert spoilt her; in summer they taught the girl to laugh and romp, in winter to feel and think; for, Robert read well, had travelled much, not as Letitia had done, in Lady Anne's carriage to Brighton, but on foot and by sea. I have no room to tell how Miss Newton was interested, for the narrator of the hardships, which had prematurely bared and furrowed his brow, was still a handsome man; indeed, the moral and pious tone of character which enabled himself and his junior, the no longer juvenile Katherine, to bear their reverse of fortune with kindly cheerfulness, blended respectful admiration with the sympathy they inspired. These feelings the girl soon found she must conceal under a cousinly bantering air,

at least with her male friend. This pleased him, and yet pleased him not: and why? Time taught him a deep answer.

As soon as Mrs. Perrin's maternal hopes were announced by letter to Lady Anne, her gracious reply contained an offer to stand godmother in person, and, if the infant proved a girl, she would give it — her name.

"Pity her la'ship's name 's only Anne!" sighed Mrs. Perrin.

"Come," laughed Robert, "do n't quarrel with her first, perhaps her only, gift; especially as you have n't got it yet, nor ever may, for you can 't make a boy's name out of Anne."

"We may make much out of Anne, though," commented Mr. Perrin; "an education introduction 's a good match for our eldest, by which we and our other children may rise to be the pride of Stokeham."

"If God spares your lives!" corrected worthy Mrs. Newton.

The child, a girl, was born early in February. Caroline helped to keep house at the farm on this occasion. Lady Anne was at Bath; five weeks rolled by; she wrote, naming her own day and hour for attending the ceremony; but she came not, nor even her excuse, in time to prevent Mrs. Perrin's taking cold. A second put-off occurred in April; but the christianity of the child could no longer be delayed; so it was baptized at home by grandpapa, Caroline, Kate, and Robert,

acting as sponsors. In May another letter came from Lady Anne, saying: "On Monday next, at eleven precisely, expect me and a gentleman, who will be godfather."

"Then we have been but proxies, Kate," said Robert.

"I hope 't is a *rich* gentleman," mused the young father.

"Perhaps her la'ship's intended," added the mother.

"Why, I thought she was an old maid, like myself," remarked Kate, "that is, in the last of her twenties."

"My dear," answered Mrs. Perrin, "there are no old maids in good society, at least under *sixty*."

"I wonder if 't is a handsome young man," cried Caroline; "perhaps a baronet, or a lord. Bless me! to stand at the altar with a gentleman — at the font, I mean."

"Nay, Miss Newton," said Robert, as the others dispersed to set the best rooms in order, "who knows? Your papa is a gentleman of the most respectable profession. You have been well brought up, are still in your teens, a lovely creature. I often wish that we had not been so familiar while you were little, Carry; for the Perrins may tire of us, and Kate as well as I must remain single. What may be the fate of the poor brother and sister when you, once their plaything, are lifted too high to notice 'em! But, one thing 's certain; in joy or sorrow *we* will be together, while we live."

"Then you must be happy!" faltered Caroline. "Why do I covet wealth, unless that I may prove my gratitude to my parents and friends? As for *our* ever, ever, being *less* than friends, if *you* can bear to think that possible, I cannot."

"But, a noble husband, my child, might forbid thee."

"Husband?" she repeated, crossly, with flushing face and filling eyes; and then rallying her spirits, resumed, "but, 't is very well! I will look my best, and, if I've a chance, flirt my best with this godfather. See if I do n't!"

The superior apartments being all set to rights, on the important Monday the party sat down to break their fast in the common room, previous to their sacrificing to the graces; that is, as I have before said, the Perrins and Miss Newton. The Marshalls were not expected to appear as part of the family before Lady Anne. They might help the servants to wait on herself and friend, but of course would not be presented. Well content were they with this arrangement; perhaps more so even than its proposers; for Miss Caroline had chosen to be severe on it.

"*Her* friends," she said, "were as well born and as well educated as any one present, except papa; consequently, were fitter to rank with Lady Anne herself than with servants."

Robert had overheard this, and said to her aside, "I must beg, Miss Newton, that you will keep all those liberal feelings to your own pure heart. You

may make us—and worse, *yourself*—enemies; worse still, you will make my dear Kate think too much on the days when she was betrothed to a gentleman. You will make me forget that I am poor and bald; pray come back to your flirting resolutions!"

Mr. Newton was in the act of concluding a long story, that he might attack the steaming dish so cautiously held by Kate. Mr. Perrin was just about to fill himself another glass of ale, when the sound of wheels attracted their attention; but, Mrs. Newton, who then sat looking up the hill, assured them that only a cart was coming down, and changed sides, leaving her stick behind her; as she did so, however, she said, "But there *is* a carriage up by the church."

"La, so there is!" exclaimed Mrs. Perrin.

"And the beau of Stokeham not fit to be seen!" laughed Kate, peering into the eager eyes of Mr. James.

Caroline started up, shading her gaze with her dainty fingers. Robert rose, too; his one hand pressed her shoulder, his other (the arm around her) pointed through the window, his chin touched her neck. She drew her kerchief closer, and tried to frown.

"He 's come!" waggishly uttered Robert, yet there was a tremor in his voice, as he went on, "and this, perhaps, is the last, last time ——." For a moment he clasped her to his heart, pressed his lips to her's, and then hurried away.

No one, save his loving sister, noticed this; she, merely murmuring to Caroline: —"Forgive him! ah,

you little know what it is," — followed the imprudent but hopeless man, leaving Caroline as much flattered by his salute as was her sister by the sight of Lady Anne's now fast approaching equipage. Begging her parents to do the honours of reception, she retired with her husband to adorn. Baby was consigned to its cradle.

Miss Newton also withdrew to her room, directly above that in which they had all been assembled. She, too, had to bedeck herself, but could not; she leaned panting from the window: on the hill stood Robert, with Kate, it appeared, gently lecturing him.

"And why?" asked the girl of herself. "Surely *we three* could take a small farm, and ——. Ah! what 's all that for?"

The negligently dressed fellow-sufferers, it seemed, had not observed that the lady they were expected to avoid was close upon them. Her carriage stopped, a gentleman sprang out, and threw himself at the feet of Katherine Marshall.

Brief let me be! When Mr. William Hughes carried his own, his love's, and his friend's little fortunes to India, he announced his safe arrival. The ship bearing that letter was lost; he then embarked all in a commercial speculation, ere going up the country on more scientific pursuits. He had been taken prisoner—the Burmese war then raging—detained three years; but, though unable to communicate with his agent, had been profitably employed by his captor. On his release,

he found himself a comparatively rich man; for, on examining the affairs he had left in train, he discovered that the skill and integrity of those whom he had entrusted with the sums he brought from Europe had indeed more than doubled them, enabling him to return home without delay, and end his days in competence.

All he could learn of the Marshalls saddened him, save the fact that Kate was still single; his informant referred him to Lady Anne Lindley, who patronized the patroness of *his* dear one. He found her ladyship an accessible person, much interested in the clearing of this constant swain's reputation, but rather romantically proposing that he should without the preface of a letter accompany her to the farm.

It was *his* fault that she came before her appointed time. Changed in dress, in many ways, as were the brother and sister, Hughes recognized them instantly: a few words sufficed to explain all; and, to the amaze of the Perrins, their poor relations were brought back by Lady Anne and the gentleman, both of whom treated them with the fondest cordiality.

"But what," asked her ladyship, "meant Mr. Marshall's burst of—'Now, Caroline!' which seemed to come from his very heart. Letty, dear! where is your sister?"

"I'll fetch her, madam!" said Kate. And all in a rumple as she was, the girl obeyed this summons.

"There he is," cried Kate, pointing to her own long lost Willie; "now flirt with him, if you dare!"

But Miss Newton, regardless of the presence in which she stood, flung herself into the arms of Robert, and sobbed aloud.

I am afraid that, after all, the christening was got over in a very "fidgin fain" style; but all parties behaved more decorously on their next visit to church, when the venerable Newton made two fond couples happy; his wife actually wore white, and Lady Anne was bridesmaid.

The Marshalls and Hugheses live together, in a less polite but more picturesque place than Stokeham. Little Anne receives frequent presents from *them*, which the Perrins merely mention as "trifling proofs of gratitude;" but are prouder of boasting that their daughter was called after Lady Anne Lindley though, as yet, a name is all the child has received from her Grand Godma'.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

Oh! this world is a wide one — for sorrow or joy—
And where in this world is my own sailor-boy!
With his loud ringing laugh, and his long sunny hair,
Do they play on the breeze yet, and float through the air!
Is there any bright land, mid the lands of the earth,
That holds the lost child of my heart and my hearth!

I have sat by the fire, when the old men have said
There be eyes of the living that look on the dead;
Oh! tell me, ye seers, in your search of the tomb,
Do you find my fair son in its valleys of gloom?
Is there any pale boy, with a look of the sea,
Mid that people of shades, who is watching for me?

Oh! that morn when he left us!—mine eyes are grown dim,
And see little that's bright, since they looked upon him;
And my heart, in its dulness, hath learnt to forget,
But the light of that morning shines clear to it yet;
No record is lost of the far sunny day
When passed my fair boy, like a spirit, away.

We waited—how long!—but we waited in vain,
And we looked over land, and we looked over main;
And ships—oh! how many!—came home from the sea,
That brought comfort to others, but sorrow to me;
In all those gay ships, oh! there answer was none
To the mother who asks if she yet have a son!

And we fed upon hope, until hope was denied,
Till our health of the spirit it sickened and died;
And his father sat down in his old broken chair,
And I watched the white sorrow steal over his hair,
And I saw his clear eye waxing feeble and wild,
And the frame of the childless grew weak as a child

And the angel of grief, that o'ershadowed his brain,
Now wrote on his forehead, in letters of pain;
And I read the hand-writing, and knew that the breast
Of the weary with waiting was going to rest;
So he left a fond word for the lost one — and *I*,
I linger behind him, to tell it my boy!

Shall he come to his home — perhaps sickly and poor,
And meet with no smile at his own cottage-door!
Shall he seek his far land, from the ends of the earth,
And find the fire quenched on his once happy hearth!
None to love him in sorrow who loved him in joy—
Oh! I cannot depart till I speak with my boy!

I have *promised* to wait — I have promised to say
What grief was his father's at going away.
Will he come? — *will* he come? — oh! my heart is
grown old,
And the blood in my veins it runs languid and cold;
And my spirit is faint, and my vision is dim,
But there 's that in mine eye will be light yet for *him!*

They tell me of countries beyond the broad sea,
Where stars look on others that look not on me,
Where the flowers are more sweet and the waters
more bright,
And they hint he may dwell in those valleys of light,
That he rests in some home, with a far-foreign bride:
Oh! this world is a wide one—*why is* it so wide!

But they surely forget, which my sailor does not,
That I 'm sitting whole years in my lone little cot;
He knows — oh! he knows, if I may, I shall wait,
Till I hear his clear shout at the low garden-gate;
Oh! weary of life, but unwilling to die
Till the latch has been raised by my lost sailor-boy!

I *believe* that he lives — were he low in the mould,
There 's a pulse in my heart should be silent and cold,
That awoke at his birth, and, through good and through ill,
Hath played in its depths, and is playing there still;
When its star shall have set, then that tide shall be dry,
And the Widow be sure *where* to look for her boy!

Oh! will he come never! — lost son of the sea!
I hear a low voice that is calling for me:
It comes from that spot, the dark yew-trees among,
Where the grave of thy sire has been lonely too long,
A voice like a spirit's — I come — oh! I come! —
Hath he met my lost child in the land of the tomb!

I shall know! — but, if not, if he comes to the door,
When the voice of his mother can bless him no more,
Some finger shall point to the pathway of tombs,
Where my boy may come up to our mansion of glooms,
And I think I shall hear his light tread o'er the stones,
Like the sound of the trump in the valley of bones!

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

Grant me, O God! that sweet repose
Which from approving Conscience flows;
A Conscience spotless from offence;
Which gives us, with the enlightened sense
Of charity to all mankind,
To serve thee with a quiet mind;
Which shall for aye our moments bless,
As pain we lull, and soothe distress,
And of each act, whate'er it be,
Resigns the merit all to Thee!

O! it is Conscience, clear and calm,
For every trouble hath a balm;
Allays the tumult from within,
And cures each wound, except from sin.
'T is like the blaze that lights the walls
Of hamlets or of loftier halls—
The genial blaze, though round were gloom,
That brightens up our tranquil home!
Without, the dreary winds may roar!
The cheerful hearth but charms the more.

THE COAT OF ARMS.

BY MRS. R. LEE.

SOME few days ago I paid a visit to an old friend, who was suddenly called away, leaving me to amuse myself with the books, which, according to present custom, are scattered on drawing-room tables, to afford either food for the lounger, or matter for conversation. I could not help congratulating myself that I lived in such intellectual times, for it must have been a formidable thing thus to be surprized into solitude, without any positive employment, in days when no books were admitted into the orderly apartments, except behind a glass door, and under lock and key. I have had glimpses of such among some primitive inhabitants far away from the metropolis, in the west, perhaps, or thereabouts; and I perfectly recollect *the* three pieces of china on a mantel-piece of such proportions as to mystify their patterns, the cold brown holland covering to the carpet, the curtains and chair-cushions in slippery bags, the bright poker taking away all hope of stirring the fire, and the rows of chairs and tables seeming to stare reproachfully at any one who should presume to move them from their lawful position. I have often thought with deep respect of

the moral courage of those who dared to make themselves comfortable in such apartments, and as often tried to find out if our forefathers and mothers were more orderly in their minds than we are: but human nature appears to have been pretty much the same in all ages; and, if we turn to the novels and plays which give us pictures of society as it then existed, we shall find as many if not more scapegraces than in times of later occurrence. How these good people avoided dulness must be a complete puzzle to one who is not of that contemplative mood, which can sit complacently feeding on its own thoughts for hours together, nor even endure with patience the long sittings after dinner, even when strongly recommended for promoting digestion. For myself, though busy always, I never find the twenty-four hours long enough, and nothing can be so irksome as having no fixed employment.

On the above-mentioned occasion, as well as most others, I created one, and, making a tour of the room, inspected the elegant trifles, or ingenious works of art, with which it was tastefully decorated, till my attention became wholly absorbed by a folio book of drawings. As I came to the last pages, my hostess returned, and, our conversation for the rest of the day leading to other subjects, I was not aware, till seated in a large chair before my bed-room fire, of the impressions I had received from some very remarkable productions. I noted down several of the circumstances belonging to the histories of those who executed them, or which had

induced these efforts of the pencil; and, as perchance some of them may afford amusement or instruction for the passing moment, at least, I make a selection from them, beginning with a coat of arms, which was beautifully marshalled on one of the leaves of the aforesaid book.

This blazon carried me back to my own youthful days, when heraldry was my darling study, and when all my ingenuity was called forth to defend it against the imputations cast upon it for its utter uselessness. I could not thus look back without smiling at the eager and persevering endeavours which I made to connect it with the history of nations and individuals, or at the voluminous researches which dragged me, as it were, from one musty unprofitable page to another, and all to prove to those whose commands I was bound to obey that there was no loss of precious moments, and all of which might have been done with half the expenditure of time, trouble, and even money, had I gone to any other source for my information.

But, thus led into thoughts which connected me with years long past, I naturally fell into my early habit of tracing the story belonging to each shield or quarter. I had known the families on both sides, for it was the joint coat of man and wife; the career of some of the parties was familiar to me, and had often excited both my interest and reflection; no wonder, then, that at this moment they seemed to stand before me like visions of reality. There had been several

heiresses of honourable descent, consequently, the quarterings were numerous, and she who bore the cross appeared to me in all her youthful loveliness; at an early age she was the county beauty and the county heiress, and was left to the care of guardians, who deemed the task of watching over her a troublesome one, and any thing better than the care of one so attractive. She was a creature of exquisite form and face, whom to look upon and love seemed inevitable; her mind, perhaps not of that vigorous order which rises superior to circumstances, but rather of that gentle kind which might be moulded to much good, and even to much evil, provided it assumed a specious form of goodness.

Female education in her day was confined to a very few books, a little of each art that a lady might be permitted to follow, a tolerable quantity of card-playing, and a great deal of needle-work; nothing stable, nothing solid inculcated: attendance on divine worship, and presence at family prayers, formed her religion; and this was all the food given to an active-minded girl, without a judicious friend to advise, or a single relative for her young heart to rest upon with affection. Love and nonsense were poured into her ears, and, from inexperience unable to distinguish the one from the other, she prematurely, as it were, listened to the least desirable, but most fascinating, of her suitors. Scarcely equal to her in birth, also an only child, and spoiled by the over-indulgence of a weak mother,

possessed of wealth, a handsome person, and beguiling manners, he won her before her judgment could even ask whether *he* were the man so to mature her unformed mind as to yield good results; whether he would improve her talents, of which she had many, or impress that on her which would direct her path to heaven. Unfortunately he was *not* the man, and, although far from being all evil, vanity and love of pleasure so predominated, that, in a comparatively short space of time, not only his own ample fortune, but the noble property of the beautiful heiress, was squandered in worthless objects, or in a foolish excess of luxury. Fashion, expensive habits, and uncontrolled generosity, received no check from one who yielded as she did; and, in the lapse of a few years, she found herself a deserted wife, and struggling with her children upon that narrow remnant of her wealth which rapacity and extravagance had spared. Years of suffering rolled on, and found this family dispersed about the world: one had perished in the service of his country, and the others, males and females, were wrestling with poverty, striving hard to keep their station in society, and redeem their name from the stains of the spendthrift: he breathing his last in obscurity and amid strangers, and, let us hope, expiating his sins, even at the eleventh hour, by the severest mental and bodily anguish.

Attracted, I presume, by those common sympathies which arise from similar circumstances, the youngest

of the girls above alluded to joined her shield to that of one who was also a member of a fallen family, and formed the blazon which I thus traced. It proved to be more a union of tastes and feelings than fortune, though the prospects were fair enough when they began their joint career; but he was one of those spirits that neither adversity nor difficulty could tame, and she was well adapted to follow in the adventurous life which peculiar circumstances induced him to embrace. While tracing him from child to boy, from boy to youth, from youth to man, I find each period marked by some unusual trait of daring or talent. In the first, he met with a bodily accident, of which he felt the effects throughout the rest of his life, and which would have rendered most other children restless and unhappy; but it became an inducement to turn his active mind to a most unusual portion of reading, and, with strong retentive and reflective powers, this gave a colouring to the future. As a boy of thirteen he was distinguished, nay, he was the captain of two hundred others.

Then came the youth, feeling within him the promise of future fame, the capability of soaring above the common herd — but promises were broken, and hopes were blighted, and with an ill grace did he submit to what he thought drudgery. Now and then he rebelled, more often consoled himself by following the hounds at every stolen opportunity, and in a manner that excited as much apprehension as admiration. Half the night

was passed with his beloved books, but all would not do, and occasionally he ran away. At length he married, and sober attention to ledgers and day-books became a matter of necessity for others as well as himself; but, is there any thing which can effectually change a spirit that was always soaring after enterprize, and full of the most elevated thoughts? Still, perhaps, affection might have had wonderful effect, had not want of good faith, unkindness, and injustice, goaded him on to that for which Nature had best adapted him. No one who knew him, therefore, was surprized when he suddenly and for ever burst his bonds, and launched into ways full of danger, toil, and uncertainty. He encountered them all with undaunted vigour and unusual patience, and it was after the most important of his enterprizes that the mellowness of manhood crept upon him in its loveliest form. His very complexion assumed a richer hue; his slight but elastic figure became more muscular; lines of deep thought clustered round his brow, and his mind progressed and fulfilled the hopes of those who, like myself, had watched it in its earliest dawn.

But little time was now allotted to this bright being, and he made full use of it; he fondly hoped that further enterprize was before him, and every year, nay, every month, brought with it an increased desire that that enterprize should benefit mankind in a most extended sense. To accomplish this, a second education was necessary, for the first had been merely that of

"a gentleman and a scholar," and now science was to be acquired: yet a family looked up to him for support, and wonderfully did he combine his several duties: no rest but that positively demanded by nature was taken; the deepest mathematical and natural sciences were comprehended, and followed in a manner which gained him the applause and admiration of the bright stars of Europe. But, brilliant as the light was which they shed upon him, a yet holier ray shone upon his few remaining years; his studies confirmed his religious opinions; his reason as well as his feelings was convinced; the secrets of creation, as they were unfolded to him, filled him with adoration for their Maker; his deep and extensive reading, his habits of reflection, his power of collecting evidence and bringing it to bear upon material points, all contributed to make him a thoroughly pious man; and one of his most fervent wishes was, that the dangerous and difficult path which he had marked out for himself might prove a way by which others might also become believers. At length, all was ready, and he started, with those circumstances and qualifications attending him which gave a reasonable prospect of success. Unexpected obstacles, however, beset him on his way; delays and difficulties of the most improbable nature seemed to be always thwarting him; and, when he at length reached the goal, a command from above recalled him to a higher sphere, and he perished on the very threshold of that undertaking for which he had toiled

daily, nightly, and yearly, for which he had expatriated himself from a country he loved, and for which he had sacrificed every pecuniary consideration.

What vicissitudes does such a history present! The arms of this shield were chiefly Norman, Welsh, and Saxon; the bloody lance-heads and arrows belonged to the two last; they had been gained in warfare, they had been borne by princes, and their descendant found his last resting-place in desert lands which they had never even dreamed of, and in the act of bringing peace and good fellowship to the poor and unenlightened.

Two drawings followed the bearings, which have just been commented upon, each the production of the above person; the one, made at a very early age, was a ruined gateway, which reminded me of the ruined condition of his family; and the other, the last effort of his pencil, was a delineation of very high mountains, and clouds rolling round them, which seemed to threaten entirely to obscure them from the sight. It did not require a very fanciful imagination to see in this the height which the mind of the artist had attained, but, even while the lofty summits were tinged with a glorious light from heaven, the clouds came, and shrouded them from human perception.

IN BEREAVEMENT.

Lift up thine eyes, afflicted Soul,
From earth uplift thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies:
One sun is set—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where Science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends
And meets ten thousand there.
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1836.

H. Graywinder del.t

Lucby Schiavonetti Sculp.t

Wells Publ.r

EARL WARWICK'S SEAL RING.

EARL WARWICK'S SEAL RING.

BY MISS LAWRANCE,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

"If there be one that can foretell
The fixt decrees of fate, he, too, should know
What is within the everlasting book
Of destiny decreed cannot by wit
Or man's invention be dissolved or shunned."

LODOVIC BARRY.

THE period distinguished by the wars of the Roses, although characterized perhaps beyond any other by the unprincipled strife of ambitious nobles, and by those restless and capricious changes of popular feeling which always indicate a transition state of society, although exhibiting few instances of pure and lofty patriotism, or generous self-devotion, is yet intensely interesting, from the solemn moral lesson which each page presents. From the murder of the Duke of Gloster to the death of Richard at Bosworth, all along the track of those disastrous forty years, vengeance, slow but unerring, is seen, like the fabled Nemesis, following, with stealthy footstep, each short-lived claimant of power, and meting out his just doom. Each and all are involved in the web of inextricable fate; the deceiver is deceived, the betrayer is betrayed, the murderer falls beneath the axe or dagger, while omen,

prophecy, dream, prognostic, each mysterious shadowing forth of the unknown future, sheds a poetical character over each scene. And, arising partly from the unsettled, though advancing, state of knowledge, but more from the changeful aspect of public affairs, scarcely can any period be found in our history, when an insight into futurity was more earnestly desired, or when those delusive fancies which gave not only to the star, but to the plant, the gem, and the flower, the faculty of revealing it, were more eagerly believed and pursued. Startled and amazed at the unlooked-for events which each day brought to pass around them, men turned from a changeful world to question the stedfast stars, and, anxious, restless, and distrustful of their fellow-men, they sought by charm and spell to wrest from the lofty intelligences of the spheres that unerring knowledge, that potent aid, which from the inhabitants of the earth they might ask in vain. And thus the knowledge that taught the attainment of an insight into futurity was the knowledge sought for beyond all other; and thus was it that, at a period when "old things were passing away," and men stood, though they knew it not, upon the brink of a new ocean that was soon to swallow up the institutions, religious and political, of mediæval Europe, each wild dream, and each lofty theory, which sought to link the fleeting destinies of man with an unseen world, was eagerly cherished by the ardent student; and astrology took up her unrebuked abode in college halls, and in con-

vent cells, and many an ecclesiastic, too willingly forgetful that all search into the future is sin, laid aside the ponderous tomes of Peter Lombard and St. Thomas Aquinas to gaze on the bright face of heaven, and exchanged for the astrolabe and horoscope his accustomed crucifix and breviary.

And a frequent theme of boastful gratulation among the canons of the richly endowed priory of St. Martin le Grand was it, that one of the most learned of astrologers dwelt among them; and often, while the humble citizen, half ashamed, half afraid, knocked at the iron-barred door of the sanctuary of St. Martin, to seek, silver groat in hand, a revelation of the future from some "figure-caster" or diviner, whom fear of the gallows-tree had sent thither for refuge; even the first nobles of the land, leaving their richly-trapped palfreys before the great gate, proceeded, not to the church to ask counsel of Heaven, but to the study of Dr. Reynold Bourchier, prepared to "raise up strife and debates," or to sit quietly at home — to maintain the cause of the White Rose, or to fling out the banner of the Red— even as the stars, through the obscure and often unintelligible reply of their hierophant, should determine.

A right learned man, truly, was Dr. Reynold Bourchier, although neither youth nor even middle age had been passed in the cloister. The younger branch of the ancient family of the Bourchiers, Lords Berners, the father of a promising family, and engaged in courts

and camps, little did he once think that a cloister would be his retreat in age, and the book of the stars his solace: better for him had it not been. But in the earlier contests of the Roses he had suffered loss; in one of those wide-spreading epidemics which were always termed the plague, all his family, save one, had been cut off, and Reynold Bourchier quitted England, to forget, in other lands, his sorrows and his losses. At length, after many years' absence, he returned, and through the favour of that noble who, even then, swayed the destinies of the house of York—Warwick — a portion of his lands, Lancastrian though he still avowed himself, was restored to him, and he took up his abode, and eventually the habit, by persuasion of his distant relative, Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the priory of St. Martin's le Grand. And there, engaged in the delusive study of astrology, and sincerely believing its truth, the learned canon of St. Martin's passed his days, devoting all his energies to the search into futurity, and to wild and vain conjectures what might be the lot of that young boy, his only grandson, who, the son of an attainted Lancastrian, and born amid poverty and ruin, had yet been pointed out by a right learned astrologer as he in whose hands "the fate of England's crown should be."

It was in the evening of the 14th of April, 1464, that Dr. Reynold Bourchier was seated at his desk in his study, while, occupying the high-backed oak armchair, with eyes intently and inquiringly fixed on him,

sate a middle-aged, dark-haired, stern-featured, man, whose loose cloak almost concealed from view the gold-broidered vest, sure proof, in that age of sumptuary laws, that the wearer bore the rank of an Earl. But no ordinary nobleman was he who sat watching earnestly, as the scholar the lips of his teacher, the solemn brow of the astrologer, but Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, Lord High Chamberlain of England, Lieutenant of Ireland, and Captain of Calais, that most fortunate of nobles, that most indomitable of warriors, that first of Edward's subjects, if subject he might be called. At length Dr. Bourchier spoke. "There is jeopardy, and much that time alone may discover; still the stars point out a yet loftier destiny, and seem to say 'all things are possible to Warwick.'"

"But this secret mission to bring home a bride for Edward? Said ye not that he would wed at home? and said ye not my daughter Anne should be queen?"

"So saith her horoscope; but there are other kings besides Edward," replied the astrologer.

Warwick looked angrily at the speaker. "What! is the Red Rose to lift her head again?"

"What will be, will be," was the solemn reply; "for the present, the star of York is in the ascendant."

"And shall be, while Warwick hath voice to command, or hand to fight; no, the swan may take wing, and the antelope flee, but the white bear will ever be stedfast to the white falcon of York."

"Be calm, Lord Warwick," said Dr. Bourchier.

"Ye are a Lancastrian," returned Warwick impetuously, "and therefore ye see omens of ill to York."

"I see none to York, but soothly I see what I would not in this mission: when set you out?"

"As speedily as a fortunate day may be found."

"That will be long."

"Perchance, after all, my mission may not succeed, for it is no wish of Edward's, and I may see my first wish fulfilled, my grandchildren heirs to the crown of Plantagenet."

The astrologer drew a huge book to him, and slowly turned over the leaves; he paused, as though engaged in anxious thought, and at length said, "Lord Warwick, wouldst thou learn thy future destiny, watch when the Complin bell strikes, and thou shalt know."

"Whatever be that destiny, I shall ever adhere to York," said Warwick, sternly.

"Say nought, Lord Warwick—watch and see."

"St. George! thou bitter Lancastrian, shall I, who have sworn eternal hate to Margaret—I, who with my own hands led King Henry to the Tower—I, who swore through life and death never to desert the cause of York, when we exchanged our rings before the high altar at Canterbury—I, who placed with my own hands the crown on young Edward's head!—nay, said ye not yourself that our destinies are linked together for weal and for woe?"

"For weal *or* for woe, Lord Warwick—and destinies may be linked in hate as in love."

"They are linked in love, old man," cried Warwick fiercely. "Seek not to cozen *me* with lying prophecies; let the Red Rose, an she dare, lift her head again; still shall she find me ready to throw down the gage, and bid my deadliest enemy take it up;" and, almost unconsciously, he started up, drew off his broidered glove, and flung it on the ground.

"Touch it not, Lord Warwick," said the astrologer, solemnly; "the hour is come, and the man: for your deadliest enemy is at hand."

The deep-toned bell of St. Martin's tolled loud and clear, and Warwick, awe-struck, stood gazing at the closed door.

"Away, Lord Warwick! there are footsteps on the stairs; hide behind the traverse," said the astrologer, as, with an interest that was even painful, he watched the opening door and him who now entered, and entered laughingly.

He was of tall and singularly graceful figure; of his features, which were shrouded, and evidently intentionally, in the large mantle, but little could be seen, save a bright, merry, blue eye; but that eye was sufficient to reveal to Warwick that no deadly enemy, no fierce Lancastrian, stood before him, but he to whom just before he had pledged his faith, he, on whose head he had placed the crown—*Edward, the King!*

"Ha! what omen is this?" cried he, bounding recklessly forward, and snatching up the glove; "would it had been a fair lady's!"

A second person, shorter, and equally shrouded from view, who had followed him in, drew him aside and whispered earnestly to him. He drew back, and the other came forward. "We are sons of a country knight," said he: "my brother is about to marry one of two fair damsels, but the one is English, the other French; now which shall he take?" and he laid a small piece of parchment, which contained a horoscope, before the astrologer, who, casting an earnest glance toward the disguised monarch, unfolded it. Long and anxiously did he pore over it, regardless of the impatience manifested by his visitants. "He will take the Englishwoman," said he at length.

Edward laughed loudly. "Many thanks, Sir Astrologer, for your pleasant prediction," said he, carelessly tossing a purse of rose-nobles on the desk. "Ay, Richard, your falcon is mine, fairly won by St. Mary." His companion earnestly pressed his arm, and spoke some words in too low a tone to be heard, and they hastily quitted the room.

"And *this* is my deadliest enemy!" cried Warwick, rushing from behind the traverse, almost ere the door had closed. "Old man, what mean you?" and the quivering lip and the deadly paleness of his brow told how struck he had been with the omen.

"He is," said Dr. Bourchier, solemnly; "know ye him?"

"*Know* him? Holy saints! who knows not Edward?"

"The horoscope I well knew to be his, and I earnestly endeavoured to see who had brought it; but surely never would the king himself be the bearer. St. Mary! Edward of York in *my* cell."

"He was, and his brother Richard. Ye know him not as I do; what is there foolish or reckless that Edward of York would not go after most willingly? Ye see the match with the lady Bona liketh not him, and, half in sport, half in earnest, he hath wagered with his brother to come hither and ask your counsel."

"The holy saints have you ever in their stedfast keeping, Lord Warwick!" said Dr. Bourchier, earnestly gazing upon the awe-stricken countenance of that bold warrior, who, on the battle-field, had never known fear. "Little as yourself could I ever believe that King Edward would seek my counsel. But it hath been so; *he* hath taken up your gage, and you must abide his challenge."

Warwick sate long in moody silence; he well knew that in this case there could have been no collusion, and he shuddered at the awful omen; still he could not bring his mind to believe that Edward, who, wayward and reckless as he was, had ever regarded him as a father, should turn against him, nor that he, the prop and the stay of the house of York, should lift his hand against that edifice which he, beyond every other, had laboured to uphold, and in whose stability he, too, beyond all others was so deeply interested. At length

he spoke. "Give me counsel, good Dr. Bourchier: for myself I know not what to do."

"Right willingly would I, Lord Warwick; but here is a cloud which I cannot penetrate, and future events alone can throw light upon the omen of this evening. Do this — set out on your mission as speedily as you can, for the results of *that* will show what your after-course must be." The astrologer paused, for again footsteps were heard on the stair; the door opened, and a beautiful boy, about sixteen years of age, bounded in. "My young Amias, wherefore art thou here?" said he, gazing at him with much fondness.

The boy laughed. "Master Philip Malpas sent me hither," said he; "good grandfather, are ye not glad to see me?" He paused and drew back, for he perceived that he was in the presence of a stranger, whose eyes were intently fixed upon him.

"Come hither, young boy," said Warwick: "what hold you in your hand?"

The boy advanced timidly. "A fair, broidered glove, which a young man flung towards me, just as I entered the great gate," said he, holding it out to Warwick, who eagerly snatched it.

"St. Mary! my own glove!" said he.

The astrologer looked at the earl, and then at his grandson, with a troubled countenance, while Warwick rose to depart. "Methinks this omen after all is not so gloomy," said he; "my gage hath been returned, not exchanged, and by a fair young messenger," and

he stroked the fair boy on the head. "Farewell, Dr. Bourchier," continued he, "I will set out to-morrow, and the holy saints clear up this strange mystery!"

"Heaven grant it, Lord Warwick!" said the astrologer earnestly, as he departed. "St. Mary is my witness, how little I ever dreamt such an omen would come to pass."

"Is *that* Lord Warwick, the King-maker?" said the boy, turning to his grandfather; "methought I saw him last night."

"Where?"

"Oh, only that I dreamt of him, and methought I had his white bear and ragged staff worked on my breast. I little thought I should see him to-day."

"And wherefore was it that ye came hither?"

"Old master Philip Malpas, the goldsmith, bade me come, for he said he sought an hour's talk with you, and would pray you to send word when he should come."

"It is well," said the astrologer; "I should like an hour's converse with him, for he is a learned man"—and again he turned to his desk and pored over his great book, as though unconscious that the only tie which bound him to the world, his young grandson, stood beside him.

Long after the curfew bell had rung out, and the convent had retired to rest, was the lamp still burning in Dr. Bourchier's study, while he, employed in meditating on the unlooked-for events of the evening, and comparing the horoscopes of the three who had taken

part in them, was earnestly attempting to wrest from their mysterious symbols that knowledge which Heaven has forbidden to man. "It must be so," said he, as he closed his huge book, and looked out from the open casement at the clear stars that sparkled above him, while the distant notes of the organ, and choral chant, told that his brethren, aroused from their first sleep, were joining in the midnight "Lauds"—"yes, it must be," said he; "the fates of Edward, Warwick, and my young grandson, are linked in strange conjunction together. Surely it was no vain prophecy that Baptista Santa Croce pronounced, when he said, 'The fate of England's crown shall be in that child's hands.'"

Time swiftly passed, and Warwick returned from his mission, and, in state inferior to royalty alone, proceeded in his barge to Westminster. But here was no sovereign anxiously awaiting his arrival, and he was told that Edward had set out that very morning hunting, and had left a careless message that he had gone toward St. Albans.

"And to St. Albans will I go," said Warwick sternly, turning to his retainers. "Saddle me my iron-grey steed, and meet me at the Aldersgate."

His retainers proceeded to obey their lord's commands; and Warwick, angry, ill at ease, and a prey to a thousand anxious feelings, re-entered his barge.

One short hour saw him on his road, and onward he and his company journeyed in moody silence, until they reached the neighbourhood of Barnet, when they were

roused by the merry notes of a bugle, and at the same moment a gallantly-arrayed hunter, mounted on a milk-white palfrey, and followed by six horsemen, passed toward a narrow lane a short distance before them.

"Saints," cried Warwick, turning to his nearest attendant, "yonder 's Lady Blanche — and, by my halidome, King Edward!"

The attendant looked earnestly. "It is the King's grace, methinks," said he.

"It is assuredly," cried Warwick, spurring onward, and soon he approached near enough to recognize in the tightly-fitted vest of green saye, the jewelled collar, the broidered scarf, and the flat crimson cap, whose rich heron plume contrasted so well with the profusion of rich golden hair, the vain and graceful Edward Plantagenet, who stopped, turned gaily round, and his bright laughing eyes met the stern glance of Warwick.

The colour mounted to his brow, as he drew back endeavouring to conceal his vexation. "My lord of Warwick rides fast this morning," said he.

"The messenger needs, when he for whom the message is intended doth so," was the reply. "Methought we should have met in London."

"We awaited your coming until yesternight, and then we set forth to disport ourselves this sweet springtide weather," said Edward, carelessly: "but how have ye sped?"

"Well, my liege; — should ye choose to marry the Lady Bona, all is ready."

"And what if I should not?"

"Wherefore thought ye not of this before?"

"Soothly I did — but the council would give their judgment that Edward should wed none but a damsel of *royal* birth. St. Mary! they will be mistaken."

Warwick looked earnestly at the speaker. "What mean you, King Edward? Wherefore then was I sent on this embassy?"

"Nay, question me not, good Warwick, for I have far to ride ere evening, and my lady-love awaiteth my coming."

The bridle-rein dropped from Warwick's hand, and he fixed his keen eye on the King. "*Your* lady-love!"

"Ay, *my* lady-love, whom I am now about to see," said Edward, impatiently.

"King Edward, what mean you?"

"That I shall follow my own pastime, and act as best pleaseth me," replied Edward, petulantly; and, turning Lady Blanche toward the narrow lane, he galloped swiftly away.

One moment Warwick sate motionless, and who can tell the bitterness of the thoughts that crowded in that one short moment on his mind! "I will learn all," said he. "Oh, surely that omen spake truly." He set spurs to his iron-grey steed, and, soon passing the astonished attendants, came up with the monarch, whose light-hearted laugh echoed along. "King Edward," said he, "one word, and one only — do you wed the Lady Bona?"

Edward turned angrily round. "We are too old to be questioned," said he, "and methinks Lord Warwick shows scant courtesy in thus following us when we wish to ride onward."

"I have little wish to follow," said Warwick, bitterly; "but I demand an answer to my question — do you wed the Lady Bona?"

"*Demand* an answer! Soothly, Lord Warwick is Lady Courtesy's adopted son, to speak thus to his liege lord!"

"Who made thee so, proud and scornful monarch? Who lifted thy banner from the dust, when thy father's head blackened above York Gate? Who raised up the White Rose, and trampled down the Red?"

"Mine own good sword, and mine own good cause."

"*Thine* own good sword—what were *it* to Warwick's? and thine own good cause — St. Mary! it had fared ill, but for the swords of my followers."

"My Lord of Warwick and Salisbury bears himself right proudly this morning," said Edward, and a smile, almost of scorn, curled his beautiful lip. "Perchance he may think to transfer his aid to the weaker cause; and soothly pious Henry needeth fierce speakers and fierce fighters, seeing he can do nought of himself, far more than he who hath seized his crown and can defend it."

"Edward! do *you* trifle with mine allegiance?" cried Warwick, sternly. "Take heed — the bear may be baited until he turn and rend his foemen."

"The bear will alway be foremost," said Edward, bitterly, "and therefore what wonder if he should after all side with the timid antelope of Lancaster, when the white falcon of York breaks the creance by which he hath too long been held. Well, be it so," continued he, his reckless impetuosity of temper surmounting every better feeling; "Edward can crush the Red Rose, should it lift its head again, easily as scatter these flowers with his riding wand."

He struck, as he spoke, a beautiful bough of opening wild roses, which hung halfway across the narrow road; but not one leaf fell, and they bounded up again, and waved their blushing blossoms in defiance. Warwick fixed his eyes eagerly, as Edward again angrily struck at the bough — again it bent, again not a leaf fell, but in the rebound it struck the white palfrey on the face, who reared and plunged violently.

"What say ye to the Red Rose, now?" cried Warwick. "Oh! there is truth in omens of ill!" and his thoughts turned to that evening when Edward had so unconsciously taken up his glove.

Edward turned coolly round, and marked with anger the blank and horror-struck looks of his attendants. "It is your presence, my lord, that brings evil omens," said he, "and therefore your question I will answer, because it will relieve us from your unwished-for company. Marry the lady Bona *I will not;* and ask ye the reason, *I am wed.*"

"To whom? Edward of York—wed! to whom?"

"It is truly fitting that the King of England should reply to all that Lord Warwick asks," said Edward, keeping down his anger to add bitterness to his sarcasm, "and truly fitting, too, that Lord Warwick should know my lady-love's name, that, as Lord High Chamberlain at her coronation, he may be ready to do her his accustomed suit and service. The Lady Elizabeth Wydville is my bride, who, albeit the widow of one who was only a Lancastrian knight, is yet daughter to an earl, though he beareth not the quarterings of the Beauchamps and the Nevilles." Edward lifted his cap, with a mock expression of humility, and bowed with a smile of scorn, "And now, hath my Lord of Warwick any more to ask?"

Warwick turned a gloomy look on him, and with violent effort replied, "Thou hast baited the bear — 'ware his vengeance."

Edward again bowed with mock humility, and, setting spurs to Lady Blanche, swiftly rode on. The trample of the horses aroused Warwick from his bitter dream. "Edward," cried he, "stay! wherefore should I keep thy father's ring, when the son thus scorns my friendship? Take it, and my defiance!" He snatched a ring from his forefinger, and flung it far on the road; then setting spurs to his iron-grey, he swiftly rejoined his wondering company.

Meanwhile Edward rode on in angry silence. He felt that he was already about to reap the fruit of his ill-advised marriage, in the hostility, perhaps the defec-

tion, of the most powerful and most attached of all his nobles, and it was with no lover-like haste that he pursued his journey, until the towers of Grafton rose before him. There, even when the politic Duchess Jacqueline came forward with flask of wine and spice-plate, and the fair Elizabeth herself bounded lightly to meet him, a cloud overspread his brow. He set down the cup of untasted wine; he gazed coldly on the delicate features of his three weeks' bride, and too well did her subtle mother perceive, though as yet she knew not the cause, that no chain, however fine, could long bind captive the white falcon of York.

"Our Lady sain ye, Lord Warwick," cried Dr. Bourchier, as, pale and agitated, he entered the study; "what hath come to pass? I sent a message to Warwick House, praying ye not to see the King to-day, but 't was said ye had not returned."

"And wherefore not?"

"Because there is jeopardy — danger of loss of favour, danger even to your house."

"Danger of loss of favour have I already incurred— yes, Edward and I have met, and we parted *foemen!*"

"St. Mary!"

"Ay, and he is *wed*, wed to the upstart Rivers' daughter; and he taunted me with my noble ancestry, with the bearings of the Beauchamps and the Nevilles — the bear hath been shrewdly baited, but the time will come—will it not? — when he shall he avenged."

The astrologer gazed on Warwick in silence, struck

dumb with astonishment at the accurate fulfilment of his own predictions: at length he found words. "And what said ye to him?"

"Defied him, and flung back the ring that his father exchanged with me."

"The saints forefend! and yet surely that very ring is on your finger."

Warwick looked hurriedly on the ring which remained on his right hand. "It is," said he. "St. George and St. Michael! 't is mine own seal ring that I have cast away."

"Heed it not, Lord Warwick; Philip Malpas will soon make ye a better."

"He will not, he cannot; woe worth the day! would it had been *this* ring!"

"Say not so; on that ring depends much, much that time alone will show."

"But on the other depends more; it was made by a learned man who will never make another, finished at a fortunate point of time, endowed with great and wondrous virtues. St. Mary! five hundred marks would I willingly give to him who could restore it."

"Perchance it may be found."

"No, no, my evil destiny prevails; but truly whoever brought me that ring might gain even whatever he asked for."

Both sat in silence—Warwick absorbed in unavailing grief for the loss of his so highly prized seal ring, and Dr. Bourchier in anxious conjectures as to what the

peculiar virtues of that cherished ring could be, for Warwick had never before even spoken of it. At length Warwick rose. "Dr. Bourchier, I thank you for your skill," said he; "ye have foretold most truly things which I little deemed would come to pass — show me how I may avert their evil consequences. Be a friend to me, as I have ever shown myself to you, and ask what guerdon ye please."

"For myself I have nought to ask; but, Lord Warwick, my young grandson would I commend to your care," said the well pleased astrologer.

"I will take charge of him—bid him be with me to-morrow, for I shall set forth for Middleham Castle; farewell."

"The blessed saints be praised!" ejaculated the canon of St. Martin's, as the proud Earl of Warwick departed: "the first step for my young Amias is gained — once under the protection of the white bear, little need I fear for him, and who may tell what his after-course may be! O, sweet St. Mary, grant him but to uplift the Red Rose banner, and my last wish will be fulfilled!"

Warwick departed to Middleham Castle; but, ere long, message after message was sent by the now repentant Edward, suing for reconciliation, with offers of manors and wardships, and of dignities to be bestowed upon his relatives (for on Warwick scarcely could another high office be heaped), until, at length, urged by his brothers and softened by so many concessions, he

acceded to the hollow peace. Lands and honours were lavished on his brother, Lord Montague; the mitre of York itself was placed on the youthful brow of his youngest brother, George Neville, the chancellor—and, in bitter payment for all this, at the feast of Michaelmas, at the abbey of Reading, Warwick himself led in the luckless Elizabeth Wydville, to receive the homage of the nobles. "Wait, and be wary, Warwick," said the canon of St. Martin's; "the time will come at length, but till then must the bear be chained."

Six anxious, feverish, unsettled years passed away, and often was the hollow peace between Edward and Warwick broken, and as often most unexpectedly made up. Hopes of the re-blossoming of the Red Rose had almost fleeted from the minds of even the warmest Lancastrians, while the Yorkists, irritated at the profligacy and tyranny of their once popular monarch, began to murmur bitterly, if not loudly, and to accuse that reckless system of favouritism which had raised even the most distant relatives of Elizabeth to an equality with the ancient nobility of the land. Still little would the spectator, as he gazed at the merry faces of the holyday clad citizens who crowded the then wide churchyard of St. Paul's and Ludgate, believe that aught of discontent could find place among them; but the day was bright and summer-like, and a splendid procession, bound to their own cathedral, and to do honour to their own tutelar saint, was about to

pass by, for it was the feast of St. Edward the Confessor; and King Edward and his attendant nobles were to offer a new cloth of gold pall at the shrine of the canonized Erkenwald.

"Stand up here, good Margery," said an old woman to her companion, who, equally old, and leaning on a cross-handled stick, made her way with difficulty through the crowd—"stand up just here; good Master Malpas is not a churl, to drive away an old woman from his door; and here we can see all down Ludgate, and right to the great door of St. Paul's."

"Ay, so we can," replied the other, "but, yet, methinks, we have seen better sights years agone; mind ye not, in fifty-eight, when good King Henry, and York, and all the lords, went to make up their peace?"

"Right well, but saints, here are so many quarrels and reconcilements, one can scantly remember them all."

"And there will be more, with our rightful king kept in prison, and his son flying none knoweth where."

"Peace, good Margery, such things may not be said; only yesternight Ralph Aston, for telling some of his neighbours that things would never go well till my Lord Warwick was foremost, was sent for by the aldermen."

"And truly, methinks, we all may say so," said a bold-looking man, who stood beside, in a leathern doublet and flat worsted cap, the common dress of the artizans. "Who keepeth better house than Lord Warwick? six fat oxen cooked every morning for breakfast.

I promise ye I had ofttimes last winter lacked a breakfast, but for the buttery-hatch at Warwick House."

"And so had I," interposed another, whose threadbare jerkin, stained with rust, and hose half murray and half blue, the livery colours of York, showed him to be a disbanded man-at-arms. "Ay, I was sent home from Calais half dead last year, and might have died for all the lord of Calais would care, but, thanks to the sanctuary of St. Martin, where I found a home, (though 't was among beggarly company), and my noble Lord Warwick's beef and mutton, I am e'en ready to fight again, though it needs not to say for whom."

A significant glance was exchanged between the four, and Margery in a lower tone said, "And what did they say at Calais about that noble earl and the French king?"

"Say, good-wife? that my Lord Warwick might even have his will of him. Now that king is old, and wise, and learned in the stars, right different I 'll warrant ye to him yonder, and he hath a grizzled beard, and weareth a doublet not worth a groat, but, he 's very wise, and, 't is thought by many that, as he readeth the stars, he can see somewhat that we cannot, but, that will be."

"Saints grant it! Ay, methought I would come out once again," said Margery, "to see my Lord Warwick, and perchance I might see my own dear foster-child, too."

"I doubt an ye will see Lord Warwick to-day," said the man-at-arms, "for he was not at Warwick House this morning."

"St. Mary! is there a new quarrel?" ejaculated the three.

"Have ye not heard," said a man who had just come up, "that the king hath had news that my lord of Warwick and his son-in-law Clarence have been levying men in their own name in Lincolnshire, instead of fighting the rebels?"

"Rebels! marry, so say all your great ones when poor souls half-starving take the law into their own hands," cried the man in the leathern doublet.

"Ye say true, good master," replied the man-at-arms. "What was Robin of Redesdale's rising, and this of the Lincolnshire men, but because they lacked bread?—here's nought of White Rose or Red in this matter."

"But, there may be somewhat of the white bear in the matter," replied the last comer, with a significant nod.

"Ay, then will my dream be made out," said Margery, shaking her head.

"What dream was it, good mistress?" cried each and all eagerly.

"Why, St. Mary be gracious to us! but I saw my Lord of Warwick, and he had his long furred mantle, all glittering with his gold-cross crosslets, and methought he started up, and my sweet foster-child came to him with a Red Rose in his hand."

"Ay, and he took it, I'll warrant," cried the man-at-arms.

"Yes, and he threw off his mantle, when, behold you, enamelled just on the breast-plate of his tilting suit of brass inlaid armour was another Red Rose, and then was there shouting and noise of great guns—so I awoke."

"What say ye to *this* omen?" whispered an ecclesiastic, who in company with a richly-dressed citizen had drawn near.

"I heed not such," was the reply. "King Alonzo deemeth nought of them, as ye may see in his book, neither doth Raymond Lully."

"I do, for I have often found them true."

"Alas! Dr. Bourchier, your mind is set upon the Red Rose, and so each thing that makes for your cause is a certain omen. O sweet St. Mary, would that wars might cease!"

Master Philip Malpas, for it was he, now knocked at his door, and, in the kindly spirit of the ancient citizen, bidding the groupe keep their places, and sending out a tankard of ale, followed his guest up stairs to the best room, which from its two bay-windows displayed two marvellously rich "counterpoints" of blue and murray satin, worked with huge knots of flowers, and fastened to the window-sills by stout pins, bearing, in default of the natural rose, goodly rosettes of white satin.

And now onward came the long procession, canons, prebendaries, sub-dean, and dean of St. Paul's, all in

snowy vestments and rich copes, chanting the psalms of the day; then the city dignitaries—aldermen, whose long scarlet robes half enveloped their richly-trapped palfreys, the castellan of the city in knightly armour, bearing the gules banner of its guardian, St. Paul, and Sir Richard Lee, the Lord Mayor, with collar of S S., and sable-lined robe of crimson velvet, followed by men-at-arms, the red cross of London worked on their shoulder, and surmounted by the "White Rose *en soleil.*" Then, amid flourishes of trumpets and the deafening thunder of kettle-drums, advanced the officers of state, their respective arms embroidered on the side sleeves of their rich satin or velvet mantles; and, conspicuous among them all, the silver maces of his civil office, and the silver crosses of his archbishopric, borne reverently before him by the younger sons of the first families in the land, clad in purple, and with blazing mitre on his milk-white mule, came George Neville, Chancellor of England, primate of York, youngest brother of Warwick, whose dark fierce eye, as it glanced a look of contempt at the crowd on either side that waited for his benediction, seemed to tell, in language far more forcible than words, how he cursed the selfish policy of his father and brother, which had doomed him when a fiery youth of nineteen to the cloister, and compelled him to relinquish lance and war-steed for the breviary and mule of the churchman.

And now came Edward, his tight vest of white cloth of gold clasped by diamond rosettes, and his long

royal mantle of crimson velvet lined with blue descending almost below the deep bases of his white palfrey, and bearing on either side the royal arms worked in stiff but rich broidery. On one side rode the Marquess of Dorset, Lord Rivers, his brother-in-law, and on the right his brother Richard of York, gorgeously arrayed in cloth of gold and purple, with pale and thin features, but keen and searching eye, and figure, whose slight deformity was scarcely perceptible (Tudor policy not having as yet affixed an apocryphal hump to his shoulders); and when, animated by the gay scene, Edward looked up to the open casements, and saw the dames and damsels of his "good city" gazing with unrepressed admiration at the monarch, whose singular personal beauty excited the wondering notice of Philip de Commines, he gracefully lifted his cap, and bent almost to the saddle-bow, while shouts of "A York! a York!" rent the air.

"Ay, he's well fitted to ride in state," said the man-at-arms, "better at a feast than at a fray; but, for a knight on his war-steed — and soothly, what can be a fairer sight? — commend me to Lord Warwick."

The notice of the spectators was now directed to a slight confusion, occasioned by a young man, who had just ridden out of Ave Mary Lane, attempting to make his way toward the cathedral, and who had been rudely repulsed by the men-at-arms, who formed a line across the way. He seemed to have come from a distance,

as he was wrapped in a travelling cloak, and he was followed by four horsemen, whose cognizance could scarcely be seen; still the trappings of his steed, and the graceful though almost haughty bearing of the rider, proved that he belonged to the household of some noble family. "Make way, good folk, make way," said he, "or I must e'en stay here, forsooth, till the procession comes back."

"Somewhat new for a follower of Lord Warwick's to wait," said a young man in a splendid mantle, with the arms of the Rivers family worked on the side sleeve.

"Not so new, Sir malapert," replied the stranger, fiercely, "as for your master to ride with kings."

"St. George!" cried the man-at-arms, bounding forward; "my gallant leader, Sir Amias Bourchier! A Warwick! a Warwick! toss up your caps, my masters —ay, the white bear will soon put the blue lion to flight, and a score besides, I trow."

The young knight turned laughingly round. "What, Jenkin, art there?" He then caught the eye of old Margery, which was earnestly fixed upon him, and he immediately turned toward her. "What, Margery, my good nurse, art *thou* here, too?"

"Ay, said I not that thou wouldst be a great man?" cried she. "Heaven prosper thee, and the Red Rose, too! Ah! my dream will come true."

"I would counsel ye, fair sir, to ride onward," said one of the officers of the city watch; "these borel men

may make debate, and our city may perchance suffer harm."

"There will be scant danger of that," said the young knight proudly, "if the upstart nobles teach but their servants courtesy."

"When the Nevilles cease to teach rebellion, then will be time for courtesy," said the young man with the Rivers' cognizance.

"Repeat those words at your peril!" cried the young knight, throwing off his cloak, and half unsheathing his sword.

"When the Nevilles cease to teach and to practise rebellion," said the other, putting himself in posture of defence.

"A foul slander, which I fling back in thy teeth," cried the young knight. "Make way, good people, and let me prove to this popinjay what it is to arouse the bear."

The populace, with shouts of "A Warwick! a Warwick!" made room for the combatants. "Sweet St. Mary!" cried Master Philip Malpas, "here's strife in the very streets with Lord Rivers' and Lord Warwick's followers; what may it portend?"

The canon of St. Martin's eagerly advanced to the window, unconscious who stood below. "Warwick prevails," cried he, "and see, the young knight aims a blow at his foeman's cap; the White Rose hath fallen, and is even now trampled beneath his horse's feet. Heaven fulfil the omen!"

The arrival of a party of the king's men-at-arms put an end to the contest. "The white bear hath chased away the blue lion," cried the bystanders.

"And hath struck down the White Rose of York," said Jenkin, pointing to the trampled rosette; "what say ye to *that*, my masters?" Many a significant look was exchanged, and many an ejaculation uttered, for an omen like that was believed by most to shadow forth a change of dynasty.

Meanwhile, the young knight, sending his horse and his attendants back to Warwick House, entered that of Master Philip Malpas, right glad to withdraw from notice, and half fearing the result of the omen of the White Rose.

"Ay, all will come to pass in Heaven's good time," cried Dr. Bourchier, overjoyed that his darling grandson should have been victor; "and wherefore came ye up?"

"With a letter to the Archbishop of York, which I was to deliver into his hands only," said Amias. "St. George, I promised to deliver it before high mass, and had done so, but for this debate and strife."

"And there will be yet more debate and strife, until the Red Rose be lift up," said Dr. Bourchier.

"'T is passing strange," said Master Philip Malpas, musingly, "that, from that very time my lord of Warwick cast away his seal-ring, he hath never prospered as heretofore; methinks it must have been a talisman of hidden virtues, and I the more believe so, seeing

that he never spoke of it, even to you, until it was lost; for secresy preserveth the charm."

"St. Mary grant that *this* ring may be a talisman of mighty power!" said the young knight, holding out a ring, laughingly, "for then I would give it to my lady-love."

Master Philip Malpas took the ring; it was dim, and seemed covered with clay. "Where found ye it?" said he.

"Oh, just beside Barnet, this morning, in a half dry ditch; but it glittered, and methought I would pick it up."

"'T is of goodly workmanship," said the goldsmith, carefully wiping it, and examining it with well-practised eye; "but, holy St. Dunstan! it may well be goodly workmanship, for here is Baptista Santa Croce's own mark upon it."

"Let me see it," cried Dr. Bourchier, earnestly; "'t is a seal-ring, an *agate* seal-ring: good Master Malpas—what is the graving?—it *must* be! and yet, holy saints! can it be?"

"Be calm, Dr. Bourchier, it may be as you think, for here is the bear and ragged staff, and the bear is unchained, and there is a star above, and a sun below."

"St. Mary! St. Mary! then it *is* so, and Lord Warwick's own seal-ring is returned to him after six years! I myself will take it to Lord Warwick, for the time is come, even as was shown when yonder White Rose lay trampled under yon palfrey's feet."

"The bear unchained, and the sun below," said Master Philip Malpas; "truly that foreshoweth the ascendency of Warwick over York; and it must be so, for, never did Baptista Santa Croce form a talisman, but it was of certain power, or give a sign, but it was sure to come to pass."

"And *all* his sayings will come to pass," cried the enthusiastic Lancastrian, gazing earnestly on his grandson; "ay, Amias, the Red Rose will, indeed, lift her head again, and it is for you and Lord Warwick to unfurl her banner."

A gay and a spirit-stirring scene did the inner courtyard of Warwick Castle present, on the morrow of St. Alphege, for Lord Warwick was about to set forth to join his son-in-law Clarence with his own retainers; and, although the rustic crowd that had pressed in to gaze upon the right royal state of the great earl were uncertain whether the well-armed company were about to fight against the peasantry who were now in arms under the guidance of Sir Robert Welles and Sir Charles Delalaunde, or were intended to support them, still, when they watched the retainers in their bright scarlet coats, with the proud badge, the white ragged staff worked on the breast and shoulder, and the men-at-arms in glittering plate-armour, and morions that threw back the sunbeams like a polished mirror, and the pages and esquires, in broidered surcoats, and knights in inlaid suits of armour, and plumed helmets,

mounted on their richly caparisoned war-steeds, and Warwick himself conspicuous, with nodding white plume and blazoned mantle, their shouts rent the air, and there was neither lip nor heart that echoed not "Success to Warwick!" But, unmoved by the glad shouts, and, hastily withdrawing his hand from the clasp of his daughter, the Lady Anne, Warwick turned hastily away, and was about descending the steps, when his eye rested upon an old man in the garb of an ecclesiastic. "Dr. Bourchier, wherefore art *thou* here?" said he.

"To bid you be up and doing, for the time is now come."

"*Now* come," cried Warwick, bitterly, "when Edward seeketh but new occasion of strife? when, without cause, he hath charged me with treason; hath come down to Erpingham, and given battle to those he is pleased to call rebels, as though *I* were unworthy to lift his banner?"

"Yes; now is the time."

"And for what?"—

"Cast away the White Rose, and uplift the Red."

The reply was given in no under-tone, and the old man looked proudly around, as though he brought indeed a message from Heaven; and the retainers of the earl gazed with awe-stricken wonder upon him.

"Uplift the Red Rose?" said Warwick; "how can I, pledged as I am to the White? Often have I and

Edward striven together, but never did I forfeit faith to the White Rose."

"But, if Edward has forfeited faith with you—if the solemn pledge given by him to the father of Sir Robert Welles hath been broken, and Sir Charles Delalaunde and Sir Robert Welles both lie headless?"

"St. George! it cannot be."

"Ask yonder messengers, who have ridden fast and far, what tidings they bring."

The weary messengers who had just arrived advanced, and told how the two leaders of the misguided peasantry had, in contempt of the king's solemn promise, been beheaded as traitors, and how that Edward had even now despatched Garter King at Arms to Warwick, to summon him to return to his allegiance.

"The time *is* come," cried Warwick, fiercely tearing the White Rose from his helm, and dashing it on the ground: "summon *me*, Edward, as thou listest, but, the hand that placed the crown on thy brow shall again uncrown thee."

"Take thy ring, Lord Warwick," said the astrologer, placing on his finger the long-lost seal-ring; "six years hath it been trampled in the dust, even like the fortunes of Lancaster; now is it recovered, and now is the time to unfurl that banner; for never, so say the stedfast stars, shall victory desert his standard who weareth this ring."

"For the Red Rose and Lancaster!" cried War-

wick, spell-bound by the words and by the gift of that aged enthusiast, and the glad cry was caught up by all around. It echoed through the streets of Warwick, it resounded to the ancient city of Coventry, and town after town, and city after city, heard the strange tidings that Earl Warwick had advanced the banner of Lancaster:—that day the Red Rose revived again.

Summer came, and had well nigh passed away, ere the Red Rose in London lifted her head above her snowy rival. In the northern and western parts of the kingdom, the cause of Lancaster was triumphant; and, roused at length to a sense of his danger, Edward set out for York, to give battle to his enemies, ere that Warwick, in company with young Prince Edward, aided by the power of the French king, should return to England, and raise Henry from his prison in the Tower to the throne of his forefathers.

And, sternly musing on the swiftly-passing events of this changeful time, in his splendid chamber in York House sate George Neville; his foot, in his cross-embroidered slipper, resting on a gorgeous foot-stool, his head leaning against the richly carved back of his gilded chair, while, on the table beside him, inlaid so beautifully with ivory and gems, stood neither breviary nor crucifix, but a gold standing cup, a dish of the same rich material with the choicest fruit, the velvet bag which contained the great seal, and, laid open at a splendid illumination of knights at a tourna-

ment, a copy of Froissart of dazzling and resplendent beauty. One attendant only waited in his private apartment, his favourite chaplain, who at respectful distance stood with bent head and arms folded on his breast.

"By St. Peter, our especial patron," said the archbishop, "our brother of Warwick writes in right kingly style. 'And ye shall cause proclamation to be made, asserting King Henry's right, and ye shall repair to the Tower and bring him forth'—St. Mary! and all saints, a mere crowned image!—bring *him* forth! 'unto his palace at Westminster, there to await our coming: and so our Lord ever have ye in his holy keeping.'"

"And Sathanas ever have *you* in his!" muttered he, throwing the letter on the floor. "Accursed fate! that gave unto thee the heirship and the earldom, and the sword of the knight, and crushed *my* budding hopes in the cloister." He stopped suddenly, aware that in the fierce outburst of exacerbated feelings he had said too much, and, turning to his chaplain, bade him inquire if Dr. Bourchier had arrived.

The chaplain quickly returned, leading in the canon of St. Martin's, who bent the knee at the footstool of his spiritual superior, and reverently kissed the jewelled hand.

"I have sent for ye, Dr. Bourchier," said the archbishop, motioning to his chaplain to quit the room, "for converse on weighty matters. There hath been

talk of a seal-ring belonging to my brother Warwick, which, it is said, possesseth great and marvellous properties."

"It doth," was the eager reply.

"Now, from whence ariseth this? hath it a piece of the true cross? or, as hath been told me, hath it been made of the very gold which was found in the tomb of St. Edmund the King?"

"No; it is a pure and faultless agate, graven with signs of mighty power, and doubtless constructed when Lord Warwick's star was in the ascendant, and finished at the fortunate point of time."

"But this ring was strangely lost, 't is said, for six years, and yet, did not my brother during that time marry his daughter Isabel to the king's own brother? Surely this was high fortune."

"Alas! so it may not prove; even now is Clarence offended at his reconcilement with Margaret, and, if he should, as 'tis said, marry the Lady Anne to Prince Edward, woful feud may arise between them."

"The Lady Anne is not in France; she is at Barking Abbey, with her aunt."

"Still, her horoscope declares that she will be queen."

"And can you put faith in such things?"

"Assuredly, reverend father, hath not each event of my lord of Warwick's life been foreshown by his horoscope?"

"Then what saith it of his end?" and a bitter smile passed over George Neville's stern features.

"*That* is wrapped in darkness—darkness that time alone may remove."

"But his star, say you, is in the ascendant *now*; how long may *that* be?" said the archbishop, fixing a searching look on the astrologer, who drew back. "Nay, Dr. Bourchier, fear not to answer," continued he, in a milder tone: "that there is some truth in these prognostics I willingly believe; and it is because I fear danger to my too sanguine brother that I have sent to you, that ye may counsel and warn him; for much sorrow have I had about that ring."

The guileless astrologer, who had read the book of heaven, but neglected the more important study of the human heart, deceived by the appearance of interest evinced by the wily George Neville in the fate of his hated brother, detailed every particular of the mysterious loss and recovery of the ring, and reiterated his belief that on its possession the good fortune of Warwick depended.

"We thank you right heartily, good doctor," said he, when at length the astrologer kissed his hand as about to withdraw. "Alas! our valiant brother is surrounded with danger; do your best to aid him, and thus shall ye ever secure the favour of the primate of York."

"He will do well and prosper," cried the joyful Lancastrian; "he hath uplifted the Red Rose, and in its prosperity will he share."

"And thus, in every step of our career, art thou doomed to outstrip me!" said George Neville, bitterly. "Would that I were a layman, and I would meet thee on the field; would that *this* hand"—and he glanced a look of contempt on the fine lace that half enveloped the hand more fitted to grasp the lance than to lift the censer—"would that *this* hand were uplifted against thee in battle-field; and then should we try, even until one fell, which should possess the wide lands of the Nevilles! Thou hast doomed me to the cloister; beware thy doom—I may never possess thy lands, but *one* possession I *will* wrest from thee—that potent ring."

Absorbed in joyful anticipations, Dr. Bourchier returned homeward, nor, until he felt the eager grasp of his hand, was he conscious that his darling grandson stood before him.

"Whence come you?" said he.

"From Barking Abbey."

"Wherefore went you thither?"

"To see my lady;" and the young knight looked down, half confused, half laughingly.

"And ye carried away this as your guerdon," said the grandfather smilingly, and drawing from the young knight's half open vest a beautiful tress of amber hair. "What is her name?"

"Anne."

"Saints!" ejaculated the overjoyed grandfather, as the young knight departed, "the Lady Anne, she who

shall one day wear a crown, is my grandson's own lady-love!"

Swiftly and joyfully did the succeeding months pass on. The Red Rose throughout the land was triumphant; Warwick had been appointed protector of the kingdom; Edward of York was an exile, and, honoured and flattered both by the earl and his brother, his grandson rising each day in favour, the canon of St. Martin's thought not of evil to come, or, even if he did, deemed himself able, through his knowledge of the future, to avert it. And thus when, at the beginning of Lent, news arrived of the landing of Edward in Yorkshire, he almost welcomed the intelligence, for it seemed to show that the crisis foretold by the stars was at hand, which should link the fates of Warwick and his grandson inseparably together.

And, earnestly poring over the horoscope of Edward, Dr. Bourchier sat in his study, on the evening that brought the news of his rapid advance toward Coventry, when Warwick, pale and agitated, stood before him.

"My long tried adviser," said he, "I am ill at ease, sick in body, but more sick at heart; and, worn and wearied with doubts of success and fears of treachery, I turn from the counsel of men to ask counsel of the changeless stars."

"Ye do well, Lord Warwick: but wherefore this anxiety?"

"Is there not cause? Edward at the head of twenty

thousand men; Clarence, my perjured son-in-law, casting off the Red Rose, and joining him; and others, holy saints, of my own blood, who, for what I know, may be in league with mine enemies! while, to arouse my worst fears, look at this." He carefully took from his purse the seal-ring, and laid it before the astrologer.

"The agate is loose, and hath been broken right across," said Dr. Bourchier, carefully examining it. "St. Mary! how came it?"

"Heaven only knows — but, surely from thence came this omen."

"Not so — this agate hath doubtless been broken by design: —some one, an enemy in your own household, in league with York, hath sought to remove the stone, and broken it."

"St. Mary! it could have been none but *he*," gasped Warwick.

"Now, be not cast down, Lord Warwick," continued the astrologer. "Philip Malpas will repair this ring, ere ye can say three Paternosters, and ere matins to-morrow will I bring it."

"I must away to-night. Oxford hath gone forward, and I follow."

"Then I will send it after ye right swiftly."

"Ay, but take heed that it be by a trusty messenger — above all, beware lest it fall into my brother George Neville's hands."

Dr. Bourchier looked up with amazement. "I have reasons for my warning, ask me not for them," con-

tinued Warwick hastily. "I will send Amias himself for the ring, and take heed that ye give it to no other. But, now what shall be done? when shall I give battle?"

"Edward's star is again in the ascendant; give not battle yet."

"Saints! and he is approaching London, and therefore hath Lord Oxford set forth."

"Heed it not; the bear must not arouse himself until after this conjunction of the planets be past."

"When will that be?"

"After the 14th of April, that very day seven years, when Edward in this room took up your pledge."

"I mind it well:—St. Mary! would that that day were past, for I have sad forebodings!"

"Chase them away, for on that day shall it be seen whether the white bear will not for aye strike down the white falcon of York."

"Or, be stricken down himself!"

"Nay, Lord Warwick, give not way to such thoughts; all will be well, and with that ring again on your finger, and tried swords, and firm hearts around you, ye shall strike down the pride and the power of York for aye. What bearing hath Lord Oxford? is it not a star with rays?"

"It is."

"Then do battle under *his* cognizance, and the sun of Edward shall set before the star of thine ascendant."

"I will, I will, for I dreamt even thrice, that in

battle the bear was stricken down — farewell, good friend." Warwick warmly wrung the hand of the canon of St. Martin's, and cast an eager glance upon the ring. "Would that it were once again on my finger!"

"It will be, and to none but Amias will I give it: farewell, brave earl." With a feeling he could not account for, Dr. Bourchier watched the retreating footsteps of the gallant noble, as slowly he crossed the inner court of St. Martin's, even until he disappeared beneath the lofty gateway. "Heaven speed thee, and thy cause!" At that moment loud and clear the death-bell tolled out. "Blessed saints! blessed saints!" said he, "have I looked my last upon Warwick?"

That night the gallant Warwick and his followers quitted London for ever, and Edward, unopposed, advanced southward. Still the Red Rose held her station, and George Neville, to whose custody the feeble king and the impregnable Tower had been alike committed, apparently alarmed at the near approach of Edward, paraded Henry through Westcheap, bidding all good citizens to stand firm in their allegiance to the house of Lancaster. Such was the work on the morning of Maundy Thursday; the afternoon saw Edward and a chosen company enter through the postern gate beside Moorfields, and George Neville, leading forward the feeble king, place him and the keys of the Tower in the hands of his brother's sworn enemy. "We thank you, my lord of York," said Edward,

with a significant smile, "and be well assured that, when our victory is complete, George Neville shall obtain his guerdon."

Astounded and almost heart-broken at this unlooked-for treachery, the canon of St. Martin's turned over the leaves of his cherished volume, and looked up to the bright and beautiful orbs that sparkled so serenely on the cares and turmoils of earth, but sought in vain for aught to soothe or to direct him. And rumour told how that Warwick had arrived even at Barnet, and Edward with a well appointed company had quitted London, and still the potent seal-ring, restored to its former beauty, lay unclaimed on his desk. "To-morrow must the battle be fought," cried he, "and this is certain — Warwick must wear that ring, or be lost."

At length, and it was late in the evening, Amias entered his study. "Be quick, grandfather," said he, "give me the ring."

"St. George and St. Michael speed ye!" cried the joyful astrologer, giving the precious talisman into his grandson's hand, "and bear this message to Warwick: take heed that ye approach not the spot where that ring was thrown away."

"I will, good grandfather, farewell."

Young Amias wrapped his cloak, which bore the cognizance of York, closely round him, and, secure in that disguise, mounted his trusty steed and rode onward. Ere long, he was aware of following footsteps;

and, before he had reached the brow of Highgate Hill, he could perceive three horsemen in fierce pursuit. Surely he must have been watched, and the parting words of his grandfather overheard; and, eager to secure that talisman which he valued far more than life, he pushed forward with desperate haste. But his pursuers were well mounted as he, and ere long they gained upon him. He was now within a mile of Barnet, and with indescribable joy he beheld at a short distance a well armed company, with banner which seemed to show in the clear moonlight "a star with rays." He shouted aloud, and the company made toward him; but ere they could draw nigh he was seized by his pursuers. "Thy master shall never possess this," cried he, as he marked upon the arm of the foremost the badge of the treacherous George Neville, and, snatching the box which contained the precious seal-ring from his neck, he flung it to the leader of the company, who had just advanced within bowshot. "Stay not to rescue *me;* bear it instantly to Lord Warwick, for on it will his fate depend." He turned away, and then, calmly yielding to his hard fate, returned a captive to London.

Drearily broke the dawn of the eventful 14th of April, drearily as beseemed the day, and the deed; for it was Easter Sunday that saw Christian men marshalled in battle-array, that day when, in each flower-decked church, "*Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus; exultemus et lætemur in eâ,*" was sung, was the day on which bro-

ther was to meet brother, and father meet son, in fierce and deadly conflict. And eagerly did Dr. Bourchier look out from the Aldersgate, to inquire news of the fight, and question with breathless anxiety each one that came in. Too soon did the fatal news arrive that the Red Rose had been struck down, that Lord Oxford had fled, and that Warwick and his brother, Lord Montague, were both slain.

"Accursed be the astrologer that gave Lord Warwick counsel!" said an aged priest; "his followers mistook Lord Oxford's badge, the star, for King Edward's sun, and fought against each other!"

It was so; and then first did the bitter pang of remorse that ever he had followed those forbidden studies pierce Reynold Bourchier's heart. There needed but one more drop of bitterness to be added to his cup of sorrow; and, when he learned that his grandson was in custody of the chancellor, on charge of compassing, by charms and spells, the death of the King, he hailed the messengers sent to convey himself also to prison, for in death seemed his only prospect of rest.—

"What have *you* to say?" asked the chancellor, as, unmoved by the death of his two brothers but the day before, he occupied his place on the morrow at the council-table, eyeing sternly the younger prisoner.

Sir Amias Bourchier eyed the speaker with as stern a look. "I cast away the ring lest *you* should possess it. St. Mary! methought 't was Lord Oxford's own esquire to whom I gave it; but, alas! that fatal star deceived me, as it deceived us all."

"Unhappy old man," said a mild-looking ecclesiastic, whose scarlet robe showed him to be Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, turning to the other prisoner, "how often have I warned you against such studies, and shown the exceeding sinfulness of attempting to wrest from Heaven a knowledge of things to come! O! what hath astrology done for thee?—brought ruin on thy cherished cause, death to him who too firmly believed thee, and the fate of a traitor to thine only grandson!"

The old man groaned with agony. "Let me suffer," cried he, "for I am guilty; but my grandson hath done nought, save in being bearer of that wondrous seal-ring."

"And in seeking to marry my brother's daughter," fiercely interposed the chancellor, "because, forsooth, 't was said that in his hands the fate of England's crown should be."

"*I* marry the Lady Anne!" cried Sir Amias; "it is to Anne Cresacre that I am betrothed; and as to a silly prophecy like that, St. Mary! if I ever regarded it."

"'T was no silly prophecy if, as ye say, that seal-ring of my Lord Warwick's possessed such wondrous powers," said a young man, who, without removing his velvet bonnet, now seated himself at the head of the table: "and so, young Lancastrian, ye threw it away rather than it should fall into the hands of a Yorkist? Dost know to whom ye threw it?"

"Alas! to Walter Fitzhugh, Lord Oxford's esquire, methought."

"Ay, ye did as your leader, mistook the sun for the star, and gave it to me—*to King Edward!*" and the exulting monarch laid the ring on the table.

"See again the awful vanity of these studies," said Cardinal Bourchier; "the White Rose was to gain the victory, and therefore each deeply-laid plan to prevent it actually served to aid its accomplishment."

Dr. Bourchier clasped his hands in despair. "The fate of England's crown was indeed in his hands," said he; "but *I* counselled the wearing of that badge, *I* chose the day of battle, and the ruin of the Red Rose rests upon *me!*"

"Well, my trusty chancellor," cried Edward, turning to George Neville, "what shall we do with these two?"

"Order them for instant execution, my liege," was the reply.

"Grammercy, that would be an ill recompense for this gift," said Edward, laughing. "No, no, methinks I owe this young man some better return, since the fate of England's crown was in his hands, and he gave it to me. You are free, Sir Amias Bourchier, and in possession of your lands, to which we will add two of my Lord Warwick's manors, and if ye will come to court, we will do you all honour, for the saints alone know whether, among all my followers, I could find one as faithful to *me* as ye have been to your master."

"Doth King Edward misdoubt his servants' fidelity?" said the chancellor.

"I shall never again mistrust *your's*, my lord," returned Edward, smiling bitterly, "for I shall never again have occasion."

"Surely ye will not," said the astonished chancellor, "for my faith hath indeed been tried."

"It hath, my lord, and been found wanting:—on which side would George Neville have ranked himself if I had not gained the victory?" and Edward, who, while he "loved the treason, hated the traitor," laid some papers before him. "We will dispense with your services, my good lord," continued Edward, "and that ye may have more time to devote to spiritual matters, we will give ye safe lodging at the castle of Hammes." To this stern fortress George Neville was soon conveyed, where, after a captivity of four years, broken-hearted, and we hope repentant, he died.

Dr. Bourchier sadly returned to his cell at St. Martin's le Grand, but never again to consult the stars: he burnt his huge volume, he broke his astrolabe, and in prayer and penitence passed the short remnant of his days. Sir Amias Bourchier lived long and happily; he fought under the banner of Richmond at Bosworth field, and rose high in favour with the victorious monarch; but he soon retired from court, to employ his old age in instructing his numerous grandchildren; and often did he relate to them, in solemn warning, the story of EARL WARWICK'S SEAL RING.

A NIGHT SONG.

O Sleep! come down to me,
Happy Sleep—holy Sleep!
Thou hast stilled the rustling tree;
Heavy Sleep—dewy Sleep!
All the birds have shut their wings,
Save the nightingale, who sings
Sweetest hymns to Love and thee,
Wavy Sleep—balmy Sleep!

O Sleep! be kind to me,
Fairy Sleep—airy Sleep!
Strew my couch with dreams of glee,
Merry Sleep—kindly Sleep!
Let my lady's sparkling eye
Glance my lonely pillow by;
Brighter star thou wilt not see,
Lovely Sleep—golden Sleep!

O Sleep! to her, too, flee,
Dainty Sleep—downy Sleep!
Where she watches by the sea,
Winged Sleep—wandering Sleep!
Bear her brother-dream to mine,
With her slumbering fancies twine
Something that shall tell of me;
Blessed Sleep—friendly Sleep!

H. F. C.

THE TRIAL OF HUSBANDS

In the year 1789, a year memorable for the first tremblings of the French monarchy, all Milan was in a tumult of another kind — six months of joyous expectancy, followed by six months of gay gossip. So runs the world. While one half of it is looking for comets and convulsions, battles and bulletins, the other half is thinking of balls and suppers. Every royal and noble head in France was pondering how long it was to be on its own shoulders, at the moment when every head male and female in the Grand Duchy of Milan was pondering whether velvet or silk was the more captivating? whether the Austrian hat with gold lace, or the Sforza bonnet with heron plumes, was the more exquisite? the gentlemen curling their raven moustaches into the most heart-touching curls; and fifty thousand female bosoms of the handsomest dimensions panting with the ambition of fifty thousand Alexanders for the conquest of all mankind.

But, what was the spell fixed upon all the sons and daughters of the Grand Duchy at this moment? Those who had the fortune to promenade near the Governor's palace on the evening of the first of June might have formed some remote conception of the cause. There was an unusual crowd in front of the superb and well-

known portal. The multitude were making merry with all the merriment of an Italian populace. A Tyrolese mountebank, attracted by the same instinct with which flies are attracted to honey, was performing his wonders in the great square; a groupe of Calabrese dancers were figuring under the strada of the colonnade; a party of pilgrims returning from the Apennines had made their halt to see a little of the world before they climbed the mountains of the Tarentaise; and a huge monk, the most stupendous of his species, was haranguing from a little portable pulpit on the vices of the age. Gluttony was his theme, and he roared out ruin against all full-feeders with all the remaining energy of a voice stifled with good living, and gesticulated with all the animation left to him by a stomach worthy of an elephant. The crowd round him was especially gay. They abandoned the other exhibitors to thin audiences, and with infinite peals of laughter pronounced the preacher the most capital *farceur* of them all.

But, as the twilight of that luxurious clime began to clothe the battlements and cupolas in violet, the signs of high festivity became more conspicuous in the Viceroy's mansion. The windows began to blaze with illumination; rich transparencies, emblematic of the combined glories of Austria and Italy, now covered the walls; banners spread their embroidered folds upon the languid and dewy wind. The concourse of equipages soon poured into the courts; and the harmony of the fine orchestra of the palace was heard performing "God

save the Emperor," a sign that the Viceroy had entered the salon, and that the ball was on the point of beginning.

Still it was obvious that there was something wanting. The national anthem was concluded; a pause followed, the anthem was renewed. Some one was clearly waited for, who suspended all the pleasures of the *fête*. At last, a distant shout told that a personage of peculiar importance was at hand. A carriage rushed along, with four Barbary horses as swift as stags, and with one of the royal couriers in front, to announce the coming; and the glimpse which the last gleam of day allowed of its inmate showed that that inmate was well worth waiting for. It was the equipage of the Spanish Ambassador; and bore, like a triumphal car, his lovely daughter, the Señora Carolina, Countess of Medina Sidonia, to victory—victory over rival beauties and haughty nobles, over knights and generals, over statesmen grown old in the harness of diplomacy, and, as universal envy declared, over the grim heart of the Austrian Viceroy, the Archduke himself. A flourish of trumpets, as the young beauty ascended the magnificent staircase, followed the shout which the populace had given, as they saw this far-famed paragon descending from her carriage. A buz of admiration received her on her entrance into the *salon de danse;* and the smile that softened the rigid outlines of the Viceroy's iron countenance was noted down in the deepest recesses of many a highborn and angry heart for retribution.

Shall we describe her beauty? It is impossible. Who could ever describe beauty? The colour of a lip or a cheek may be described. Even the glancings of a fine eye may be told. But what shall tell the union of mind and feature, the electric flash of soul lighting up the countenance, the language that wants no words to express the deepest of all thoughts? No; that is impossible. Who can describe what none can define! A look penetrates the soul; a feature fixes its portrait on the memory for ever; the glance of a moment is treasured in the heart for years on years. How are those lovely, powerful, and most dangerous of all things to be transferred to the cold and slow characters of the human hand! At some future time man may have the faculty of transcribing them; but it must be when all his faculties are etherialized, when he can speak the language of spirits, when his hand can stamp the image of his thoughts with the vividness of creation, when his pen flows, penetrates, and flames with the brilliancy, the swiftness, and the power of the lightnings.

La Carolina was young; but she was beyond the feeble girlhood which has not yet combined the intellect with the countenance. On this day she was one-and-twenty. Her intellect lived in her fine features. If she had been seen silent, moveless, spell-bound, she would have made one of the loveliest pictures of the rich beauty of the South. But, when was she ever seen thus? When she spoke, moved, or looked, there

was but one imperfect word to express her animated loveliness; and that word was, *fascination*.

The ball was, of course, superb. The Archduke's attentions were unremitting, and La Carolina received them with the grace and ease natural to her rank, and the consciousness that it was the natural homage to her beauty. Yet there were times, even during this brilliant *fête*, when the sparkling of her eyes lost its lustre, her cheek had a paler tint, and she seemed to forget even that she was dancing with the brother of an Emperor. But every thing comes to a close in this world; the dawn breaking in through the high casements of the ball-room, and betraying the artificial colours of many a noble cheek, warned the majority that a speedy retreat was indispensable. Illustrious mothers and daughters wrapped themselves up in their shawls, rushed out in a torrent of high blood and brilliants, flung themselves into their equipages, and scattered away to all points of the horizon like ghosts at sunrise. The magnificent halls were soon as empty as a cathedral; last came the Countess de Medina Sidonia, led down the staircase by the Viceroy himself, surrounded by an emulous *cortège* of nobles and militaires, received with a shout by the populace, who had lingered through the night to see her departure, and then whirled away by her four dashing barbs with the speed of a vision. It was the next evening, when her noble father, the Duke de Medina, entered her apartment, and, with an animation which put his ambassadorial solemnity in

considerable danger, exhibited to her the fruits of the night's triumph. Four letters were laid by him on the table. The Duke was haughty by habit, pompous by office, but affectionate by nature. He never could resist a smile from his daughter: and who could resist the witchery of that smile? The letters bore the crests of four of the noblest names in Italy — one being the Archduke's.

"My dear father," asked La Carolina, "what am I to do with those formidable papers? I thought the despatches were meant for you."

"In this instance, my dear girl," said the Ambassador, "they come from a higher court than ambassadors have any thing to do with, and are authorized by a more imperious commission. They are direct despatches from Cupid, and sealed with the hearts of the Viceroy of the Milanese, and the three Counts Calderone, Castelli, and Barante."

La Carolina took up the Archduke's letter; it contained a proposal of marriage. She handed it to her father, with the words:—"His Highness does me infinite honour, but he dances too ill for me ever to marry him."

"Preposterous!" said the grave Ambassador.

"The truth is," said La Carolina, "that the Archduke, having had two wives already, is too experienced in the ways of women for me ever to have the control, which I think essential to the happiness of a wife. Another point is, that he is something older than my

dear father, and, as I never loved age in any instance but one, I can never expect to love the Archduke; and the third is, that I am determined not to have him."

The Duke remonstrated. But La Carolina had one arrow still in store.

"My dear father, my Spanish blood will not suffer the degradation. If the Archduke were as young as he is old, as gay as he is grim, and as witty as he is solemn, I should not have one of the house of Hapsburg. They are scarcely five hundred years known. Am I to degrade the pedigree that dates from the Romans, the line of Pelayo, and the true heirs to the crown of Spain, by an alliance with a family of whom the world knows nothing, but that they have thick lips, speak Teutonic, and are Emperors of Germany?"

The arrow hit the mark, and that mark was in the very centre of the proud Spaniard's soul. The Archduke's letter was flung into the fountain, that threw up its sparkling waters along with the perfume of a hundred exotics round the young beauty, like incense on the shrine of an idol. The next three letters were then discussed. The Count Calderone first came under inspection; he was a Spanish grandee, of immense fortune. Castelli was a Neapolitan, who dated his descent from the Norman invaders of Sicily. Barante was a Roman, with a pedigree sufficient to overwhelm the whole Heralds' College, and crowded with

cardinals and Cæsars. La Carolina made but a single remark on them all.

"Those proposals," said she, "would be quite charming, if I were to marry pedigrees, and be in love with gentlemen's grandfathers."

The Ambassador, however, was not to be so easily tamed on the present occasion.

"You act unjustly both to your suitors and to me; a proposal refused without a reason is an insult. You have seen those young noblemen where noblemen ought to be seen; you have danced with them, talked with them, and, for any thing I can tell," added he, with a smile, "have even given some of them reason to think that you thought them very captivating fellows."

"That I deny," said La Carolina, colouring. "I never stooped so to honour any human being. The admiration was lost on me; but, where is the necessity for my marrying at all. I am infinitely happy at the present moment; what can be more cruel than to take the bird from the wing, and put it in a cage! I have every enjoyment that life can give, and I cannot discover how they would be increased in the slightest degree by my having to consult the frowns of any grandee, count, or baron, in this world of folly. And, why may not I, my dearest father," said she, fixing her dark eyes, swimming with sudden tears, on his softening countenance, "live as I have done already, be like the bee, or the butterfly, extracting sweets from every weed of

life, or fragrance from all its roses? Let me but remain as I am, and I shall not have a wish unfulfilled."

"The daughter and heiress of the Duke of Medina Sidonia must marry," replied the grandee. "The most illustrious rank of Spanish nobility must not be left in the hands of strangers. I must see my daughter the head of a noble house; my son-in-law shall be the man on whom you will fix; he shall take the name of my family, and the line of a hundred generations shall not perish through the romance of a young lady who thinks herself too handsome and too happy to do her duty to her ancestry and to Spain."

The dialogue continued for some time, the young beauty arguing, and the statesman being still more determined.

"But, my dear father," at last said Carolina, "suppose that the whole three should be unworthy of your name, that they should be guilty of the follies and vices which would tarnish your honour, and that the only result of this hasty alliance should be regret that it was ever made."

"Well, then," said the Ambassador, "the whole three are not likely to be equally involved. Make me this stipulation, that, if there be one of them in whom you can detect neither vice nor folly, him you will allow me to present as your husband."

"But suppose, my lord duke," said she, "that, with all his virtues, he should be dull, a book-worm, or a bigot, will you not allow me to reject him?"

"Granted," said the father.

The *tête-à-tête* broke up. La Carolina adjourned to her toilette, to receive the most celebrated *modiste* of Milan, with the most tasteful dress ever worn at court. The Ambassador went to his closet to write a despatch, settling the next election to the Popedom.

The three suitors were informed, that on that day three months the Duke of Medina Sidonia would have the honour of returning a definitive answer to their proposals. They were alike astonished, indignant, and submissive. The will of La Carolina was as little to be contested as her beauty. The dialogue between the fair object of the general admiration and the Duke, secret as it was, had transpired, according to the custom of courts, within the next four-and-twenty hours. Before the week was over, it was the talk of all Italy, and the "trial of husbands" entered so much into the gay, witty, and censorious gossip of that most gossiping of all countries, that the three suitors must have been men of stone or steel to bear it; publicity was flung upon them like a shower of vinegar; they went with all the speed of post-horses far beyond the gates of Milan.

The Count Calderone was a lover of pleasure. But he had the singular faculty of his nation of concealing all his vices under an air of gravity. On returning to Andalusia, he sent for his confessor, determining to make a vow for the next three months against every favourite offence of his nature. The confessor came, and the expedient proposed was that, by the assiduity of his

attendance on the Count, he should be enabled to give credentials of conduct capable of satisfying all the scrutiny of all the dukes and countesses of Christendom.

The Count was an habitual gamester; the first act of his confessor was to make a formal demand of all the cards and dice in the castle; they were sealed up, and the virtue of their master was secure. But, not even priests can guard against accidents. Before the week was out, the confessor was thrown from his mule, and received a contusion which confined him to his bed. The melancholy news was brought by a young monk, whom the reverend father had deputed in his place to take the confession. The young monk was a melancholy object of conventual austerity; his countenance was the very colour of the clay which the fraternity dug every morning in token of their graves; his frame seemed exhausted with watching, his eyes half closed, and his voice hardly above a whisper. If maceration of the flesh were virtue, the young monk was a saint already. Calderone looked upon him with compassion. When the confession was over, and the certificate was written, he pressed him to take some refreshment. The monk lifted up his eyes and hands in solemn protestation. Water was his sole refreshment, bread his luxury. He tasted slightly of both, and withdrew. The Count followed him with his eyes, as he moved slowly down the wooded steep which led from the castle into the lovely and garden-looking plain; then, turning to a sumptuous board, gave himself up, like a

true epicurean, to the pleasures of the table. The monk renewed his visit and the Count his confession weekly for a month.

"I am weary of this," said the Count one day: "reverend father, this seclusion is horrible, I have nothing to confess; now, if I were in Milan, the matter would be different—I should probably have a great deal."

"My son," said the monk, "for, young as I am, I am entitled by the grace of our church to call you so, I agree with you that solitude is not your place. Your rank is made for the public eye, your talents are made for public life, and your virtues are now so far confirmed, that you might defy all the temptations of the earth without danger."

The Count hesitated. He gazed in the sallow visage. "Reverend father," said he, "I have known a good deal of the world in my time, and for one man ruined by timidity I have known a hundred undone by presumption. Besides, I have but two months more to wait. No! I shall not go to Milan."

"Wisely thought of," said the monk; "and yet, my lord, vigorous minds, like your's, are entitled to despise the common fears of mankind. The man who in a solitary castle achieves virtue is only like the prisoner who in his dungeon does not abuse liberty. The reason is, because he cannot help it. Monk as I am, I say that such is the chief virtue of our monks; but a Spanish noble and soldier, conquering temptation, in

the most tempting city in the world, has gained a laurel which he may lay at the feet of the proudest beauty of the earth, and proclaim himself a conqueror."

Next morning the monk received a message from Calderone, stating that he had received letters, which made it of the highest importance that he should immediately return to Milan, and, of course, dispensing with the services of the reverend father for the time.

The Count Castelli had spent the interval in a different way. Indolent by nature, he was incapable of the rigid determination of his rival: he sent for no confessor, but, hiring a villa near Portici, collected round him a bevy of actors and opera-singers, with whom he gave little dramatic fêtes, enjoyed pleasure parties on the water, and employed all his abilities to kill the tedious time. From one vice, however, he was exempt; the love of wine is not a Neapolitan propensity, and, in the midst of all the gaieties of life, he was untouched by the temptations of Bacchus. But his delight in the drama was excessive; the interludes performed by the Neapolitan peasants are sometimes remarkable for their humour; and one evening, as he was returning to his villa, he found the avenue blocked up by a crowd of the populace, laughing, talking, and gesticulating, in the highest possible state of enjoyment. A fellow, personating a Dalmatian mountebank, was performing his pantomime on a temporary stage erected in front of the mansion. His figure was extraordinary;

he seemed bent to the ground with age, yet his springs and dances recalled those of a monkey in his native forest, and he wreathed his deformed frame with the flexibility of a serpent. His humour was equally singular. Speaking the *patois* to perfection, he carried on a running fire of dialogue with the populace, by which he made so many hits at the national absurdities, the characters of the leaders of fashion, and even the sacred persons of the monks themselves, that the multitude were kept in a continual roar. Castelli stopped his chariot and listened, until night fell, and like a curtain covered the performer, the audience, and the stage. The Count had a supper party that night; the pantomimist was taken into his carriage, and brought home with him as a choice novelty of the evening. But, if he had amused the populace, he still more amused the party: he spoke half a dozen patois of half a dozen languages; touched half a dozen instruments, if not with perfection, at least with skill; told piquant anecdotes of half a dozen courts; and, but for the hideous ugliness of his countenance, would have made half a dozen conquests among the beauties of the supper table, probably to be rewarded by as many swords in his midriff, from the hands of their acknowledged lovers.

The evening was too delightful not to be repeated. The presence of the pantomimist became as necessary, as lamps to a theatre; politics to superannuated bachelors; a circle of listeners to a professed wit; a handsome confessor to ladies who have once been handsome

themselves; cards and cardinals to royal mistresses turned devotees; scandal and champagne to the flatness of high life; showers of billets-doux to refresh the fading sympathies of exhausted belles; ribbons, orders, and the opera, to counts and kings — or, last and first, his mirror to the gay and showy Count Castelli, whose daily investigation satisfied him that wrinkles might be kept at a much greater distance by due skill, than many of his less polished contemporaries supposed.

A succession of frolics, such as only Neapolitans can invent or perhaps enjoy, drove ennui to an immeasurable distance. Yet one evening the pantomimist was actually caught in the fact of committing a tremendous yawn! The whole circle stared. He had never been in higher oddity. He denied the charge with his usual address. But, eyes and ears, however unbecoming it may be to use such things at court, are much confided in and considerably used in private society. The charge was proved. And the gayest of all *grimaciers* was so much overpowered by the proof, that he was almost dull for the evening.

This was not to be borne. Castelli summoned him to a private audience, and at length wormed the secret out of his soul.

"All is delightful here, Monsieur le Comte," said he, with strong symptoms of the fatal yawn again. "But, variety is charming; I have been here a week already."

"But, I have been here two months," said the Count, "and, what is worse, have to remain here a month more."

"And what power on earth," said Monsieur Allegranti, pleasantest of men and mimes, "could have compelled you to such a horrid necessity?"

"The power that compels, alike, the beggar and the king; a woman," was the answer. "I must remain here on my good behaviour for three mortal months; or beyond getting into some of those abominable scrapes into which youth, fortune, and good looks are continually leading a man in courts and cities."

The Count spoke the speech in front of a huge Venetian mirror, which gave him smile for smile. The Mime laughed in his face, and, with a keen sparkle of his singularly sparkling eyes, said, "Well, Monsieur, as *I* am not under a vow to play the hermit, I shall make my way to the first city I can find. As for the woman in question—Trust me, I know the sex tolerably—and, if she is a daughter of Eve, she will think ten times as often of you, if she hears that you have been so unable to abide the agonies of absence, that you are in the next street to her, playing all kinds of frolics, the maddest of which she will invariably set down to passion for herself; than if you lived like a sheep upon one of your hills, or wore a head the length of St. Dominic's. To-morrow I march for Milan, where I have an engagement to play at the opening of the opera-house. La Scala for ever!"

To-morrow saw the Count's establishment scattered, like so many doves from the dovecot; and a large groupe of its fairest joining with him in the conviction, that to live out of the sounds of the violins and pirouettes of that magnificent *salle d'opera* was one of the impossibilities of this world.

The Count Barante was a diplomatist. And he had taken his measures with professional sagacity. By bribing the favourite domestic of La Carolina, he had obtained a knowledge of all her movements; and, as the movements of a woman, and a beauty, are not quite so regular as those of the Copernican system, he had contrived to puzzle himself to the most hopeless degree. He was informed that she received letters, visits, and persons. On each and all the diplomatist hung conclusions. He must return from Rome.

But the young and lovely Countess seemed made to perplex calculation, as much as she charmed hearts, and he soon found that to catch a serpent by the tail, or to extract sunbeams from the rose, was an easy task compared with the daily problems supplied by the loveliest creature in the world. But to investigate these bewitching difficulties was impossible at that distance. And the dexterous Count had found the means of a public mission to the Court of Milan. But a month remained.

The story of his rivals was perfectly known to him; for what must not be known to a person of so much

sagacity, and with so much secret service money at his disposal? He knew that Calderone had returned incognito from Spain, and was employing his leisure hours at one of the most private gaming-houses in the city. He had, in person, too, been present at a private masquerade, where Castelli, between love and wine, had performed some antics worthy of the galleys.

Time is tardy to every man who expects anything, except to the man who expects to be hanged. But even to the fortune-hunter, tardiest of all, he still gets over the course. The three months came to an end. A week before their close, Barante waited on the Duke. Ambassador with ambassador, the formalities of diplomacy were practised with the usual gravity. But when the first parade was over, and they began to talk common sense, the Baron stated in decisive words that the fair Carolina naturally fell to his lot, if she was to wed neither a gamester nor a Bacchanal — "both my supposed rivals," said the Count, with a glance of triumph, "sustaining those characters in the most approved style."

"Very extraordinary!" said the Duke, "for if there were any two noblemen in Italy untouched by those vices, I should have pronounced the Counts Calderone and Castelli to have been the men."

"You shall have proof," was the answer. "Do me the honour to come to a *fête* at the palace of the Roman legation on this day week, and your Excellency's eyes shall have full conviction. Should the Lady Carolina

do me the honour to grace our party, my pleasure and her proof, too, will be complete."

The evening came; the *fête* was showy. "All the rank, beauty, and fashion of Milan," in the court phrase, "were assembled." The time of the probation had expired, and the Counts Calderone and Castelli were the observed of all observers, for their dress, address, and jewels. The Count Barante had the higher excitement in his countenance and figure, of hope assured. The Duke of Medina Sidonia figured in all his brilliants of every order of Spain and Italy — a walking effigy of diamonds and ribbons. But he had by his side a brilliant, than which no man had ever worn a brighter on his bosom; his daughter, La Carolina, magnificently attired, looking lovelier than ever; and, to the surprise of all who knew the history of the rivals, her fate, and the evening, looking the very picture of unembarrassed beauty. This produced a prodigious variety of conjectures.

Women of the first fashion are not always the first to be embarrassed at any thing; and there were belles present, and very handsome ones, too, who might have protested against being charged with a blush of surprise or sensibility since their cradle. But, a night on which their fate was notoriously to be decided!—a night on which depended a residence for life, and whether that residence was to be in Andalusia, Naples, or Rome! —a night on which depended whether one's "Cavalieri serventi" were to be solemn Spaniards, brisk sons of

the Campagna Felice, or cardinals, to the end of the chapter of accidents: all the considerations that make matrimony a business of thought might be expected to have given the dazzling physiognomy of La Carolina at least the air of thinking. And this was the more likely, from her having been occasionally seen at other times to look the picture of irresolution; her splendid eye suffused with sudden dimness, her cheek like an autumnal rose, her words like those of a mind straying far away from the showy circle round her, and touching on deep and involuntary remembrances of remote lands, and years past and gone.

But on this night all was the extreme of the contrast. Not a shade passed over the brightness of her brow; she danced, smiled, and spoke with equal animation: the Archduke hovered round her once more, and the three rivals silently agreed that in the possession of this captivating being he should be master of a prize worthy to excite the rivalry of Archdukes. At length the grand business of the night commenced, which, in every land, is the supper. The Archduke led La Carolina to the seat of honour, a distinction which inflamed the bosom of every fair lady present against the lady, and added to the old unpopularity of Austrian dominion amongst the gentlemen. The supper was superb; all the virtuosi of Milan filled the orchestra, and Banti, then the most exquisite singer in the world, poured her mellifluous strains like another nightingale through the pauses of the harmony. But even the fairest of the fair will grow

weary of wit and iced champagne; the strains of Banti ceased, the chariots were ordered to the door, the Ambassador and La Carolina were already bowing their way out of a circle of retiring nymphs and statesmen, when Barante came up and whispered in his Excellency's ear, "Now for the proof!"

He touched a spring in the wall, and the Duke and his daughter found themselves in a small apartment, with two or three dresses thrown upon the chairs. "Will your Excellency and the Countess," said Barante, "condescend to put on these disguises for a moment, and follow me?" He then led the way through a suite of chambers to a low recess, hidden by a curtain.

"Here, your Excellency, you will see one of the suitors for the hand of this fair lady. You dislike the character of a gamester, I presume? Here see the Count Calderone, who professed such abhorrence of this vice, engaged with a set of the most desperate gamesters in Milan. I marked him returning from the supper table, with some characters like himself; the palace of the embassy, your Excellency knows, has communication with several of the surrounding casinos, and you will find that the Cavalier Calderone, unable to restrain his most dangerous propensity, even with so high a prize before him, is now deep in play. You have only to use your own eyes."

La Carolina drew back. But the Duke, observing to her that their dominos perfectly concealed the persons of both, led her forward. Two or three groupes

were seen engaged in play. At last, in an obscure corner of the dim apartment, they observed Calderone, his face convulsed with agitation, and his hands grasping the dice box, in the nervous agony of a man who was on the point of throwing his last stake. He threw, glanced at the dice, and exclaimed that he was undone. At that moment the Duke advanced. Calderone looked up in astonishment and horror as the Duke drew the mask from his face, and stood transfixed at the consciousness of the discovery. His antagonist in the game had fled.

"You see now!" said Barante. And, before the Spaniard could recover from the surprise, the groupe had passed into another apartment. The scene here was of a different order. It was one of carousal. At the head of a small table, surrounded by faces flushed with intoxication, sat Castelli, preparing, goblet in hand, to answer the challenge given to him by one of the company, to drink a bottle of Champagne at a draught, in honour of the "fair Countess of Medina Sidonia." The handsome features of the *bon-vivant* were evidently fevered by the excesses of the night. La Carolina shuddered as she saw him take the goblet in his hand, and fill it to the brim. Startled at seeing so hideous a spectacle of voluntary idiocy, she would have almost implored him to lay it down; but in the next moment the Count, lisping out her name in accents of confirmed intoxication, put the goblet to his lips, swallowed it, and, after an imperfect attempt either to speak or stand, fell back senseless in the chair.

"This is my abstemious rival," said Barante. "I presume, my lord duke, the trial is complete? Let us leave this scene of abomination. My gondola is on the canal."

They embarked, landed, and passed into an apartment whose coolness and elegance formed a striking contrast to the scenes which they had left behind. La Carolina, pained and exhausted, threw herself into a seat by the casement, which let in the delicious air of the garden. There was now but one stranger in the room; a figure dressed in the costume of the Roman embassy. "I demand," said the Count, "the performance of your Excellency's promise, the hand of the Countess Carolina." His Excellency looked at the stranger sitting at the table. "He will be no hindrance to our communication," said Barante; "he is only my secretary, and is indeed come here by my own request to settle all the preliminaries of the important transaction between us."

The secretary suddenly raised his head from some occupation which he was busily pursuing, and, on being introduced to his Excellency, apologized for not having perceived him before, owing to the nature of his occupation. "I have been copying," said he, "some verses, which perhaps his Excellency would wish to see, as they are in honour of the illustrious lady, his daughter?"

"Ah! then you write verses," said the Duke.

"I have not that honour," said he; "the subject is too high for me—they are the Count Barante's."

"What! the Count an author?" said the Duke.

"Yes," said the secretary; "he has devoted himself, within the last month, to the art of poetry, and produced several exquisite sonnets on the charms of the Countess of Medina Sidonia."

During this dialogue, Barante had approached the lady, and poured out his compliments, delicately giving way for his panegyric at the table; where the Duke was poring earnestly over a succession of lines; and, if the physiognomy of an ambassador was ever made to tell any thing, surprise, contempt, and anger, successively passed over his features. At length she heard the murmured words—"Detestable stuff!—Who could ever have thought that the man was such a fool!—Meagre conception!—Deplorable nonsense!" The sonnets were successively thrown upon the table.

"Those performances may not suit your Excellency's taste," said the secretary, in a low tone. "But to so eminent an authority in diplomatic literature, I have the honour of submitting in this paper a criticism by the Count on an anonymous volume, entitled 'The Alliance of Spain and the Popedom,' which has so lately appeared, that it may possibly have escaped your Excellency's notice."

The Duke's bosom, rigid as it was by the formalities of sixty years, yet throbbed with sudden sensitiveness; for what girl at her first ball, boy on his first school day, or aid-de-camp on his first mounting the staff coat and feather, ever equalled the mingling of

rapture and fear that thrill through the most veteran maker of books at the sound of one of his own productions?

The Duke's feelings were not long kept in suspense. The criticism was a laboured, acute, and contemptuous attack on all the statements, arguments, and principles of his volume. The publication, as being without the Duke's name, had been handled as the work of some hired scribbler, whom Barante recklessly described as equally destitute of truth, sense, and information. The blood of the Spaniard might be hot, the pride of the grandee might flame, but the wrath of the author was a burst of lava. When was it otherwise?

Walking over to the astonished Roman, criticism in hand, he charged him with a deliberate intention to insult his honour as a member of the diplomatic body, and his feelings as a man. The outbreak was tremendous. The secretary was sought for by the vengeful eye of Barante. But he had been wise in time, and disappeared.

The Count was not a man to swallow the whole torrent of scorn. Swords were drawn, and the screams of the Countess, the rush of the servants to the door, and the general tumult, aroused the whole population of the palace. Amongst the rest came in Calderone and Castelli. The warlike part of the affair, of course, could not now be proceeded in: but recrimination, wonder, and inquiry supplied its place with clamour enough. The Counts finally and severally came to

the conclusion that they had been calumniated in the grossest possible manner, besides being betrayed on that particular night into situations and circumstances for which it was perfectly impossible to account, except by intolerable perfidy, or palpable magic.

Ambassadors, profound as they are, may be puzzled; and the Duke of Medina Sidonia himself seemed to be extremely in this predicament, when the door opened and a monk walked into the midst of the declaimers. The effect on Calderone was electric. "Will the Count Calderone," said the ecclesiastic, in a solemn tone, "venture to deny that his favourite vice is gaming, his favourite game hazard, and that no farther back than this evening he staked his last ducat on the die?"

"Villain! you tempted me, first and last," was the only exclamation of the astounded Spaniard.

"There," said the monk, unfolding a paper, "give up your pretensions to this lady and I give up the bond for the surrender of your estates." Calderone nervously grasped at the paper, and rushed out of the room.

The monk next fixed his full, dark eye on Castelli. The Count was now sobered, and his stern look repaid the gaze with fierce defiance. "Monk," said he, "I know your tribe. You may play tricks with fools and cowards, like the blockhead whom you have just frightened out of the room, but beware of knavery with me. I solemnly declare before this company that I have never seen the fellow's mortified visage before."

A smile passed over the monk's features as he drew the cowl from his head, and threw a glance in the Count's eyes. "The Punchinello, corpo di Baccho!" exclaimed the Count, suddenly bursting into a roar of rage. "Scoundrel of scoundrels, what brought you here? Allegranti himself, or Il Diavolo?"

The monk made no other reply than twisting his features into another grimace, which actually convulsed the Count with laughter. "Stop," he cried, "for the sake of St. Januarius, stop, or I shall die. Diavolone, if you make such another face again, I shall have you assassinated for finishing the days of a nobleman."

The whole room joined in the laugh, as the monk, slowly turning round the groupe, gave them all an evidence of his extraordinary talent.

"Your Excellency," at length said Castelli, in a voice exhausted with convulsive merriment, "I have nothing to say in the way of excuse. You see what this rascal is. He would tempt St. Anthony to run away with St. Bridget, or make St. Francis drink like a fish. Ha, ha, ha! Let me say but another word. He tempted me from my beverage of oranges and iced water to champagne and chambertin. In his pleasantries I forgot this lady, myself, and the world. I am fit only to be a *bon-vivant*, and if the villain will only come and dine with me once a week I shall make him my heir, provided he does not kill me with laughing before I have time to make my will. Duke of Medina Sidonia,

Countess Carolina, fairest of all countesses, and you noble ambassador of his holiness, I have the honour to bid you all good night. I must laugh and drink, or die." Castelli sprang to the door, and vanished in a moment.

"And by what title am I to address you, sir?" haughtily said Barante, at length recovering from his surprise. "You have detected two fools, who had not strength of mind enough to hide their absurdities for an hour together. I presume you pride yourself on so prodigious an exploit; but I am not to be trifled with. By what right have you entered this palace?"

"By the request of the Count Barante himself," said the monk, as he drew the gown from his shoulders, and, altering his countenance, stood before the groupe in the secretary's costume.

"What, Andreas!" exclaimed the Count, starting back. "What son of Beelzebub have I been entertaining? I suppose, Spadocino, you have made fine work of your portfolio? The secrets of the embassy were in capital hands."

"I never betrayed any of your Excellency's secrets," said the secretary in a dry tone, "but your sonnets, which your Excellency was, I presume, proud to acknowledge, and your criticism, which could have belonged to no genius inferior to your own."

"Mille diavoli!" exclaimed the Count, clapping his hand on the hilt of his rapier. "Who are you?"

The demand was echoed by the Duke. La Carolina's eyes sparkled with tenfold brilliancy. A smile

was on her red lips that would have awoke all but the dead; and the little jewelled foot hung in air, as if she were about to step forward; though whether to throw herself into the young secretary's arms, or to fly from him, must be left to the fancies of young beauties with their lovers standing at bay before them.

"My Lord Duke, I owe that answer only to you," said the handsome youth, with a flush which gave additional expression to a noble countenance. "I am the Count Orazio de Gusman, your relative, and descended from the high ancestry of the Sidonias. I loved your daughter, but, doubting whether she would do me the honour to acknowledge my love, I determined to follow her to Milan. I there found that her hand was solicited by three individuals of superior opulence. But, I knew two of them to be profligates by nature, and hypocrites by habit. I made my way into their society. As a monk, for assuming which disguise I have purchased absolution this morning, I found out the gaming propensities of Calderone. As a Mime, I brought the Bacchanalianism of Castelli into full display, for which I shall buy absolution to-morrow. To complete my work, I brought them both back to Milan, where temptation and detection were equally inevitable."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Duke.

"Bravo!" echoed the attendants, with Italian freedom.

"Bravissimo!" said not the charming tongue, but

said with tenfold eloquence the flashing eyes of the young Countess.

Orazio turned to Barante: "This noble person," said he, "will, I trust, excuse my development of his poetical and critical powers. As his secretary, I was acquainted not with his vices, but with his virtues; not with his infidelity to the Countess Carolina, but with his fidelity to the Muses; not with his love of the die, but his love of the laurel; not with his passion for the bowl, but ———."

"Mille diavoli!" screamed Barante, cutting short the speech, "I wish you were in the belly of Vesuvius. What a measureless blockhead I was, to have any thing to do with you! Duke of Medina Sidonia, it was this traitor that tempted me first to write sonnets; it was his atrocious sycophancy that persuaded me to think myself a second Petrarch; the unlucky volume itself that ruined me was put into my hands by this Scapin. May he be in the bottom of the Liparis! To-morrow I shall throw up my embassy, and never return to Milan for the next thousand years."

The Count sprang from the spacious casement down the marble steps of the parterre, and vanished among the shrubs of the garden. The lovers gazed after him from the saloon. The Duke had gone to the table where the papers still lay, and was profoundly busy in gathering every scrap that touched on his authorship, and tearing them into a million fragments. Never was criticism more thoroughly extinguished.

In the mean time, what was the occupation of the two lovers? It is impossible for us to tell. The night was lovely, the garden lovely, and the moon, as she sailed over the pure azure above, was lovely. All might fairly be objects of contemplation. Yet we cannot tell whether they saw any one of the three. There are times in this world when people see without using their eyes, and hear without a word being spoken. Whether the low sighs which both uttered from time to time were telling of the happy arts with which Orazio beguiled his rivals, or the anxious interest with which La Carolina heard of his progress; or whether they told of things beyond the moon, or whether they were simply the relief of hearts overloaded with delight, are totally beyond our knowledge. But, the intense gaze which the lover fixed on the blushing beauty, her eye fixed on the ground, her faint effort to withdraw her exquisite form from the arm that clung round it, and the one long and fond kiss, that seemed as if it communicated the soul of one to the other, looked like happy passion. And, what has Earth nobler, lovelier, or more happy? LEON.

THE DEPARTED.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

A faded flower, a bud of beauty blasted;
A broken lute, a precious diamond shattered;
A stream of purest water early wasted;
A priceless essence on the desert scattered;

Like these thou hast perished in thy beauty mild ;
To which shall be compare thee, gentle child ? *

If to the faded flower, we know its fruit
  Is garnered up amidst Heaven's holy treasures ;
If to the lovely-toned but broken lute,
  Its echo mingleth in celestial measures ;
The diamond is not lost ; its fragments gather
Into a star before the Eternal Father.

The stream beside the streams of life is flowing,
  And ever fed from their immortal springs ;
The essence round the Throne Eternal going,
  Embodied on a seraph's radiant wings.
Oh, lost one ! let us call thee what we will,
The very name hath consolation still.

But we will liken thee to some clear lamp,
  Whose brightness with the light within it blended,
And through the cold world's gathering mist and damp,
  Thy soul was as the flame that upward tended :
The lamp is broken, and the unprisoned fire
Doth to the region of its birth aspire.

Liverpool, May 5, 1836.

* Maria Jane Mackenzie, a lovely and gifted child, who died of rapid consumption, aged seven years.

CHURCH OF SAN PAOLO, ROME.

The Church of San Paolo *fuori le mura* (without the walls) is seated at the entrance of the desert formed by the ruins known by the name of Roma Vecchia, Old Rome. Such forsaken temples heighten the feeling of solitude which pervades the mind of the visiter. Man proclaims his presence by his works — but what has become of him who reared this edifice? Pigeons build their nests amid the silent ruins of this church, erected by Constantine, in memory of the death of St. Paul. It was subsequently enlarged by Theodosius, and completed by Honorius. Splendid marble columns, a fine collection of portraits of popes, commencing with St. Peter and coming down to Pius VII., a beautiful mosaic pavement, and some remarkable bas-reliefs, constituted the boast of this temple, when, in 1824, great part of it was consumed by fire. The façade, which dates from the third century, is still standing, as well as the high altar, in the foundations of which were deposited the remains of the great apostle to whom the building was dedicated. A gate of bronze, brought from Constantinople in 1070, contains ancient Greek and Arabic inscriptions. It opens upon an area enclosed with walls; this is a cemetery, you are told, but there are no longer any dead, because there are no longer living beings around this edifice.

Before the Reformation, the church of St. Paul was under the patronage of the kings of England. History

furnishes several instances of this kind. The emperor of Germany was protector of St. Peter's; the king of France of St. John de Lateran; the king of Spain of Santa Maria Maggiore.

The papal government is at present busily engaged in rebuilding this venerable fabric, and considerable sums have been set apart for an enterprize worthy both of the pontiff and the sovereign. The works are conducted by artists whose talents afford the best pledge of their successful execution; valuable marbles have been procured, and columns, such as antiquity alone can furnish models of, have been cut in the fine quarries of the Alps and the Apennines. In a few years the vaulted roof of the renovated temple will reverberate the songs of devout worshippers; but, though Religion may derive powerful consolation from so laudable an undertaking, who can compensate the arts for the immense loss which they have sustained by the conflagration of this ancient structure!

St. Paul's is full three-quarters of a mile from the gate of Rome. Between the church and the city you find country houses forsaken by their owners; here and there you meet with a farmer, who removes as soon as he can to another abode; and you may knock at many a door where there is none to answer. The condition of this quarter of a city which twenty centuries ago was the mistress of the ancient world may perhaps twenty centuries hence find a parallel in our own metropolis.

ZEMBO AND NILA.

WHERE the western Niger roll'd
Through the land of slaves and gold,
On the brink a tiger lay,
Slumbering through the sultry day;
Stately palms their branches spread
Cool and verdant o'er his head;
Deeply murmuring in his ear,
Rippling, ran the river clear;
While the sun, in noon of light,
Like an eagle in his flight,
Borne upon the wings of Time,
Moved in majesty sublime,
Earth and ocean, air and sky,
Basking in his boundless eye.

Soft as desert-fountains flow,
Sweet as ocean-breezes blow,
Came a lovely negro maid,
Where the sleeping brute was laid.
Oh, what wild enchanting grace
Sparkled o'er her dimpled face!
While the moonlight of her eyes
Glow'd and glanced with fond surprise;

Bright through shadow beam'd her lips;
She was Beauty in eclipse;
Sportive, innocent, and gay,
All in Nature's disarray;
Unashamed as Infancy
Dancing on the mother's knee;
Fearless as the babe at rest
On the watching mother's breast:
But, to crown her native charms,
Pearly bracelets twined her arms,
Brilliant plumes her temples graced,
Flowery foliage wreath'd her waist;
Light, fantastic, blithe, and airy,
Nila seem'd an Indian fairy.

The startled nymph, with silent awe,
The lovely, dreadful monster saw;
Mark'd the sleek enamell'd pride
Of his variegated hide,
Marbled o'er with glossy dies,
Like the peacock's spangled eyes;
Gently heaved the spotty chest
Of his broad tremendous breast;
Slumber smoothed his horrid features,
Closed those eyes that glared like meteors,
Hush'd the thunder of his jaws,
Sheath'd the lightning of his claws;
Harmless, beautiful, and mild,
Seem'd the savage grim and wild.

Nila's bosom, at the sight,
Palpitated with delight;
On the fragrant bank reclining,
In her hands a garland twining,
Unaware of danger nigh,
All her soul was in her eye:
Words at length in transport brake
From her lips, and thus she spake:

" Gentle stranger, void of fear,
Innocently slumbering here,
Rest secure in thy repose
From the rage of prowling foes;
Never wanderer was betray'd
In this hospitable shade;
May delightful dreams attend thee,
And the mighty gods defend thee
From the lion's ravening jaws,
From the foul hyena's paws,
From the subtle panther's wiles,
Lurking where the shrubbery smiles;
From the snake, whose tainting breath
Scatters pestilence and death;
From the elephant, whose might
Crushes armies in the fight;
From the fangs of tigers gaunt,
Cruellest of fiends that haunt
Forest, wilderness, or plain,
Strewn with limbs of victims slain,

When, like whirlwind, flood, or fire,
Irresistible in ire,
Tigers — so my parents say —
Gorge alive their shrieking prey,
Then, in frenzy of hot gore,
Fiercer, feller than before,
Still with thirst insatiate burn,
Headlong still to slaughter turn.
Fiends like these the desert awe,
Fiends that Nila never saw;
Such destroyers ne'er intrude
On this silent solitude,
For my father keeps this grove
Sacred to the powers above,
Nor beyond her sheltered home
Dare his daughter's footsteps roam.—
Here, then, beauteous stranger, rest,
Nila's friend, companion, guest;
With the sweetest herbs I 'll feed thee,
To the freshest fountains lead thee;
Here in gambols wild and gay
We will sport our lives away;
Now this blooming wreath shall be
Nila's pledge of love to thee,
While I crown thee thus with flowers,
Prince of these sequester'd bowers."

Sudden as the lightning's stroke
Glances on the splintered oak,

At her touch the tiger sprang,
With his voice the mountains rang:
One wild moment Nila stood,
Then plunged instinctive in the flood;
With a roar of thunder hollow,
As the monster sprang to follow,
Quick and keen a venom'd dart
Quiver'd in his cruel heart;
Round he reel'd, convulsed with pain,
Bit the mortal shaft in twain,
Groan'd, collapsed, and pour'd his breath
In a hurricane of death.

Lost as in a wandering dream,
Nila floated down the stream;
The conscious river swell'd with pride,
While, buoyant on his circling tide,
The waves through broken sunbeams bore
The panting Naïad to the shore.

Zembo, from the grove emerging,
Flew to meet the rescued virgin;
Zembo, whose victorious bow
Laid the treacherous tiger low;
Zembo, swiftest in the race,
Foremost in the savage chace,
Tall and shapely as the palm,
A storm in war, in peace a calm,
Black as night without the moon,
Bold and undisguised as noon.

Zembo long had wooed in vain,
But while Nila scorn'd his pain,
Love's insinuating dart
Slid so slily through her heart,
That the nymph, in all her pride,
Sigh'd, yet scarcely knew she sigh'd.

Now she saw with transport sweet
Gallant Zembo at her feet;
Though her trembling lips were seal'd,
Love her hidden soul reveal'd;
Zembo read with glad surprise
All the secrets of her eyes.
Wild with joy, he spread his arms,
Fain to clasp her modest charms;
Startled, like the playful deer,
Nila fled, with joy and fear;
He pursued the nimble maid
To the broad palmetto's shade,
Where the flowery wreaths they found,
Which the tiger's front had crown'd;
These round Zembo's brows she twined,
Whispering thus in accents kind,
"Noble youth! accept, though small,
This reward — 't is Nila's all;
If my hero claims a higher,
Yonder, Zembo —— lives my sire!"

J. M.

THE NEW AULD LANG SYNE.*

TIME passes on, the year returns,
To warn us all must end;
But still the lamp of memory burns
For thee, my early friend.
And some are gone, and some are chang'd,
But thou and I remain;
Still fond, still true, still unestrang'd,
Then why should we complain?
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We 'll meet on each returning year,
For Auld Lang Syne.

And some amongst our chosen few,
Ambitious, wild, and vain,
Have bade those tranquil hours adieu,
They ne'er shall know again,
Have sail'd along life's glittering stream,
Unconscious where 't will end;
But we will mock this idle dream,
My true, mine only friend.
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We 'll meet on each returning year,
For Auld Lang Syne.

* To make the words correspond with the tune the first part must be repeated.

But doth not ev'ry passing year
  Its moral lesson give;
And blend with ev'ry hope a fear,
  And teach us how to live?
For have we not both wept and pray'd
  Beside a fev'rish bed,
For one perhaps who ill repaid
  The tears which we have shed?
But still for Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
  For Auld Lang Syne,
We 'll meet on each returning year,
  For Auld Lang Syne.

Perhaps we both in early youth
  Made wealth and fame our care,
But Time hath taught me one great truth,
  That wise was Agur's pray'r.
Keep me alike from want or wealth,
  The two great roads to crime;
Give me but competence and health,
  And I 'll defy thee, Time!
And still, for Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
  For Auld Lang Syne,
We 'll meet on each returning year,
  For Auld Lang Syne.

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